

GUILFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY



CLASS  BOOK 

ACCESSION 29367

GIFT

V. 21

Collegian

Vol. 1


LH

1

GS

CC

9/21



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill



The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXI.

OCTOBER, 1908.

NO. 1

OUR WATERWAY IMPROVEMENT.

BY T. F. BULLO.

Oration winning first place in the Henry Clay Oratorical contest

Adequate and economical transportation is the means by which a nation must thrive and prosper. For many years this problem of transportation has been the bone of contention among many nations of the world. Never before in the history of any country has this problem so interested a people as it has the United States in the last decade. The railroads have done much to advance and promote our industrial progress and expansion, but we have come to a particular period in our history when there must be a co-operation of other agencies to carry on our inland commerce. The improvement of our rivers and the construction of canals will do much in bringing about a better system of transportation than we now have.

In the early days of the nation, water routes were the only commercial highways. The central and eastern rivers all bore their part in local and international trade. They were the only means by which the interior of the nation might share in foreign trade, and therefore they were of national importance. Washington and others foresaw the increasing importance of commerce and planned a canal to connect the tide water section with the virgin Ohio country beyond the mountains. Dewitt Clinton advanced a project of connecting the Atlantic seaboard and Lake Erie by an artificial canal. Albert Gallatin in 1802 outlined a plan for waterway improvement and commercial development which has never been surpassed in any history. Many short canals were built and boat lines were established on rivers which were a success at that time. A little later, after the steam engine had been invented and railroads begun to be construct-

ed, the canals that were constructed passed into the hands of the railroads and some were finally abandoned.

Over a century has passed, and the country is entering on its second waterway agitation. The movement extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and includes every state and territory. The first movement followed the Revolution; shared with the Declaration of Independence the distinction of opening one of the most important eras in American history; the present agitation promises to do much in shaping our national character and strength.

In extent and distribution of navigable rivers and lakes, the United States is better endowed by nature than any other country on the globe; and in the close relation of the rivers to productive centers and industrial regions the country stands without a rival; yet despite the rich endowment and the rapid development which have placed the United States in the lead of the world's nations, the rivers are less used than those of any other civilized country.

It is true many smaller rivers have been partly controlled for power or for irrigation, while we have allowed our larger ones to flow headlong to the sea and carry with them the soil of the fertile valley, until large deltas are built along our coast, which are obstructions to transportation.

Through neglect of our rivers and harbors, transportation has fallen so far short at times of its purpose that commerce has been impeded and progress hindered.

There are nearly forty-five thousand miles of navigable rivers in this country, reaching more than forty states, that have been utterly overlooked in our great march of commercial development. Many miles of these valuable arteries of trade have been so neglected during the past century that they have been rendered useless. The march of civilization has laid bare the mountain side and hill slope and caused streams once navigable to become filled with detritus washed from deforested areas. The basins provided by nature for holding back the rainfall have been drained and reclaimed, so that now we either have a raging flood or an empty river bed. Normal conditions should

be restored and artificial construction affected as to render these waterways capable of bearing a share of our great national commerce.

The unprecedented prosperity which the country has enjoyed during the past few years has advanced traffic beyond the point where it can be handled with ease by the railroads. The experience of last year when cars were delayed and congestion of traffic prevailed on every hand in our Central and Middle Atlantic States, is evidence that our railroads are unable to handle our traffic, and sooner or later we must make some provision aside from them to carry our commerce.

The enormous increase in low class freights in the last six years has been remarkable. The freights have increased 46 per cent. The average increase by the railroad lines to whom we have entrusted the entire problem of transportation has only been 7 per cent. during the same period.

The people of the United States have two problems to consider in order to maintain their future welfare in the commercial world. They will be compelled to build more railroads, which are extravagant and burdensome, or improve the navigable rivers. The rivers are free. Transportation is about one-third cheaper by water than by rail. Will not the people choose the latter way?

The movement for improving our larger waterways is already well under way, and for the last few years governors of over twenty states have met in conferences; business men have assembled, and even the railroad operators have come together to promote the cause of waterway transportation.

Today we view a region extending from the Alleghanies to the Rockies in which there are twenty thousand miles of rivers susceptible of navigation on which there is but one significant movement of cargo—that of coal from the Ohio to New Orleans. Eastward and westward the railways still bear the freight, hauling it over the mountains to the sea.

The Mississippi and its tributaries drain one of the most fertile and productive sections of the United States. In that basin are located twenty-two states, composing two-fifths of the to-

tal area of the country and producing \$75 per cent. of all merchandise exports. The great bulk of all our agricultural wealth originates in these states, which contain two-thirds of all the manufacturing industries of the nation, whose value reaches to millions of dollars annually. The Mississippi Valley today is the great central artery of our national activities, pulsating with the products of farm and mine. It is impossible to estimate the value to the United States the Mississippi and its tributaries would be if the proper improvements were made. Time was when the Mississippi and its branches were of great importance to the United States. The Father of Waters has been robbed of his primacy. The railroads have driven commerce from the river, and the proud cities of other days—Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans—have fallen behind in their onward march in commercial growth. The neglect of the great river and its branches has meant much more than a relative decline of cities along its banks. It has had much to do with making possible the stupendous railroad monopoly of today. Now we are paying the price of neglect.

We have heretofore not pursued any systematic plan in waterway improvement, but have rather provided inadequately so that very few results have followed. We would now undertake such improvement under a different policy and provide for it regularly and systematically until the people have realized some of its benefits.

The value of waterways are not to be found in their freight carrying capacity alone, but they are above all the great levelers and adjusters of railroad rates. Rate regulation by legislation is harsh and drastic and sometimes unproductive of the best results; commission regulation is inadequate and unsatisfactory; but water rate regulation is natural, effective and equitable.

There is a direct relation between the improving of the inland waterways and the preservation of our forests. To store and regulate the flow of the rivers is the first step toward insuring the constancy of navigation. The two problems are so

closely related that the improvement of one will do much in bringing about the improvement of the other.

Now is the time to study how to make our rivers begin anew the work of carrying our inland commerce, almost infinitely greater than it was fifty years ago when our rivers were thronged with steamboats. The rivers are ours. By the wise use of their waters we can add¹ untold millions to our values by making them fit to carry a commerce even greater than that which we are asked to encourage on the wider free waters of the great Atlantic.

The tremendous possibilities involved in this inland waterway improvement and the resulting benefits to the American people are beyond the powers of calculation. With the single exception of the United States every country of any consequence has long since adopted a systematic method of developing and improving its waterways. Practically every river in Germany and France and England has been deepened and a network of canals has been built which connect the majority of them. The people of the countries of Europe realize that their continued industrial success depends in a large measure upon cheap transportation, and they are quick to improve the facilities which nature has placed at their disposal. It is high time that the United States, the most progressive and enlightened of nations, should awake from its lethargy and inaugurate a similar policy on a broader and grander scale; for in that policy lies the future prosperity of the American people.

REMINISCENCES OF A PICTURE CANVASSER.

As the spring term of 1908 drew near to a close, the question that puzzled the mind of many a college boy was "How can I make money enough to pay my tuition and board next year?"

Ten of us Guilford students decided that we could do this by engaging our services to the Freeman Portrait Company. This we did and set out on our summer's work.

From Guilford we went to Reidsville, North Carolina, where the Company's agent divided us into two crews. It fell to my lot to work with four others in the James River valley. We bade our comrades good-bye and left by train for our territory.

Late on Sunday afternoon we arrived at the quaint old town of Amherst, a small village built on a knoll. Sleek cattle were grazing on its green slopes and from far and near the tinkling of cow-bells greeted us.

The following day each of us took his picture roll under his arm and went out alone to try his fortune. At first we felt like strangers in a strange land. This feeling did not last long, however for people treated us kindly and were very hospitable. There were many, too, especially of the colored race, who were ready to have their pictures enlarged.

From Amherst we moved our headquarters to Lovingson, the county seat of Nelson county. This little village is cut off from the world by mountains which rise on every side of it. I remember one hill with its grassy slope dotted here and there by apple trees which answered very well to the description of the "mount of olives"; except that the trees on it were apple instead of olive trees. This sight was so inspiring, that one of our party, who thinks himself somewhat of a preacher, could not refrain from climbing to the top and addressing a few remarks to the town nestled in the valley below.

The oldest man that was in our crew is a heavy-set fellow, with red hair, a rosy complexion, and a full round face which always wears a droll expression indicating the good nature of its possessor. This comrade of ours was reared on the farm and

is consequently a very handy man to have around. He would often rise early in the morning, bring up water with which to bathe our faces, and then carry it out again after we had finished. Lovington is too small a place to support a cobbler, and as our shoes were in a delapidated condition from continuous walking over mountain trails, and wading through creeks, we began to suggest to our obliging comrade that he purchase an iron last. This he did after some little persuasion. Often on Saturday evenings and sometimes on Monday morning by sunrise, he would busy himself half-soling our shoes, driving the tacks with a hatchet, hammer, or whatever he could find. Though we greatly appreciated the services of our fellow-picture agent, we could not refrain from jollying him about carrying an iron last in his suit case, and suggested that he add a small forge and a grind stone to his stock-in-trade. This he promised to do if he canvassed next summer.

The scenery in Western Nelson and the adjoining counties is pleasing to the eye. There are numerous apple orchards in the little valleys and on the slopes, some of which were so steep that it is difficult to walk up them. Often we were refreshed by the sight of a clear mountain stream, and a drink of pure cold water issuing from a crevice in a mountain rock. Some of the best people of "old Virginia" live in Nelson county. To be welcomed at one of their hospitable homes; to enjoy a good supper of fried chicken and gravy after a hard day's walk; and then to hear a pretty girl play and sing "you are as welcome as a flower in May," is quite enough.

The dogs of this section had a different disposition from that of their masters. One morning, as I approached a house, I was greeted by three ferocious curs, one of which, while I knocked his companions off with my picture roll, left his mark just above my right knee, which I will carry for life. A hound jumped at our "cobbler," tore a hole in his coat, and scraped his backbone with his teeth. A vicious little bench-legged fice grabbed our manager and bit him on the heel string. None of us went mad, however.

From Lovington we turned our course eastward and after

enjoying a fifteen-mile drive, arrived at the peaceful town of Norwood on the James. The only boarding house in this little village is kept by a very good old lady, Mrs. Pettit by name. As the hack stopped at the front gate of their house, an elderly man, lame in the right leg, staggered out to meet us. He was tall and of medium weight. Time had slightly bent his shoulders. His face was long and the cheeks shrunken and sallow. His keen eye was bloodshot and his narrow but long white beard streaked with tobacco juice. Although it was Sunday he wore a dirty shirt and his trousers had probably never been pressed. Our manager tried to introduce himself, but before he could do so the old man stormed out: "Captain Pettit's my name. I've drank enough whiskey to swim to Richmond in. I helped capture John Brown in 1858. I got shot in the leg at the first battle of Manassas, went through Gettysburg without getting a scratch, and was shot through the breast at the second battle of Manassas. But I didn't die. I fought the Yankees once and I'll fight 'em again if they ever try to put a "nigger" officer over me. You may not like my style, but I'm an old Rebel and don't care. What do you want here, anyhow?"

"We want to stop with you," said our manager.

"Well, you can do it," our host replied.

At the supper table that night the old captain leaned back in his chair and said to his wife in a loud voice, "I declare, Julia, I'm tighter than I've been in years," and then bowed his head and asked a blessing. We had eaten a few mouthfuls, when suddenly the old man called out, "Hold on there. We haven't asked a blessing yet." Bowing his head, he repeated the same words as before, and then we proceeded to eat our supper.

One member of our crew, a tall, light-haired boy of seventeen, is noted for the amount he can eat. That night he seemed especially hungry and helped himself to ham three times. The syrup that he ate was enough to keep him sweet for a week. Captain Pettit observed him critically, and as the meal progressed, remarked from time to time on the amount he was eating. This comrade of ours is not easily bluffed, and showed

not signs of letting up. The old captain could stand it no longer, and called out to Mrs. Pettit, who is very deaf, "Charge him for two meals, old lady."

For my part I was glad to get away from Norwood and the "Pettit Hotel." This was not the case with two of the others. Our little block-headed "Jew", as old man Pettit called him, come away without his heart, and our right-hand man, the cobbler," became so steeped in love that the local paper announced his engagement.

During the remaining eight weeks of the summer, life was not without its vexations. By day we were tormented by chiggers and innumerable hosts of seed-ticks. Often at night biting creatures were not wanting.

Along with our toils and bites were mingled pleasures which helped us to keep a stiff upper lip. A swim in the James was often indulged in on Sunday afternoon. It was our regular rule to meet together on Saturday nights, relate our experiences during the week, and then give a concert for our own benefit by blending our voices in such familiar tunes as "There Sits Three Crows," "I'm a Tar-Heel," and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

There are many other experiences which come to a picture agent that I will not weary you with.

After that summer's experience our advice to a fellow is this, if you can't get a job at anything else, try your luck at the picture business in "Old Virginia." It beats loafing.

MORALS AND MANNERS IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

The immortal Shakespere has quaintly given us among his many gems one that seems appropriate in a discussion of morals. In "All's Well that Ends Well," he makes one of his characters say: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." If a mature man can repeat these words and find it difficult to deny that he has time and

again fallen from his ideal of life, how much easier it is for a child who does not enjoy years of experience and training in conscience to echo within his heart the verity of Shakespere's words!

The majestic footprints of our ever-advancing civilization are blotting out moral training in the home as well as the religious spirit of our ancestors. The home which is the center of society, has become too business-like to admit the finer touches of our moral nature. This ought not so to be! Nor is it in fact the general rule. When we realize that the school holds the children while they are in the plastic age, we can not blame the home nor its inmates if the children do not reach the desired stage of morality. The schools then are the mighty agencies which determine the present conduct of the children and youth, and which determine what their conduct shall be when they shall become men and women. There is a great responsibility resting on the teachers of today. Not only the intellectual and physical, but also the moral welfare of the future citizens of our country is in their care. If the responsibility of moral training falls so heavily on the teachers of our day, how shall we faithfully and practically discharge our duty? Moral training is the most important result of going to school. No matter how good a mathematician a man be, or how well he may discuss historical points, if he does not have a good moral character he is not numbered among those who are worthy to be crowned with the laurels of a scholar.

The teacher may accomplish much in his efforts to instill ethical beauties in the hearts of the churches by precept. But it is not by precept alone that this is to be done. Sermons and worn-out moral lessons are little heeded in the schoolroom. The teacher should himself have deep principle. He should live before his students that moral life which he would like to see in them. He should make the students feel that he lives a moral life because of the importance and nobleness of such a life *per se*. Purity and honesty of soul; righteousness and love should shine forth from the teacher and kindle a flame in the bosom of the pupil for the same characteristics. At all times he must remember that students have rights which they hold as dear as

the teacher does his own. "He should never violate his own sense of justice, nor outrage that of his pupils."

Truthfulness is one of the most important lessons the student must learn. He must be made to feel that the whole fabric of commercial, educational, and religious success depends largely on being truthful. He must learn to keep his word and remember his promises. This he may daily practice by being punctual at the opening of school in the morning; by being true in his recitations in which he has received no help from other students—no work done for him that he ought to have done. Closely allied to this virtue is that other important mainspring of a happy life—kindness. Kindness should permeate the whole being of the teacher in all the avenues of life, whether in connection with the rational or irrational creation. This virtue can be taught much better by example than by precept. In the schoolroom there is a great opportunity to show kindness; and, after all, this is the most useful instrument to keep order and a good feeling in school. Gentleness naturally bears the imprint of kindness and both of these may be taught in the same way.

"The moral feelings of children are capable of systematic and successful cultivation." In the physical realm exercise is required in order to become strong; in the sphere of intellectuality mental exercise is necessary in order to gain mental power; and in the same way in the kingdom of morals, moral exercise or practice is necessary to gain the strength of a moral character. Cultivate the conscience of the pupils by example and precept. In the study of history frequently we come across men who stand out in bold relief for their moral character. To speak more concretely: When we study Robert E. Lee we have one of the best chances to show to the student the nobleness of a true, moral character. Benj. H. Hill said of him:

"He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king.

"He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates; and grand in battle as Achilles."

And the Rev. W. H. Platt:

"There was in his religion faith without fanaticism, prayer without pretention, and an earnestness, gentleness, and simplicity that kept him tranquil in disaster and grand in the final catastrophes of fortune. Modest and humble, he blamed himself for his failures and glorified God for his success.

"From these inner principles came an outer life and manner as graceful as they were serene and majestic. Nothing unworthy could abide his presence; yet all felt exalted by having seen and heard him. With him the weak felt strong and the good secure. Amidst a thousand a child would have selected him as a friend, and the pure and good of all ages and conditions ever felt him to be their pattern and champion."

But Lee is not the only pattern which we may emulate. There are others which give us ample room to impress the mind of the child with the thoughts of obedience, patriotism, kindness, truthfulness, courage and the many other virtues cherished and kept by a moral gentleman.

Our moral sentiments naturally lead us to self-respect. Self-respect in the schoolroom is of the greatest value, since, if it is understood properly, it will lead to a feeling of respect for others and their work. Let the student feel that his moral standing will not admit a lack of respect. That the honor of his family depends largely on his respect for himself and others.

Much might be said on this important ethical problem, but time will not permit to multiply words on the subject. Let us be impressed with the fact that the children attending our schools are in the age of impressionability and that we must make this period of their lives what we would long to see in them when for the last time they step out of the schoolroom.

It is difficult to draw a definite line between morals and manners and yet we are all conscious that they are synonymous terms. No matter how moral a man may be, if he has clumsy, uncouth manners he becomes very disagreeable. The converse is also true, and yet more disgusting. Some one has said: "Manners make man," and this is no doubt true. In the schoolroom, however, manners should characterize the teacher. He can teach more courtesy and politeness in a day than he can by ten

little lessons on the subject. There are schools in other countries that teach this subject. This is no doubt very good. Nevertheless, the Spanish proverb, "Words draw, but example drags" ("*La palabra lleva, pero el ejemplo arrastra*") is as true in this case as in morals. Suppose that a teacher desires that John may close the door and says to John: "John, go shut that door!" What kind of an action would the teacher see in John? Doubtless John would slam the door and feel snubbed by his teacher. On the other hand, suppose he had said: "John, will you please close that door?" What would he expect of his pupil? John would softly go to the door and close it without any unnecessary noise.

In the study of Physiology there is a wide opportunity to teach manners; also the studies in history often brings before the student a fair example of a courteous man. There is a saying something like this: "As the priest so the people," which phrase, in terms of a teacher, will be somewhat like this:

"As the teacher, so the pupils."

Order in the schoolroom has good influence over students, and orderly behavior in entering and leaving the schoolroom tends to impress the pupils with the thought that others have rights which must be respected. Above all, let the teacher give the proper credit to the student according to the opportunities he has had not make the pupil feel that he is the most uncouth and immoral being that has ever existed. Create a spirit of confidence (but not familiarity) in the schoolroom and there is no doubt that much good may be accomplished.

JOSEPH M. PURDIE, '06.

THE YEARLY MEETING OF 1908.

It may be of some interest to readers of THE COLLEGIAN to know that the yearly meeting last held at Guilford College was the two hundred and eleventh annual session of North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends. One may see that two hundred and eleven years will take one back nearly to the time when John Archdale, the Quaker, was the governor of the colony of North and South Carolina.

While the name of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, is known throughout the civilized world, it is not generally known that he made his way through the wilderness of trees, the bogs and marshes in the eastern part of North Carolina to preach the gospel of life and salvation to the rude but free and hospitable people who had not long before preceded him thither. In the fall of 1671 George Fox, after crossing the dismal swamp, finding the way plashy, often covered with great bogs and himself wet to the knees, reached a house, where by the fireside he enjoyed the luxury of a mat. He was received most kindly by the governor of the colony and his chief secretary. While he remained only a short time in North Carolina, he laid the foundation for the Friends' church in the colony. Bancroft says, "A quarterly meeting on discipline was established in 1672, and the sect of which opposition to spiritual authority is the badge was the first organized religious government in North Carolina." This account will show why the Society of Friends have held an important place in the history of our state.

The yearly meeting which was held last August was in many respects one of the most noteworthy which the Friends have held in North Carolina. Especially is this true with respect to the action taken by the yearly meeting on the subjects of evangelistic and church extension work, the missionary cause, Bible schools and education.

No subject elicited more interest than the report of the year's operation of Guilford College. Keen regret was expressed on account of the loss of King Hall. But the whole at-

titude toward the future development of the college was one of encouragement; and pleasure was expressed with the improved condition of our Founders' Hall, and the prospect of erecting a library building. Andrew Carnegie's offer of \$9,000 toward this enterprise on condition a like amount be raised met with a good response. While the yearly meeting has not recently made any special contributions to the work of the college, this subject of the library being presented, a subscription of \$1,600 was made and an appropriation of \$500.00 from the proceeds of certain trust funds belonging to the yearly meeting was added to encourage the work of collecting funds.

The following extract from the report of the trustees will illustrate the spirit that actuates that body in the conduct of the college:

"We wish especially at this time to lay emphasis upon the fact that this institution was founded by and has always been under the control of the church; that its students for the last seventy-one years have gone out to the world and have in the most part, sooner or later, become valuable exponents in the moral and religious undertakings of their times, and that the Society of Friends in North Carolina through this school has made a greater impress for good upon the state than it has through any and all of its other departments of work.

"We believe the denominational school, whatever be its Protestant name, should be in greater demand today than at any time in the past. This feeling is prevalent among the leaders in all the Christian denominations of this country.

On this, the closing of the second decade of our college career, we are mindful that this year, 1908, is a sort of epoch, or mile-stone, in our history. It is the two hundred and eleventh anniversary of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting, and would be the seventy-first anniversary of old New Garden Boarding School—a time when it will do to look back and study the past in order to see the proper course to be pursued in the future.

In reviewing the situation with the above facts and experiences, we believe, first, that both the North Carolina Yearly Meeting and Guilford College are on this ground to stay; and second, that we are justified in urging the North Carolina Year-

ly Meeting as never before to come closer to this institution; help us to re-erect King Hall; help us to raise the \$9,000 necessary to secure a like amount from Andrew Carnegie to build a fire-proof library for the safekeeping of our books for years to come."

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT, AND
NE'ER BROUGHT TO MIND?"

Its my old black stove I'm missing so. Black, yes, in the early autumn before the polish was burned off of it. To be sure there is a richly gilded radiator in my room, with its pipes in neat array, and a rubber-tired screw which must be twisted in or out to regulate the heat. But, alas! with all this modern convenience and elegance, my mind will incontrovertibly turn to the little king-heater which was such a good friend in all previous years in Founders' Hall. These cool October days make visions of hot chocolate, and toast marsh-mallows, and—on rare occasions, a fried bird, or a fried chicken loom up, coupled with pleasant memories of fun and laughter and cheer—all circling around my stove of years ago. A chafing dish does not carry half the fun with it, it is too much like parlor manners and not enough like school girl frolic, and absolute abandon. And then, my stove and I were likewise good friends in my busy moments; for when my thoughts would not properly crystallize or the Latin idioms proved troublesome, it more than once bridged the hard places to stop work absolutely and put more wood on. To be sure I can stop absolutely now, but with nothing to claim my attention, it seems a waste of time and is really a much harder thing to do.

But my dear old stove had yet one other use which surpasses all others so far as my school mates are concerned. For when all the world seemed going wrong except myself, and everything seemed moving at right angles to my ideas and opinions—how my poor old stove did then befriend me! For I could vent my ire upon its glowing contents, or, better still, could shove in an

unruly stick which did not fit and which must needs be used, as it was the last available one in wood-box, all the surplus venom which was such poison to remain caged in my thoughts. Yes, it was abusing a friend, but, alas! I fear my animate friends have to take all this, now that my stove is gone.

Yes, Founders' is clean and nice and beautiful and it was to get rid of my old friend, the stove, that all this nicety has come about, but—between you and me, dear reader—an auld acquaintance cannot be forgotten in a summer, however far removed.

J. S. W.

The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the

Henry Clay, Philomatean, Websterian and Zatasian Literary Societies

Editors

R. J. M. HOBBS, '09, CHIEF, *Clay*.

MARGARET DAVIS, '09, *Phil*.

LUCY O'B. WHITE, '09, *Zatasian*

LEROY MILLER, '10, *Websterian*

Associate Editors

AGNES R. KING, '09, *Phil*.

A. M. BONNER, '10, *Clay*

E. S. KING, '10, *Websterian*.

Flora White, *Zatasian*

Business Managers

W. T. BOYCE '09, CHIEF, *Websterian*

MARGARET E. PEELE, '09, *Phil*.

ANNIE MENDENHALL, '09, *Zatasian*

C. C. SMITHDEAL, '11, *Clay*.

Terms

One Year, \$1.00.

Single Copy, 15 Cents.

All matter for publication should reach the editors not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates on application.

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at the post office at Guilford College N. C., as second-class matter.

VOL. XX1.

OCTOBER, 1908.

NO. 1

Editorials.

The readers of THE COLLEGIAN will see that the system on which our magazine was founded was broken up by the organization of two new girls' societies from the old one. This has affected us in that we were delayed in publishing the present issue because sometime was spent in reorganizing and revising the constitution of our magazine. We offer this as the reason why this number is so late.

For a second time the subject of hazing has come up at Guilford, and for a second time our students have been dragged into the county courts. We have absolutely no sympathy for a new student who takes a matter of college cognizance to the law. While we do not approve of hazing, we persist in maintaining that a light ceremony of initiation to the student body may in certain instances be justified. It is well known that students see a different side of a boy's life from that which parents see. There have been too many flaming newspaper accounts, which were largely false, for us to overlook this subject: "Hazing at the Staid Old Quaker College."

Our readers will readily see that if these "staid old Quakers" gave a person a severe hazing, he certainly needed it. The fact that inconsiderate and foolish parents encourage their children to carry deadly weapons and to take a college misdemeanor out of the hands of the college faculty and place it before the county courts still further shows the needed help of the student body to teach the benighted and morally stunted, that it is both morally and physically wrong to carry arms with intent to take human life.

It should be said that never have any of our upper classmen engaged in the hazing of preparatory students, as has been generally circulated through the papers.

IN accordance with the plan we adopted in the last issue of THE COLLEGIAN the staff has appointed Professors S. H. Hodgkin and C. O. Meredith, also the Editor-in-Chief, to act as judges of such material which may be submitted in competition for the prizes offered by the staff. It will be remembered that we offered two prizes of five dollars each for the best story and poem handed us.

THE DISORGANIZATION OF THE PHI'S.

To some the dissolution of the Philagorean Literary Society was like parting with an old friend, while to others it seemed the best and only just way of bringing about a better training

in public speaking among the girls. Last year there were between forty and sixty members all the year and the number of girls was so much larger this fall that it seemed almost necessary to have two societies. There was another thing that also helped to bring about the change. When we came back this fall in the place of the Phi. hall and old west hall, we found two rooms alike in nearly every respect, and the faculty told us that they were to be society halls when there should be two literary societies.

A meeting of the old members was called and the matter was presented. It was the general sentiment that we should take action at once. After discussion from both sides it was voted on, and the majority were on the side of division. The names of the members were then given to two members of the faculty and they were divided equally. After drawing lots for the halls, each group met, drew up a constitution and adopted names. The society in the north hall is called Philomathian, while the one in the south hall is Zatasian.

Each society has already begun good work and while we are sorry to lose our old society, we hope the new ones will be successful, and we ask every girl to join one or the other.

WITH the very large number of new students which we have this year, it would seem that the future leadership of the student body would be well cared for, but the degree to which this is true will depend very greatly on the number of new students who make good this year. There is a very broad and vital meaning contained in this college phrase, "making good." It means everything to the new student, determining as it does whether or not he will justly win the confidence and trust of the faculty, the approval and friendship of the student body, and above all else, whether or not he is laying a good foundation for a strong character. If we would be men and leaders of men in college we must start right, which, generally speaking, means that we must enter heartily into all the college organizations, choose our associates carefully, and do a reasonable

amount of hard work. By pursuing such a course as this we shall soon have won the honorable commendation, "He has made good."

WE feel sure that many of our old students would scarcely know Founders' Hall since it has been remodelled. At first we felt a little sorrow at giving up the "old" Founders' which held so many pleasant memories, but as time passes new surroundings will in their turn have associations clustering around them and the longing for the old will be lost in the pleasures of the new.

The exterior of the building is much as it was before, with the exception of the three upper porches, one across the front of the Parte Cochere, and a small one over a portico built about the old well. The lower front porch has been made much larger and is much more imposing with the large cylindrical columns adorning it. This porch is now quite large enough for both faculty and students, but the girls have not yet learned to appreciate fully, though they are trying hard, the privilege of sitting on this front porch.

A porte cochere at the east end where the green house and vault used to be, makes the carriage entrance much more delightful than the old north door used to be.

The interior of the building is entirely new, except the dining room and the rooms above it, which were remodelled only two years ago.

On the right side of the east entrance on the first floor are two offices, on the left side is a room which is now being used as a reading room, but which is intended to be a reception room. The matron's parlor is in the same place; the parlor and the room next to it have been converted into double parlors by having an archway cut. On the west end are the two society halls for the girls.

The archways in the east and west halls of the second floor have been taken out making the halls the same width all the way down. The rooms on the second and third floors have been

made smaller, the double rooms have been removed, making all rooms more or less alike with two girls to a room.

The building is finished in pine with floors of beautiful maple. The old stoves, so long a blight upon the looks of the rooms, are now things of the past, and steam heat has taken their places, adding much to the comfort of the students and the safety of the building.

With all this beauty and convenience about them, the Founders' girls ought to have nothing to hinder their being comfortable and happy.

D. W. C. A. Notes.

The fourteenth student conference of the Young Women's Christian Association was held this year June 5 to 15, at Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. It is useless to say that no girl came down from that mountain top of privilege unchanged, for after mingling with four hundred consecrated leaders and earnest workers for ten days, it would be impossible not to get a clearer vision of Christ. The opening session was held on Friday night. The very spirit in which the first two songs were sung was an index to the whole conference. Every session was full of inspiration and enthusiasm. Miss Helen F. Barnes, one of the city secretaries of the board acted as executive. In the opening session she gave the keynote of the conference—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

Miss Ida Garrison, our student secretary, conducted the student hour, while Miss Mary George White had charge of the Missionary interests. There were six sessions each day, with most of the afternoon given up to recreation. The first hour was given over to Bible study. There were three classes: One on "Old Testament Institutions," taught by Rev. Wilbert W. White, D. D., of New York City; a normal class on the "Life of Christ," led by the Rev. Robert Wells Veach, of Rochester, N. Y.; and a class on the "Book of Mark," led by Miss Ethel Cutter, special Bible secretary for the student department of

the National Board. The aim of all these classes was to bring each person enrolled in them to answer this question rightly: "What shall I do with Christ?"

The next hour was devoted to city conference, club girls' counsel, and mission study. The aim of the classes was to enable the members to answer this, "What shall I do with His great enterprise?" There were also three mission study classes, one led by Miss Edith C. Crane, of China, one by Mr. J. Powell Murray, of the Student Volunteer Movement, one by Miss Harriet Taylor on Japan, and one home mission course led by Miss Mabel Head, of Nashville, Tenn. All these classes were well attended.

The third hour was occupied by the student conference, the faculty council, Board members' council, and secretaries council. In the student conference the work of the different committees was taken up in detail and many helpful suggestions for our next year's work were offered.

Probably the most impressive services were the vesper services, held on the hillside each evening. We seemed almost to be carried from earth to other worlds as we looked upon the glorious sunset and sang together praises to Him who has done so much for us.

Platform addresses are an important feature of the conference, but it is impossible to give a report of these, so we shall mention some of the speakers: Rev. Charles R. Erdman, of Princeton, N. J.; Rev. Richard O. Flynn, of Atlanta, Ga.; and Mr. Robert E. Speer, of New York City. No doubt one of the most, if not the most, touching sermon was delivered by Rev. Flynn from the text: "Freely ye have received, freely give." He most powerfully showed us our responsibility to give to others what we had received at the conference. Each girl came away from the conference with a stronger determination to work for Him who had so clearly revealed Himself to her while on this mountain top.

A. R. K.

D. M. C. A. Notes.

W. T. BOYCE.

There is no more hopeful sign of Christian development among students today than the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, an organization which in many of the colleges and universities, has become the strongest and most vital of all the student organizations. One proof of this is its activity throughout the year. The time has been when the association work ceased when the school closed and revived again when the school opened and other matters had been properly adjusted. Whereas today the association that is at its best is in active preparation practically all the summer for the work of the ensuing year.

This preparation might be said to begin with the Southern Students' Conference, which is held early in the summer, in some splendid place among the mountains near Asheville. This year it was held at Montreat, a popular summer resort about 20 miles northeast of Asheville. Here practically every institution of higher learning sends some of the choice men of its association to spend ten days in strenuous preparation for the work that is envolving upon them. No man that has not attended one of these conferences can appreciate what ten days of association with the very flower of the manhood of the south, and ten days' drill under the strongest Christian leaders America can afford, means to the average man. The conference was a success in every respect. The personnel of speakers and leaders was unusually strong. Among them were John R. Mott, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; Robert E. Speer, of New York; Dr. J. L. Murray, returned missionary from India; Dr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt University; Dr. H. P. Anderson, W. D. Weatherford, Dr. Rain, Dr. Jewett, and a large number of college secretaries and professors.

At no previous conference has so much effort been placed on the missionary enterprise. The strong appeals by Mr. Mott, who was fresh from the mission fields of the Far East, and the glowing addresses of Mr. Murray, whose life is bound up in

the interests of India, will long linger in the minds of many of the delegates. Mr. Mott pointed out that heathenism was rife in China and Japan. The people are fast becoming dissatisfied with their Gods. They are being cast into new molds of religious thought, and if Christendom will not furnish the molds the last opportunity is gone. If China and Japan are Christianized a large part of the work must be done within the next ten years.

Guilford was represented by seven men, the largest representation from any college in this state. Our men took a part in practically every feature of the conference life. We furnished three men for the North Carolina all-State baseball team, one of whom was pitcher. We had a complete basket-ball team, and a tennis team. We also had two contestants in the track work. While our men did not win any first places, they did honor to their institution.

Not only were we stimulated to return to our respective schools with an enthusiasm for the work, but the work actually began. Policies were drawn up and adopted for the association as a whole, and each of the departments of Bible study and mission study. In pursuance of these policies personal letters and Handbooks were sent to all prospective new students whose names could be secured. A train committee met the new students at the station, gave them Handbooks, and sought to assist them in anyway they could. A mass meeting was held on the campus the third day after school opened; and a joint reception of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. was given on the first Saturday night.

The membership committee has enrolled a large per cent. of the men thus far. We are not satisfied, however, with the present number and shall strive to enroll many more. The Bible study committee is also doing good work, having enrolled over sixty-five per cent. of the men. The Bible Study Rally was led by Rev. Melton Clarke, of Greensboro. Mr. Clarke thoroughly understands student life and his subject was unusually well discussed.

The recent visit of Mr. W. E. Willis, assistant secretary for the South, was of great value to the association. He first met

the cabinet and discussed thoroughly the problems before us, afterward he met the various committees, each committee having one hour for a thorough discussion of its work. We greatly appreciate Mr. Willis' untiring efforts while with us.

Rev. Jos. Peele, of Guilford College, conducted a very successful Mission Study Rally at our third regular meeting. The number of men enrolled, though not as good as we would like to have, was nevertheless very encouraging. The Mission Study committee has the work well organized, although a new chairman had to be appointed in the absence of the old one.

The outlook for a successful year is very bright. However, there is much yet to be done, and let us not forget the beginning is not the ending. If the association is to reach its highest efficiency it means an honest, fervent Christian life on the part of the leaders. It means we must feel that enthusiasm for the work which justly belongs to it. Let us, then, once more realize the greatness of the work before us and strive toward the goal with increasing fervor, ever looking and trusting in humble prayer to our God, the leader of our cause.

Locals and Personals.

School opened September 2d with the largest enrolment in the history of the college.

Waller Nicholson, '07, is here taking Biblical work.

Louis and Wilson Hobbs, '07, are spending the year at home.

✓ Henry A. Doak, '08, left September 21st for Haverford College, where he will attend school this year.

Ask John Whitaker if Blair has met met the girls yet.

Ask Longest if he is going into the railroad business.

How is Phyllis since the soda-water episode at Greensboro Drug Co.?

✓ Alva E. Lindley, '08, has accepted the position of Y. M. C. A. Secretary at the Agricultural College of Mississippi.

✓ Ernest Younts is teaching at Woodland, N. C.

✓ George Bradshaw is teaching at Merritt, N. C.

Professor J.—“Where does the Pope live?”

M. T.—“In Turkey.”

The Freshman's joke!—“And I told Gene and Gene he laughed.”

Professor W. (In Geometry)—“What kind of figure is this?”

Mr. H.—“Flustrated Prism.”

Miss W. (In Society)—“All who approve of 'Fitz', please say I.”

"Bush."—"You men seem fond of hugging delusions."

"Judge."—"Well, we are not to blame. You women are such delusive creatures."

"Bill" Baily makes first place in the College Firemen's Tournament; Richardson comes second.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. went on a picnic to the Battle Ground Saturday, October 3d. They report a "fine time."

We are glad to hear that Eugene Coltrane, '07, who has been critically ill with typhoid fever, is improving.

Elsie White, '08, spent Sunday, September 27th, at the College, en route to Bryn Mawr.

Kittie John, '08, is teaching at her home, Lumber Bridge, N. C.

D. D. Carroll, '07, is principal of Mountain View Institute

Linnie Shamburger, '07, Annie Gordon, '08, and L. L. White, '04, are teaching at Jamestown.

Ovid W. Jones, '07, is pursuing his course at the University of North Carolina.

We regret to learn of the death of Melvin Blanchard, a former student of Guilford.

From the old Philagorean Literary Society, two new societies have been formed, the Zatasian and Philamatheian. Notwithstanding the many disadvantages arising from the newness of the organizations, both societies are doing excellent work.

Professor Lindsay is now able to begin his work.

Professor Sharpe, who has been holding his place, will teach again in the Guilford Graded School.

Recent visitors at the College were: D. D. Carroll, W. R. Pritchett, Wm. Hammond, and Oscar Woosley.

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

PHILOMATHIAN.

Margaret E. Peele, President
Janie Brown, Secretary
Catherine Allen, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

H. D. White, President
James Anderson, Secretary
H. E. Hudson, Marshal

HENRY CLAY.

T. F. Bulla, President
E. M. Braxton, Secretary
Baxter Sellars, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Lucy O'B. White, President
Pearl Gordon, Secretary
Cletus Burgess, Marshall

Young Men's Christian Association.

W. T. Boyce, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Agnes R. King, President

Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

E. V. Floyd, President

Lucy O'B. White, Secretary

Athletic Association.

A. A. Dixon, President	W. H. Sharp, Sec. and Treas.
N. Rush Hodgkin, Base Ball M'gr.	Gurney Briggs, Tennis Manager
C. C. Smithdeal, Track Manager	R. J. M. Hobbs, B'ket Ball M'gr.

Classes.

SENIOR

R. J. M. Hobbs, President
L. Alice Woody, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

R. J. Fitzgerald, President
Janie Brown, Secretary

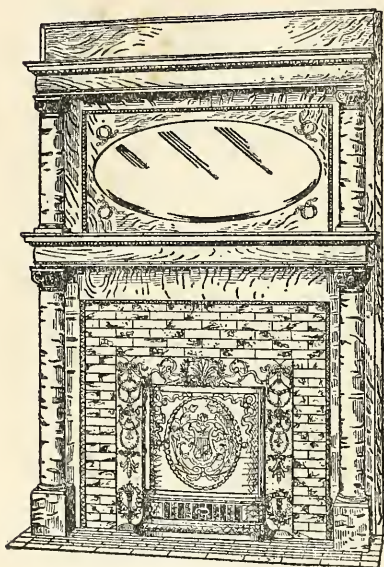
JUNIOR

D. W. Anderson, President
Alice S. Dixon, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

William Graves, President
Isla Hedgecock, Secretary

This Will Interest You



If you intend to build a new house or to improve one already built.

Our
Hardwood Mantels,
Tiles and Grates.

will add more to the appearance and solid comfort of your house than you can obtain for an equal amount spent in any other way. May we send you Catalogue?

Odell Hardware Company

Greensboro, N. C.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

NO. 2

THE MISSING LINK.

"Bobbie, O, Bobbie," rang out a sweet voice from the piazza.

"What you want, Sis?" asked a boy of eleven, rising from a bed of luxuriant grass, where he was engaged in teaching a dog to shake hands.

"Bobbie, I want you to take the buggy (the carriage is a little rubbed) and go to the station to meet Mr. Kennedy."

"Hang it, Sis!" ejaculated the boy, his facial expression contending between surprise and disapproval. "I thought we'd seen the last of him when Brother went back to college. What's he coming for now?"

A delicate flush suffused the girl's white face.

"It's naughty for you to ask such questions, little one; he's coming to see mother, of course."

"There's one good thing—Ma won't help him tie tin cans to Jeb's tail, nor use my flags to clean his gun."

"Well, go on like a dear, and I'll give you some ice-cream tonight."

Bobbie grunted discontentedly.

"Get one of the niggers to go," he suggested by way of satisfactory evasion.

"Now, brother mine, you know I don't want a servant to be in the same seat with him, and I must send the buggy because it's so much newer and prettier than the carriage."

"Guess he won't mind sitting by a nigger any more than I'd mind sitting by him."

"You know Henry would go if he were here. Run on and get ready, Bobbie; the train is due in two hours."

"Sis, I've thought the thing over and decided not to go, and when a boy makes up his mind, it's no use for a girl to talk."

Margaret said no more, but went in search of her mother, and a few minutes later, Bobbie was dismissed from Mrs. Denson's room with peremptory orders.

The Denson homestead was an old-fashioned house of ample proportions, surrounded by a grove of time-worn oaks and maples. Aspens fluttered their restless leaves here and there, and around the stone lion from whose open jaws a fountain leapt into the air and, falling back, dallied with the fish below, a circle of willows stood sentinel. Iron benches and hammocks swung from tree to tree, inviting rest, which one found himself able to resist only on hearing the music and sounds of merriment that issued from the house at most hours of the day. Horses and saddles stood ready for use, and the elder brother had set apart a room for his guns, boxing gloves, base balls and bats. Cards were the only means of amusement prohibited. The Denson family from generation to generation, had been content to follow the ethics of their forefathers, which consisted in enjoying every other pleasure, but condemning drink and cards.

Shady Manse, as the place was called, was two or three miles from the city, but as vehicles and conveyances were always in readiness its residents lacked no opportunity of shopping or visiting. Each summer found friends and kinsmen eager to partake of the invigorating country air and cordial hospitality of Mrs. Denson's home. This last vacation had seen more gaiety than usual, as Margaret had taken her degree at a finishing school, and Henry had passed his junior examinations at college and insisted on having some of the graduates visit him, particularly Herman Kennedy, who had stood young Denson's friend through thick and thin during their three years of acquaintance at college.

Kennedy was accused of wildness by the unkind. It was rumored that in his native town he was involved in serious complications from which he was acquitted only by the influence of his wealth and family name. However that might be, Denson found him an ambitious student and a warm, generous friend.

On reaching Shady Manse, Kennedy had thrown his city breeding and Senior gravity to the winds, and entered heartily into each sport it offered (stretching a few points, Bobbie thought), until one day he spent a quarter of an hour studying the contour of Margaret's mouth and chin, as she struck off a lullaby at the piano. A perceptible change followed. The guest showed a marked preference for music in lieu of base-ball, riding rather than hunting, and reminiscences of college life became more agreeable in the iteration than they had been at the time of the experience. He also listened with deep interest to just such girlish chatter as he had often condemned in his sisters as being "intolerably boring."

Mrs. Denson observed each sign, but remained discreetly silent. At last, when the two weeks were out, Kennedy took his leave amid pressing invitations from all to repeat the visit.

After his departure, each one received properly-penned letters expressive of his gratitude for the pleasant time spent with them, but Margaret's were longer and more frequent than her brother was honored with, to the disgust of the latter.

It was now the middle of September. Henry had gone to complete his course at college and Shady Manse was becoming quiet, when a telegram came to Mrs. Denson.

"Am on my way to California, where I will spend the winter. Would like to stop with you one day, if it will be perfectly convenient. Will come on afternoon train.

"Herman Kennedy."

The house, always inviting in its quaint beauty, had now the additional charm of large bouquets of autumn flowers tastefully arranged.

Mrs. Denson and Margaret had given out the courses for dinner and were on the piazza to welcome the expected guest.

"Either the train is late or Bobbie is driving unusually slowly," observed Margaret, her eyes turning restlessly to the road.

At the sound of horse's hoofs, she leaned forward, her lips parting in expectation, a shade of dainty pink flitting across her cheeks. The dress that she wore was of a filmy lavender

stuff, and ribbon of a shade to match, intertwined the waves of her chestnut hair.

"What does make Bobbie so slow?" cried the girl impatiently. "Mother, dear, is there nothing on earth that can improve a boy?"

"Yes, but that doesn't lie in the sphere of a sister. Let Bobbie alone and some day he will be as thoughtful of another girl as Mr. Kennedy is of you."

Those on the road approached slowly but surely. A turn in the road brought in view a discarded buggy whose wheels threatened at each revolution to disjoint its spokes from the naive. The sunken-backed, protruding-boned mule in front labored hard under Bobbie's vigorously-applied strokes, but was unable to produce the desired rapidity.

Margaret went pale and caught at the banister, while Mrs. Denson rushed down the steps to the antiquated vehicle.

"Bobbie, go in the house, and I'll attend to you in a very few minutes," she commanded, her eyes flashing angrily. "Mr. Kennedy, why did you not remain at the station and send us word of this proceeding?"

"O, I've enjoyed the ride immensely," he answered with a laugh, leaping out. "It gave me time to sketch every bramble we passed, and as for the mule, he is an effectual off-set to man's common desire for long life. Believe me, the ride has not incommoded me in the least, and if I had suffered any discomfort, the remembrance of it would vanish in the presence of such company."

"A thousand welcomes to the house that will always receive you cordially," replied Mrs. Denson, as she let go his hand. "Now Margaret will entertain you on the piazza while I go administer a helpful lesson to Bobbie."

"Let his means of conveyance pass as a joke, I entreat you; he owed me a score or two anyway."

Mrs. Denson took her youngster to the wood-shed to use the rod of chastisement, lest his cries should pierce to the front porch; but there was no occasion for her anxiety, as Bobbie clamped his teeth manfully, not so much as permitting a tear to course down his face until he was hidden away under a

large tree whose protecting branches bent gracefully down and touched his head caressingly.

"It's a nasty world, it is, Zeb," he cried, falling on the grass, resting his head on the dog.

Zeb lay patient under the small head shaking with sobs, and when all sounds had ceased except the regular breathing of sleep, he firmly withstood his impulses when the flees tortured his canine flesh. The call of the cook, as she threw the scraps out, received an intelligent look from the dog's eyes and a wag of the tail, but nothing more.

The lights in the dining room had gone out, the stars were shining in full glory, when Bobbie started and opened his eyes drowsily to the sound of voices.

"I feel," said Herman Kennedy, as he and Margaret strolled to a bench within hearing, "that all the pleasures and desires I entertained before you entered my life, must have belonged to another man. They are alike insipid to me now. Only you and what concerns you hold any interest. I want you, and you only. I need you to make life worth while."

"That's all rot," whispered Bobbie in Zeb's ear.

"How can helplessness be needed by strength?" asked the girl.

"Well put in, Sis," Zeb heard Bobbie say.

"As the imposing features of a masterpiece derive their grandeur from the surrounding softer shades, so a man in public life stands forth in the perfection of his strength only under the gentle influence of a woman."

"Don't you believe that, Sis," commented Bobby for Zeb's enlightenment.

"Why not another woman?"

"Because your soft gray eyes haunt me near and far; because my heart is meshed in the wayward locks of your hair; because the Cupid's bow of your mouth is the one vermillion cup from which I could sip life's nectar. I would not have you come to me unless the happiness I seek can be reciprocal, and yet to do without you—love lights a life sometimes, sometimes burns it."

"Come on, Zeb, let's leave," said Bobbie, crawling noiselessly away.

Around to the back yard they went, where Uncle Reuben, after his day's work, sat smoking his pipe.

"Tired much, Uncle Reuben?" asked Bobbie.

"Al'ays tired, chil'."

"Not too tired to saddle a horse and go to town for me."

"Dat I is. Wat you want?"

"Some whiskey and cards and poker chips."

"If I had 'em right yere I wouldn't give 'em to yer 'thout de Mistess told me to. I'm yere to serve de Mistess and nobody else."

"Did Ma tell you to take that chicken the other night? I heard you tell her you didn't know where it was."

"Bless me, ye're all eyes and ears! Say, is yer mentioned dat to anybody?"

"No."

"Dat's right; I'd rudder yer wouldn't, case I wants to give a clarifying explination when I tells the Mistess about it. Course bein' as yer and I sech good friends I don't mind goin' to town fur yer:—but wat yer goin' to do wid 'em when yer git 'em?"

"Put them in the suit case in the company room, just before Mary comes in to sweep. She'll see them and tell Ma, and then—good-by my friend!"

"Wat yer want to treat de gentleman like dat fur?"

"To get rid of him. Brother's bad enough since he went to college, and all the boys he brought back with him are worse, but Herman Kennedy is the meanest of them all, and Ma thinks he's an angel."

"But how about Miss Margaret?"

"She won't mind. She's got other fellows a courting her."

"All right. If I's a little late gettin' in tonight des come to me in de morning. Go git yer money."

The day began cloudy and threatening outside, but within such cheer prevailed as clouds could not o'er-shawod. Margaret had gathered her armful of roses and placed them in a vase, resting her head against them lightly, herself the fairest

flower in the room. Kennedy sat on the sofa, picking a guitar, while Mrs. Denson was trying to persuade him to prolong his stay with them.

"Please, Ma'am, may I speak to you a minutes?" asked the maid, timidly, as she appeared at the door.

Mrs. Denson went out and followed the servant upstairs to the company room, where the first thing that met her eyes was an outstretched dress-suit case littered with poker chips and cards. The gilded words "Old Henry," on a bottle, stared her in the face, and following the scent of whiskey, the maid picked up a glass with sugar stuck around the sides.

Mrs. Denson turned white to the lips.

"You shouldn't go in a gentleman's things, Mary," she said. "Close the suit case and take the glass down stairs."

Holding her head erect, the lady walked out of the room, and Mary, frightened at the rebuke, obeyed without a word, packing the offensive objects at the bottom of the case.

Pale, but self-possessed, Mrs. Denson returned to the drawing room, where she monopolized the conversation, discoursing brilliantly on current events, but carefully avoiding any personal allusions.

At two o'clock, Kennedy went upstairs to prepare for leaving. Tossing his razor, brushes, cravats, collars, gloves and handkerchiefs into the suit case, he locked it without stopping to arrange anything, and picking up his hat, left the room.

As he shook hands at the door, the young man stopped suddenly.

"O, I nearly forgot to tell you, one of your guitar strings is not good. Come let me show you which it is," he said, touching Marget's elbow lightly, as they stepped upon the piazza.

"Do show us!" exclaimed Mrs. Denson, preceding them into the drawing room. "I had a musician to repair it last week, and thought it was alright.

Bobbie drove Mr. Kennedy back to the station, this time using the best buggy and proving a most agreeable companion.

In the afternoon, Uncle Reuben stood in the front yard, weeding a flower bed. The clouds o'er head were dark and trees bent and swayed under the wind.

"Caw, caw, caw," came the dismal sound of a crow near by.
"Caw, caw, caw," it croaked with its nasal twang.

Uncle Reuben laid aside his spade and looked at the crow.

"Yer needn't tell me it's gwine to rain; I knows it."

"That you, Uncle Reuben?" called Bobbie, running to him.
"Please tell me something to make me feel good. I'm mighty sorry I played that trick, this morning. I didn't know Sis would take it so hard."

"Go tell 'em all about it."

"Can't; Ma'll koffollop me."

"Yer better take fifty beatings than to let Miss Margaret weep her sweet life away."

Mrs. Denson appeared on the porch and the conversation ended abruptly, leaving guilty expressions on both faces.

"What are you talking about?" she asked, coming down the walk.

"Liquor, Mum," answered Uncle Reuben, respectfully.

Bobbie shot him a terrible look.

"What about liquor?"

Silence.

"What about it, I say! You've no business knowing our family affairs, but if my dignity can't set a seal on servants' lips to my back, it needn't to my face."

"I was studying de bad effects of drink," answered the old man with composure. "Yer know young Mr. Atkins what lives in de city and got in bad company—he gits too full mighty often. Last Sad-day when I went to town de fust one I see was him, kicking hisself from side to side of de walk, his nose a-flaming like a beacon light. Ol' Parson Carter was a-coming up frum de opposite direction, wid a sorrowing-like look on his face. Yer know de Parson took a mighty heap of int'rest in dat young un. He has tried lots of times to lead him back to decent way of living, and w'en dey met in de street, de ol' man laid his han' on de boy's shoulder, gentle as his own mud-der would, and says:

"'Drunk again, Sam!'

"'Hic! hic! So is I,' says Sam Atkins, and de Parson didn't say no more."

Mrs. Denson looked more satisfied and passed down the walk to cull flowers.

Next day, among the mail, was a letter from Kennedy, which was succeeded by many more in the following weeks, all of which were sent back unopened, at Mrs. Denson's command.

At last, Kennedy, himself, appeared. Mrs. Denson greeted him politely, but in reply to his anxious inquiries for Margaret, answered that she was a little indisposed and could not see company.

"Mrs. Denson! Help! O help!" suddenly came the scream of a voice from the kitchen.

Making her excuses, the lady of the house rushed to the clamor of cries and fierce barking of a dog.

"Sis, run in right quick," said Bobbie, appearing in the apartment next the drawing-room, where Margaret stood gazing with eyes dry with sorrow at the wall that divided them, "I sicked Zeb on the cook to give you a chance."

The eager yearning in her heart flooded her being. Reason, obedience, duty were all forgot. Rushing into the next room, she stopped before Kennedy. Clasp ing her hands and leaning her chin down on them, her deep blushes o'ershadowed by the mass of her disheveled hair, she said with labored breath:

"Herman, if I give you now the love you asked for a month ago, and offer to flee with you before mother returns, will the manner of the gift cheapen it so much as to be rejected?"

"You are my soul's desire now, as you were then, as you will ever be," he answered, supporting the trembling figure in his arms.

"Then I am yours, to share your fortune, whatever it may be; to believe you right, whatever others think; to love you even if your love for me should cease."

"Anxiety of the past is forgot in happiness of the present—but there are two things I would like explained as soon as possible. First, how poker chips and a bottle of whiskey came to be in my suit case; and second, why my letters were all returned."

AUTUMN.

Autumn now is fast upon us,
In all her glorious splendor gowned,
Leaves of yellow, crimson, scarlet,
In her collection can be found.

She is here in all her glory,
With her nuts and ripened corn,
Golden pumpkins and persimmons
Nipped by Jack froze 'ere the morn.

With her boistrous 'possum huntin',
O, to me, how good the sound
When the yelping dogs have treed one,
And wait for us to bring him down.

We also hunt old Molly-cotton,
By no means least of all the fun,
Which comes with Autumn's many pastimes
After Summer's course is run.

Soon Thanksgiving, then comes Xmas,
With their loads of things to eat,
Turkey, cranberry sauce, and celery,
And other things to us so sweet.

Autumn, in thy glorious splendor,
Most glorious time of all the year,
How I love thy wondrous beauty,
And to me thou bring'st good cheer.

ANNALS OF OLD JAMESTOWN.

I have been importuned for an article for THE COLLEGIAN, and having nothing new or startling to communicate, I have thought that perhaps the youthful readers of the magazine might be interested in certain excavations I have been making.

The Greensboro Centennial set me ramaging in old trunks and boxes in an attic more than a century old. There are boxes filled with letters written before there was a railroad in North Carolina, carried long journeys in stage coaches, folded so cleverly that a portion of the paper was left blank for the address, and sealed with red sealing wax. As one reads, the writer and his friends seem strangely near, and the present, with its ceaseless bustle, its screaming whistles and thundering cars, fades for an instant away and we glide back into an age of serenity, dignity and courtesy where stately dames descend the stairs and are handed into the barouches driven by sedate old negro drivers whose manners were a counterpart of those of their own masters.

Of the writers of these letters there were two principal groups—George's and Richard's—and the two large, old-fashioned, rambling houses which were their homes were situated within a half mile of each other, the one on the banks of the beautiful Saponah, the other in a village through which, then as now, the main thoroughfare between the North and the South passed; but then the road was plank and the conveyances the ponderous stage coaches with the horn to warn the people that the mail was coming down the road. The residents of these two homes were nearly related, but almost wholly unlike in their occupations and in their general estimation of life and its essentials. The one was the home of the largest slaveholder in the county, a lawyer of "state wide" renown and a companion of Governor Morehead, John A. Gilmer, Judge Ruffin and a host of others, all well known and highly honored citizens. There they were entertained in the good old Southern style and conviviality and sparkling discourse was the order of the day.

The other was a Quaker household, not too sedate, however,

to join in much of the cheer of the other. Both families attended Friends' meeting, driving some four or five miles in order to do so. At George's the grounds received attention and avenues of cedars extended in every direction from his dwelling; vine covered terraces surrounded the house which was built on the hillside. A spring which was likened to the fountain at Bethlehem's gate gushed from the rocks nearby, and the music of the flowing river was in the ear. Negro cabins extended for a quarter of a mile on the bluff down the river, and here Aunt Jinnie, Aunt Peggy and dozens more aunts and uncles and scores of pickaninnies dwelt. These negroes were well housed, well fed, well treated; never one of them was sold. Often some poor creature would come pleading with Marse George to buy him, since he knew he was to be sold and dreaded lest he might be "carried off souf," and the plea was heard and the purchase made. I, myself, remember one such—a poor old man too feeble to be of much, if any, service, sitting by the kitchen fire enjoying himself.

The master had been born in a Quaker home and had inherited some of the principles of that branch of the church. He had "married out" and been disowned. Through his wife he first came into the possession of slaves. Her early death left him sole owner of those whom she had brought, and the repeated purchase of others made him the owner of near one hundred. This did not set easy in his conscience, and for years he was formulating plans for their manumission. In his second wife he had a most loyal and devoted helper along this line and they soon had arrangements made for carrying the able-bodied men and women and their children to Ohio. There were no railroads and the caravan proceeded through Virginia over the mountains to the Ohio River. They went in wagons, the master and mistress accompanying them in their carriage. These negroes were settled on free soil, the master staying until all had good situations and the opportunity to earn their own living.

Among the papers excavated, I have found a poem written by the lady, Delphina E. Mendenhall, in regard to this passage; and as it commemorates a historical event, I have decided

to give it to THE COLLEGIAN as one of the "Annals of Old Jamestown." Whether others shall follow will depend upon the reception this one meets.

MARCH OF EMANCIPATED SLAVES TO OHIO.

Slowly rolled our heavy wagon,
Slowly fell our lingering footsteps;
Though with freedom's star before us,

Every step unbound a chain—
Carolina! Carolina!
Tears of gladness and of sadness
Mingling, told our wordless farewell—
We can never meet again!

Through Virginia's lonely forests,
Up her lofty steeps ascending,
We have reached her towering summits,
We have crossed her crystal streams;
We have rested on her bosom,
We have cooled within her shadows,
We have warmed beneath the radiance
Of her summer's golden beams.

We have pitched our tents at sunset
In the loveliest of her valleys,
We have spread our humble pallets
On the green breast of the earth;
And around our blazing camp fire
Thoughtful faces glowed with feeling,
While around our rude rock table
Little faces shone with mirth.

As our mother's fond caresses
Rested on our infant foreheads,
Has the lulling wing of slumber
Pressed its down on every eye;
Are the stars all holy watchers?
Were our white tents angel guarded,
That for weeks we slept in safety,
When our ceiling was the sky?

When our wall was made of mountains,
And our canopy white cloud-lace,
And our chamber lamp a crescent
 Filled with soft, sweet, lunar light?
When such pure, resplendent faces,
In our deepest midnight visions,
Beamed upon us, and then wafted
 Toward the West in robes of white?

There was want amid the mountains,
Flocks and herds were starving, dying;
And the breadless poor were driven
 Coarsest bran for bread to use.
Though unworthy of such mercies,
Day by day like falling manna,
We had meal within our barrel,
 We had oil within our cruse.

There was storm upon the mountains,
And the thunders uttered voices,
When the lightning spears came flashing
 Thick around us, red with wrath.
O, the forest moaned and trembled
When its royal oak was shivered,
But a dove-like wing extended
 As a shield above our path!

There was calm amid the mountains
When the wild birds sung their matins,
And a deeper calm when twilight
 Breathed her soothing vesper song;
And the hymning of the waters,
With the harping of the breezes
Through the old cathedral arches
 Of the forest swept along.

We have trod the very verges
Of Virginia's crags and ridges;
With our shuddering forms recoiling
 From her chasms and ravines;
We have feasted on the grandeur
Of her billowing seas of mountains,
Till our full, full hearts grew larger
 With the vastness of the scenes.

We have passed through wildnernesses,
Where her dainty rhododendrons,
Seemed to feed upon the incense
 Her azaleas offer there;
We have gazed upon her Hawk's nest
Till our spirits bowed within us;
For its gift of wondrous beauty
 Seemed to call for praise and prayer.

We have watched her lordly eagle
Soaring from his castled eyrie,
Up and up to meet the sunbeams,
 Till we lost him in their glow;
We have viewed the leaping cascades
From the cliffs of her Kanawha,
Pouring down their showers of diamonds
 On the poor bare rocks below.

And the eagle seemed to tell us
That our spirits should be soaring
On the wings of prayer unceasing,
 Toward the Source of light and love;
While each tiny cascade whispered
Of the pure and countless mercies
Which our pitying Father poureth
 On His poor ones from above.

We have met the generous greetings
Of thy noble sons and daughters,
And our hearts received their kindness
As the buds the vernal rain;
But, Virginia! oh, Virginia!
Joy and grief are strangely blending
In our gladdened, saddened farewell—
We can never meet again!

We have heard of vultures roaming
Far and near above the pastures;
We have heard of vultures pouncing
On the lambs within the fold.
We have heard of vultures bearing
Children from their frantic mothers,
To the heights even love maternal
Never ventured to behold!

We have seen thy keen-eyed "trader,"
Turn his vulture glance upon us;
We have heard him name the thousands
Of his glittering, proffered gold;
Not for all Virginia's dollars—
Not for all her charming valleys—
Not for all her glorious mountains,
Would our feeblest one be sold.

We have reached the broad Ohio,
We are waiting at the ferry,
With a shroud of mist wrapped around us,
And a pall of cloud above:
See that sudden burst of sunshine
On the western bank before us!
O, that blessed type of freedom!
O, that blessed type of love!

Swiftly o'er the rolling waters,
We are gliding on in safety;
For the arm is everlasting
That hath borne us to this land.
"Pass before us, our dear master!
Our dear mistress, pass before us!
Yours has been a heavy burden,
Rest ye first on freedom's strand!

"Here's an arrow point we bring you—
Here's a bit of petrification—
Here's a little shining crystal—
Here are pebbles and a shell:
You will keep them as memorials
Of our passage o'er the river;
You will keep them as mementoes
Of the hearts that love you well.

"Onward, onward speeds our wagon
Onward bounds each bouyant footstep;
Sunk like lead beneath the waters
Every link of slavery's chain;
Other brows than our are brightened—
Other hearts than yours are lightened—
Doors, and hearts, and hands are opened
In this land must we remain.

"We can bear for you to leave us,
For the friends of freedom greet us,
And the strong man's voice is choking—
Tears are in the stranger's eye—
Can such love be merely human?
Hearts like these must be the channels
Of the everflowing fountain
Of the love that cannot die.

“Where the ashes of our fathers
And the dear dust of our mothers,
With the all that could be mortal
Of our innocents remain:
May our Heavenly Father lead you,
From all evil may He shield you,
May His peace surround the hearth-stone
Of the olden home again!

“Now our little farewell treasures
Must be laid within your casket,
Though they are but lamb-like ringlets
Taken from each baby’s brow.
We remember by our Saviour,
Even these humble hairs are numbered;
To that ever blessed Saviour
We commend each other now.”

THE NORTH CAROLINA PEACE CONGRESS.

Among the many attractive announcements for "Centennial Week" in Greensboro was the "Peace Congress" to be held under the auspices of the "National Practical Peace League."

It was held in the admirable Smith Memorial Building. The beautiful "Peace Flag," loaned by Governor Glenn, formed the background of the speakers and gave forth its silent influence. It is to be regretted that no reference was made to it at any time.

The programme was largely arranged by Hayne Davis, Secretary of "International Conciliation" and President of the Practical Peace League. If the provisional programme could have been carried out it would have been a most enjoyable and influential occasion. Only a few of the speakers who were expected were present. Three sessions were held on three different days. On Monday afternoon, Oct. 12th, the meeting was presided over by Hon. Francis D. Winston, Lieutenant-Governor of North Carolina. The address of welcome was given by Mayor Brandt, and an encouraging address showing something of the development of the Peace movement in the last quarter of a century was given by Senator James B. McCreary. His subject, "The Possibilities of the Pan-American Union."

The second session was held on the afternoon of the 14th. F. S. Blair presiding. Governor Ansell, of South Carolina, gave a brief, but hearty endorsement of the Peace movement. He was followed by Dr. W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College, who greatly interested the audience by showing that in times past when there was neither legal means nor public sentiment for bringing cruel and barbaric people and the more aggressive and grasping civilized nations to account, war was the only means resorted to. He also pointed out some of the blessings which have followed war—but now, since Christianity has enlightened the people, he is for peace, and regards war as a relic of barbarism.

An address by Dr. John Franklin Crowell, "The Economic Salvation of the Nations," was read by Rev. Mr. Hall, of Fayetteville. It was a very learned but abstract presentation of

the influence which commerce and the industries exert on the nations.

The Patriotic Session was presided over by Mrs. J. Lindsay Patterson, Vice-President-General of Daughters of the American Revolution, in her own dignified, happy and graceful manner.

The first exercise was the "Peace Hymn," sung by Mrs. McAdoo. The chairman reminded us of the saying, "Give me the making of the hymns of a nation and I care not who makes the laws."

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson made a strong appeal for peace on behalf of the "Daughters of the Confederacy."

Wm. G. Hubbard spoke on the necessity of decreasing the armaments of the nations that the spirit of conquest might decrease instead of increasing. Hon. Richmond Pearson Hobson followed on "Arbitration and Armaments." He spoke from the standpoint that all non-Christian nations are grasping and war-like by nature and that it is throwing temptation in their way to leave our coasts unprotected; that a strong navy is the only safeguard. He is an advocate of peace, but it must be maintained by the navy—not a standing army which inculcates militaryism. Some of us who listened saw no place left for the Gospel; and to him all who are advocates of non-resistance are dreamers and pernicious in their teaching. Indeed he echoes the sentiment of President Roosevelt when he said the Quakers ought not to be protected by law if they would not fight. Hobson is an earnest and forceful speaker and carries his audience with him; but evidently his object is the same as that stated in the provisional program of the Congress: i. e., "The purpose of the Congress is to concentrate thought upon those ideas that need to be popularized prior to the Third Hague Conference, to discover the true relation between arbitration and armament so that the national security will always exist through adequate armament until a reliable system of Arbitration furnishes an effective substitute." His whole plea was for an immense navy, as war is inevitable in the near future.

Upon the whole, as a Congress, the effort was a failure.

There was little organization, no head, and no definite results reached. It is true there were some resolutions passed after the Congress proper had dispersed when only about two dozen persons were present. These did not represent the sentiment of the people. We trust, ohwever, that some lines of thought were started that will not stop until the right solution is reached.

The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the

Henry Clay, Philomatean, Websterian and Zatasian Literary Societies

Editors

R. J. M. HOBBS, '09, CHIEF, *Clay*.

MARGARET DAVIS, '09, *Phil*.

LUCY O'B. WHITE, '09, *Zatasian*

LEROY MILLER, '10, *Websterian*

Associate Editors

AGNES R. KING, '09, *Phil*.

A. M. BONNER, '10, *Clay*

E. S. KING, '10, *Websterian*.

Flora White, *Zatasian*

Business Managers

W. T. BOYCE '09, CHIEF, *Websterian*

MARGARET E. PEELE, '09, *Phil*.

ANNIE MENDENHALL, '09, *Zatasian*

C. C. SMITHDEAL, '11, *Clay*.

Terms

One Year, \$1.00.

Single Copy, 15 Cents.

All matter for publication should reach the editors not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates on application.

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at the post office at Guilford College N. C., as second-class matter.

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

NO. 2

Editorials.

Last spring witnessed the organization of the Campus Club. The object of this club is to beautify our campus, by making good walks, planting grass, trees, and shrubbery. Before Commencement last year the walks were planned and a few plants set out, all under the direction of a good landscape architect.

In order to inspire more interest and enlist the co-operation of the students in this work, Arbor Day was observed October 24. Each class had been invited to take some definite part which they gladly did. The Sophomores, to the tune of their

class song, planted two young oaks. The Juniors, left out the song but doubled the number of trees. Their selections were a dogwood, an ash, an oak and a maple. Near the walk in front of Y. M. C. A. Hall the Seniors planted their tree—an oak. Besides these, the club put out four spruce and five Japanese Varnish trees in front of New Garden Hall, four poplars near Y. M. C. A. Hall, and two willows at the power house. Some of these trees will make rapid growth and soon give good shade, while others like the oaks are of slower growth, but will make handsome trees later. A violet border was made around the plot of grass east of the Porte corhee and a large bed of bulbs was planted in the centre of this plot.

Every one enjoyed doing these little things and it is by them that the future beauty of our campus is assured.

Never before in the history of North Carolina has there been held such a celebration as was held in the city of Greensboro beginning Sunday, Oct. 11th, and continuing for a week. It was an eventful week not only because of the historical celebration but also because it was the time of several meetings which can only mean better things for our people and the country at large. We refer to the meeting of the Peace Society of North Carolina, a Good Roads Convention, Educational day and another successful meeting of the Central Carolina Fair. These institutions are of vast importance to the people, helping as they do to dispense knowledge, transmit helpful ideals, and to awaken the people to a fuller sense of what is going on in the world.

It was very fitting that this celebration be held at Greensboro because it is the educational center of our State, and without doubt the splendid schools of this county have done much towards making Greensboro such a progressive and promising city, and such a celebration possible.

From what observation we have made there seems to be two main sports which claim nearly all of the attention of students, football in the fall and baseball in the spring. These two

seem to be the centers of interest, and if either is removed, instead of the enthusiasm clustering around the minor sports it seems to be wasted. It is also known that students do not become intensely interested in indoor sports, the reason for this is obvious. They want more space to work in, and good air to breathe. We are casting no reflections upon basketball however, for we believe in the game. But our plea is for some permanently established outdoor fall sport. This we do not have, and it seems to work an injury on college spirit. Football has been long abandoned at Guilford, and we are not clamoring for it now, for there are grave financial difficulties to be overcome if we should attempt this sport. LaCross was started last fall, but without success. We are not proposing what should be instituted but we want to emphasize the need of such a fall sport.

How many of us are there who have a definite purpose in going to college? How many are not sent here by our fathers, we think to pass off so much time? In these days it seems to be necessary for a young person to be in school, and we could not be growing into a better habit. But do we as students fully appreciate the opportunities before us and the money and care our parents spend on us, to say nothing of the value of our own time? It seems that in many cases we do not. It is not possible in a great many instances for a student to know exactly what his life work is going to be, nor is that expected of us. But if it is possible to work to a definite end, by all means do so. One often hears the expression, "I don't want any Latin in my course. I am not going to be a teacher of the classics." Let it be said that a student who makes such a statement shows a large amount of ignorance. What he wants is a few little rules and laws with which he can run out into what he calls the world and drag along. This person has lost entirely the great aim and purpose of education, which is to train the mind to work and not primarily to fill it with facts. If we have not definitely decided what we shall devote our lives to we should begin to think seriously of our course. In all cases

college training will bring out and develop our powers and better enable us to see what we are best fitted for. We should not leave colleg without having decided what our purpose in life is or at least discovering in what field our ability lies. Have a purpose in life and work toward it. If you have not got one, get one.

D. M. C. A. Notes.

We feel that our Bible study work has been stimulated and our plans enlarged by having had the privilege of meeting with the delegations from our State colleges at the State Bible Study Conference held at the University of North Carolina Oct. 2-4. The conference was opened on Friday night by President Venable, who cordially welcomed the delegates to the University, after which strong addresses were made on the subject of Bible study by Dr. Detwiler and Secretary Weatherford. Saturday and Sunday were taken up with open conferences and addresses and papers by Secretaries Willis, Huntington, Bergtholdt, Burnett, and others. On Sunday night Dr. Fischer, of New York, deeply impressed his hearers by his masterful address on the subject of "The Call of the Physical Directorship."

Secretary Burnett, of the University, had carefully planned for the entertainment of all the delegates. No more hospitable treatment could be shown by any one than was shown us by the good people of Chapel Hill.

All the state college were represented at the conference. Our delegation of six men consisted of W. T. Boyce, R. H. Fitzgerald, W. H. Welch, J. E. Sawyer, E. S. King and Leroy Miller.

D. W. C. A. Notes.

The Young Women's Christian Association has started out in earnest this fall. On the whole it is better organized than it has ever been before. All the committees are doing good work.

Since the chairman of the Missionary Committee is not back, Margaret Peele has been chosen to fill that place.

Mrs. Woody led the Bible Study Rally on Octo. 3. She showed very clearly and forcibly the importance of systematic Bible study. As a result seventy girls were enrolled in Bible classes. There have been four classes organized, two on the Life of Christ by Lucy White and Anna Mendenhall; one on the Gospel of John, by Miss Julia White, and one on the Life of Paul by Margaret Peele.

Miss Anna D. Castler, traveling secretary for the Carolinas and Virginia, spent a few hours with us the first of October.

The membership committee has done excellent work during the summer and fall. They have succeeded in enrolling every girl except one and they are not going to be satisfied until they get her.

The most successful Missionary Rally in the history of the Association at Guilford was conducted by Mrs. Anna Williams, a former student of Guilford. There are six mission classes—China, led by Daisy Crow; Japan, by Esther Ivey; Africa, by Alice Dixon; Home Missions, by Ethel Hodgkin; India, by Jennie Bulla, and General Missions by Agnes King.

The social committee gave an enjoyable party to the June and September girls about the last of September. A guessing contest was the event of the evening. Miss Wood won the prize. For refreshments grapes were served.

The cabinet spent an hour very profitably with Dr. La-Flamme during his visit to the college.

Recently the Association spent an evening at the Guilford Battle Ground. We went over in wagons, leaving the college immediately after dinner. Several hours were passed roving about, then we gathered around a sumptuous spread. We reached home at dusk, none of us any worse off for the trip than Elizabeth Jackson.

A. R. K.

Exchanges.

Realizing his lack of experience, it is with hesitancy that the Exchange Editor assumes the responsibility of criticising the magazines of other colleges.

It shall be our policy, however, to render a correct estimate, so far as we are able, of the exchanges that come to us, and to try to profit by the criticism that others may give our magazine. Whatever criticism we see fit to offer will be given in a friendly spirit, and that which others give us, if it be just, we will receive in the same way.

The Davidson College Magazine is one of the best which has reached us so far. It is gotten up in good style. The material is well proportioned, there being some good fiction, two articles of historical interest and plenty of verse.

We consider the Wake Forest Student fully up to its "old standard" this month. The production of "The Origin and Development of the Elegy" required both time and research. The quotations are well selected. As a result of this painstaking the author has given his readers something that is both interesting and instructive. Among the poems in this issue we think the one entitled "The Meeting," worthy of special mention.

The Carolinian, as usual, contains an abundance of good material. This exchange compares favorably with the best college magazines with which we are acquainted.

So far only about half the exchanges that we usually received have arrived. We are aware of the fact that the COLLEGIAN was delayed a week or more last month. This, however, will not occur again. There is no reason why all exchanges should not be out by the middle of the month. We hope to see the November issues arrive on time.

In addition to those already mentioned we are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Erskinian, The College Reflector, The Penn Chronicle, University Life, Park School Gazette, The Buff and Blue, George School Ides, The Earlhamite, The Seniorian, and The Haverfordian.

EDWARD S. KING.

Locals and Personals.

Taft!

The Fair!

Sham battle!

D!!!!

All desiring information as to when one should retire consult "Bill" Burgess.

"Min"—"How long do socials last at Guilford Snooks?"

Miss Spray (laconically)—"Three rubbers, usually."

Miss J.—"William why didn't thee come to breakfast this morning?"

Wm.—"I had chicken last night."

Miss J.—"Where did thee get it?"

Wm.—"I raised it."

Prof. F. (In Chem.)—How long have we had water?"

"Mex"—"Since the flood."

Prof. J. (in History)—"From what does the word Simony come?"

Miss B.—"Simon Peter."

✓ Annie Lois Henley, '06, is teaching again in the Statesville Graded School.

✓ Sallie and Mabelle Rayford, '08, are spending the year at home.

The Senior class was delightfully enteretained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Peele on Tuesday evening, October 27.

They say Mr. Anderson likes to Hall Wood.

Lura (just before the basket ball game)—"Let's go early to avoid (the) Rush."

A Senior privilege. Boyce to Mr. Loyd: "Half sole and put "heal tips" on the "heals."

Verda—"Why does Rebecca like those pickles so well?"

Ethel—"Because they are Heinz pick'les."

"Nervy Nat"—"I want to get a present to take back to my girl at the college."

Clerk—"How would she like a pie knife?"

"Nervy Nat"—"Good land, young man! Ain't you never been told you mustn't eat pie with no knife?"

"Judge" (at the Fair)—"Where did you get dinner?"

"Punch"—"At the Benbow."

"Judge"—"What did you order?"

"Punch"—"I ordered steak, but the waiter brought me a miss-steak."

The heating plant in Memorial Hall is now finished.

Mrs. Younge recently visited her daughters at the College.

Mr. Joseph Peele gave a most interesting address on the "Earthquake of San Francisco," illustrated by stereoptican views, to the Science Club, Wednesday evening, October 28.

Dr. LaFlamme, returned missionary from India, addressed the student body on Friday evening, October 16th. Dr. LaFlamme is the traveling secretary for the Students' Volunteer Movement.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Nicholson were recent visitors at the College.

Bessie Carson, a former student of Guilford College, was happily married on Thursday, October 22, at 3 o'clock p. m., to Mr. W. L. Abbott, of Greensboro, N. C. THE COLLEGIAN extends heartiest congratulations.

President Hobbs returned on November 1st from his trip North, where he attended the reunion of Haverford Alumni

on October 16th. Several days following he spent in the interests of the College.

The Misses Bromell and Reed gave a most entertaining attraction in Memorial Hall on October 31st for the interests of the Y. M. C. A.

Messrs. Louis Hobbs and Waller Nicholson, both '07, are teaching near Gibsonville.

The Sophomores have submitted to the Freshmen the following question for debate, Resolved, That the Injunction Should be Used in Case of Strikes.

The Seniors and Juniors will debate the Navy question on November 28th.

On October 31st the University tennis team beat the Guilford team three straight sets. Guilford was represented by Efrid Hine and Charles Vance.

The Seniors report a most enjoyable time on their picnic at the "Oaks" October 31st.

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

PHILOMATHIAN.

Margaret E. Peele, President

Janie Brown, Secretary

Catherine Allen, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

H. D. White, President

James Anderson, Secretary

H. E. Hudson, Marshal

HENRY CLAY.

T. F. Bulla, President

E. M. Braxton, Secretary

Baxter Sellars, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Lucy O'B. White, President

Pearl Gordon, Secretary

Cletus Burgess, Marshall

Young Men's Christian Association.

W. T. Boyce, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Agnes R. King, President

Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

E. V. Floyd, President

Lucy O'B. White, Secretary

Athletic Association.

A. A. Dixon, President

W. H. Sharp, Sec. and Treas.

N. Rush Hodgkin, Base Ball M'gr. Gurney Briggs, Tennis Manager

C. C. Smithdeal, Track Manager R. J. M. Hobbs, B'ket Ball M'gr.

Classes.

SENIOR

R. J. M. Hobbs, President

L. Alice Woody, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

R. J. Fitzgerald, President

Janie Brown, Secretary

JUNIOR

D. W. Anderson, President

Alice S. Dixon, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

William Graves, President

Isla Hedgecock, Secretary

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXI.

DECEMBER, 1908.

NO. 3

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

"Well, of course, we had the best time. How could you expect to have any fun poking around in an old dirty tenement house? It's not to be compared with shopping and seeing all the lovely holiday things. Now Gladys and I enjoyed every minute of the day."

The speaker, a tall girl with light hair and a face which was pretty, but showed no depth of feeling, was seated at the window, sewing on what appeared to be a mass and tangle of ribbon. She was speaking to a girl with brown hair and a pleasant face, who was sitting in a low rocker busily hemstitching.

"It depends upon what you call a good time," said Dorothy. "Go on and tell us about it."

"All right, but see if you can get this mess straightened out while I talk. Tiffany's is a perfect dream. I did want to get a bracelet for Nell, but she only gave me a book last year, so I couldn't do that."

"Now, Lillian," spoke up Dorothy, "there's no sense in that. You can give her whatever you want to, can't you?"

"Well no, not when she went and gave me an old poky book."

"Here, there mustn't be any fussing among the jolly six. This is our last meeting before Christmas and we must not end with a fuss." This member from Arizona always spoke with such a droll mixture of sprightliness and drawling words that she was irresistible to the girls.

"Why do you all fuss so about Christmas presents? I always buy up a whole lot of calendars, pick them out with my eyes shut and send to everybody so there's no partiality shown. And then too I don't have to worry about it."

"Are you through? I want to tell on Gladys. Going down

to the cafe we saw some little rag-a-muffins with their faces glued to a bakery window. Gladys, with a wicked little twinkle in her eye went up and asked them if they were hungry. One tiny girl commenced to cry and said 'yes.' So in marched Bill and had the clerk fix up four sandwiches with Worcester-shire sauce, mustard and pepper and we went on laughing to hear them crying because it burned so."

"Now, Topsy, that is a shame! You girls haven't any warmer hearts than a turtle."

"Now, Helen, remember you and Dorothy are just back from the tenement and it must have gotten on your nerves."

"If you two girls would stop trying to figure up just what each present you got last year cost and think more of how you could help other people, we would all be happier."

"Hear Dorothy preach!" exclaimed Lillian.

"Yes," said Gladys, "we're getting all we deserve and some more."

"We haven't heard about Marguerite and Virginia. What did you girls do? Did Marguerite give away her hat or overshoes? Gladys, you haven't heard about that have you? Well, last winter we went down to 'Babes in Toyland,' and at the entrance was a little ragged girl, covered with soot, and with scarcely any clothes, and Marguerite felt so sorry because she looked cold, that she gave her that big gray squirrel muff. Imagine the sight of that ragged girl with a huge gray muff walking off with a beaming face. What did you do today? I noticed you still had on your sealskin coat."

"I'm not going to tell you a thing," said Marguerite from the depths of the pillows. You always make fun and besides I'm too comfortable."

"Well, I will," spoke up Virginia, "and it's the best ever. You know we went to see Maude Adams and she was perfectly grand. Marguerite is dreaming about it yet. As we were coming away from the opera house and down that dark street to the station, we were both a little scared. Marguerite was walking with her head held high as though she wasn't afraid of anything or anybody. We were hurrying past an alley when I heard a queer sort of noise, and there was Marguerite

sitting right in the middle of the alley, her hat on one side and her muff in the gutter. I rescued the muff, got her up and we looked and found a tiny little boy, with a big bunch of papers in his arms, asleep in the alley close by the sidewalk. You all know how tender-hearted Rita is. Well she picked up that little waif, took him down to a restaurant and got him an oyster stew, then asked where he stayed. He said he slept under steps mostly, only when it was cold he got a barrel and filled it with straw. This was too much for Rita so she gave him every cent she had, forty-two dollars and fifty cents, and I had to pay her car fare."

"Well, your experience beat Gladys and Lillian. Can you other two girls beat theirs?"

"I don't know," said Dorothy. "We saw a great many things and heard more. At the girls' club, Helen sang first, 'No Room in the Inn,' and those poor girls just looked like they had never heard anything so beautiful. They wouldn't let her stop, so she sang, 'Holy Night.' There was a spirit of fellowship and good will in that meeting that you could not help but feel. And then those factory girls! Guess what they are planning to do? Each one has worked for a month or more in the evenings and earned a dollar. And they are going to give a dinner in the children's ward of the City Hospital. When you think of that and how eagerly they were planning, and working, and then think of the Christmas Eve dance given by the Fortnight Club when they taxed each member \$100, it makes you think that the world wasn't made just right or things would be a little evened. But the happiness and satisfaction which follows almost makes the balance even. Aunt Grace asked us if we wouldn't like to stay here over Christmas and help them and I have decided to do so. Won't you please stay, Helen?"

"It would be fun I know and any way the boys at home are so different we don't have nearly such good times. They all seem to think it's smart to smoke and talk about things that I don't like. And last vacation some of them wouldn't even come to church like decent people, but wanted to meet us outside. So I guess I'll stay with you and help."

"And maybe I'll get that bracelet for Nell that cost \$4.00, when I know that horrid book was \$1.25," spoke up Lillian.

"That is generous of you Topsy. If you keep on improving your heart may get soft enough some day to be penetrated."

"There's something about Christmas," went on Dorothy, "that always makes me feel that I loved everybody and wanted to do something for them. And you never dream of any one being cross or dissatisfied or thinking only of the money part. It would be as wicked as to throw ashes on a clean bank of snow."

"You always were queer, Dorothy, but the idea of loving everybody. Do you love Rastus and all kinds of people like porters, washwomen and bootblacks?"

"Not in the same way. And yet at Christmas you can't help feeling that the good things and the good times in the world were meant for them as much as for you and you want to pass them on."

"At Christmas time I'm sure it's just a little sample of what heaven will be," said Helen. "It's all so peaceful and quiet that you can nearly feel in the air whose birthday we're celebrating. I think God comes closer to the earth then than at any other time. And this year I intend to try to make some folks happier than they have ever been before."

"There's the bell!" "Good night." "Good night."

"Good night, everybody."

TO THE CLASS OF 1911.

The Sophomore! the Sophomore!
The "wisest" year of all the four.
Leaving behind the Freshman green
Gaining a Junior's privileged reign,
Musing not of future trials,
Striving for our college laurels.

There's work today; ay! work this hour;
The watchword "do" is the Sophomores' power.
Hail to the class, with the green and gold,
A loyal class that will never grow old.
Forward! then ye "double ones,"
Forward! you who've scarce begun,
Forward! to an end "well done,"
All ye Sophomores.

A RUNAWAY.

"Yes, Aunt Maria, you had better stay at home. An old woman like you that has headache an' rhumatis ain't no business goin' so far to a picnic. Not that we don't want you along, but it ain't safe for the like of you to be out. It might rain."

It was late on Friday evening before the picnic was to be held at Faire the next day. Farmer Lancton had just come in from doing the chores. As he gave this bit of information he twitched nervously at the pump lever and his black, piercing eyes glanced first at Aunt Maria, then at his wife. Unlike herself, Aunt Maria made no reply, but meekly went into the kitchen to put some finishing touches on tomorrow's lunch. At supper she was still dumb. She went to bed without so much as a "good night."

Next morning every member of the household was up by five o'clock, and by seven, Farmer Lancton and his wife were in their new buggy on their way to the Faire picnic, twelve miles

away. As soon as they were out of sight, Aunt Maria turned to the hired boy:

"Now, Bush, you know I've been goin' to that picnic every year for the last ten, an' I'm not goin' to stay away now, not if I am old an' got the rhumatis' an' been havin' chills. You just run right over to Jane Shrewbury's and tell her to come and go with me and you in the spring wagon. She needn't mind about her new dress; I've wore mine for the last seven years, an', land knows, it looks better now than half the new dresses that the young folks have."

"That spring wagon's mighty pesky, and Dumps has got to be mighty skittish. I don't suppose you women ought to go that way," said Bush, as he started off to Jane Shrewbury's. He was too glad, however, for a chance to go to the picnic, to pay much attention to a dilapidated old wagon and a near-sighted nervous old horse. In less than half an hour he brought back the information that Jane would go, and began to busy himself with getting the skittish horse hitched to the "pesky" wagon. He had been advised to stop at Neighbor Smith's and borrow some lines, but failing in this, he and Aunt Maria made the best they could of ropes, straps, and old lines which they found in the harness room. After a half hour had been spent mending a broken shaft, Dumps was securely fastened to the wagon. As there was but one seat in the wagon, another had to be improvised for Jane. This was done by placing a board cushioned with a sheep skin rug across the bed.

"Now, Jane," began Aunt Maria, as they drove through the gate, "you needn't be scared one bit. You can trust Dumps same as a guardian angel. Gabriel hisself wouldn't take better care of you. Stay home, I reckon! when we all got such a good chance to go. No, I was not goin' to stay. I'll have William Henry Crosswell Lancton to know I have idees of my own an' I can carry 'em out too. Stay at home on account of rhumatis. Maybe I ain't as old an' maybe I ain't got the rhumatis as bad as he thinks. He can go in his new buggy what he got just because he's too proud to ride in this wagon, if he wants to. As for me I had rather go this way. We've got

more room. I declare for it, I do believe it's goin' to rain. Didn't you hear it thunder? That makes me think I didn't put in the big umbrel. Jane, are yo urestin' all right. What do you s'pose Henry and Mary will say when we drive up? They'll wish they'd gone with us if it rains an' gets that new buggy wet. What's that? Hold them lines Bush! Hold 'em, I say. Jane, be still. Don't say a word. It's—Whoa! Oh! he's running away; what will we do? Hold him, Bush."

Bush held but it was no use. The rapid approaching farm wagon piled high with cotton was too much for Dumps. With one bound he was off. At the first lurch of the runaway horse Jane was thrown from her seat and left in the road behind. Bush was almost thrown from his seat; Aunt Maria held her seat, but not her tongue. Louder and louder she screamed and faster and faster Dumps ran. First the lines broke, then one strap after another, until the horse was free from the wagon. Aunt Maria and Bush, helpless with fright, sat there until Mr. Stowsby came by and seeing their plight took them to the Faire picnic.

As they walked down the front drive on the picnic grounds, after pouring out their thanks to Mr. Stowsby, Aunt Maria said, "I told you I was comin' today an' I have, no matter how I got here."

THE PHARNEYSVILLE CONTEST.

Never before in the history of the Bixby school had excitement run quite so high as it did this Friday afternoon. A challenge for a declaimers' contest was something entirely new. Moreover, it was "quite an honor," so Bertie Black declared, "to speak against students from the Pharneysville High School," which now carried all the laurels. The terms of the challenge—three contestants, chosen from each school to speak individually for a gold medal—were immediately accepted. But who would be the speakers? In the midst of this question and a turmoil of disputed opinion, Professor Thornton proposed that the decision be made by ballot. Everybody felt duty bound to vote for Robinson Bartlett as the best speaker in school. However grave misgivings followed the election of Bertie Black, "a girl," and James Baily, popularly known as "Slim Jim."

The next weeks were busy ones for the youthful orators. Bertie worried and worked and studied, rearranging and reconstructing her sentences into every possible form. "Rob" relied much on his native ability, while "Slim Jim" worked by fits—so often as Bertie fired his enthusiasm in declaring that "Bixby must win." Occasional rumors brought glowing accounts of Chester Hammond, the new boy at Pharneysville, who was so gifted in speaking. Because of this one's ability some were unkind enough to think the challenge given.

At last the eventful day dawned, "most uncomfortably soon," thought Bertie. The only train to Pharneysville left Bixby at seven in the morning. Long before the first faint rays of the rising sun could be seen, the Black household was astir. Bertie had drawn every member of the family into her service. Even Miss Rhoda, whose pet theory was looks, flew about in a silk topped skirt and odd felt slippers, daintily packing almonds, cakes, and pickles for lunch—forgetting only such trifles as the biscuits, while "Jennie the slow" attempted, between frequent readjustments of Aunt Rachel's house shoes, to make Bertie fine in borrowed sashes, pumps and fan. When finally Professor Thornton and Bertie reached the station, they

found "Slim Jim" dejectedly lounging in the corner of the dirty waiting room, while Rob Bartlett, doodishly posed in an old office chair, busily perused a last year's "Daily."

"Well, Miss Bertie, are you going to carry off the honors to-day?" drawled out Robinson, in a no chance for you tone.

"I guess she's not so particular as you seem to be, about who gets the medal, just so we beat that Pharneysville push," retorted "Slim Jim," who held a particular soft spot in his heart for this daring lass. But Bertie tingling with excitement was far too interested in the intruding train to heed such conversation.

An hour later the Pharneysville and Bixby contestants were quietly seated on the high platform, which stretched across one end of Pharneysville collection hall, watching the growing audience. In the right center to the front sat a small group of loyal "Bixbies." Pharneysville, uproariously sure of another success, were laughing and whistling from all sides. Professor Thornton rose, adjusted his eye glasses and with the aid of his nose read out the first speaker, "Miss Sophronia Brown." Stepping gracefully to the front, Sophronia faced the expectant audience. Then with incessant dramatic action, tearfully pled for the "Daughters of America." But the roar of applause had no effect on Robinson Bartlett as he buttoned his coat and in a well-modulated voice began to speak. The Bixby boys trembled with excitement as "Rob" proclaimed, "Alone I dare that lion, and tell him that Freedom's hand once wrested in his mane, he rolls a care before me and the eagles of the great Republic scream ha! ha! Let me have him here!" raising his hand in a grand gesture, "here—here—run——."

His hand fell noiselessly as the last vestage of hope left the "Bixbies," and "Slim Jim" grinned. Pharneysville had now become almost uncontrollable and the applause was deafening when Chester Hammond stepped forth and roared out his oration without a break.

A general smile ran over the audience when "Slim Jim," long and lank, came forward. That smile had the desired effect, for when roused, one found that "Slim Jim's" worth was not in looks. Never were people swayed by so youthful

an orator. His look and earnestness were all that Bertie could desire. Pharneysville was truly becoming frightened.

As Bertie Black, burning with intense feeling, stepped forward, calmly looked into the despairing eyes of her friends and straightway lost herself in her oration. Oratory had never been a gift of hers; but today the sweet, earnest face and manner, with every form of self-consciousness merged in the interest of her paper, went down as points for Bixby. Thomas Paton ended the program with a comic production. So well was it rendered that the entire audience relieved themselves of their pent-up feelings in roll after roll of cheering. The Pharneysville boys caught the spirit and threw paper wads at each other in pure ecstasy of the moment. The music teacher rose to the occasion and entertained the almost uncontrollable crowd with a solo. But still the judges were undecided. Professor Thornton made an address, keeping a perceptible watch on the door all the while. Finally the door opened and a bow-legged marshal, gay in blue and green sash, conducted Prof. Andrews to the platform. "Bixbies" faces went pale with excitement while "Pharneysville" thought of possible failure in these last moments.

"We the judges," began Professor Andrews, "have very reluctantly come to a conclusion tonight. All these young contestants are to be commended, encouraged, but for her surpassing earnestness and most excellent oration we have given the medal to Miss Bertie Black."

Pharneysville at last knew defeat. For once their hall resounded with the triumphal shouts of their opponents.

A CAMP SUPPER.

Last summer, in the small town of Aiken, the summer boarders were at wit's end for some new mode of entertainment. A camp supper was at last decided on, and the boys went out to repair the wagon we were to go in, while the girls bustled around to get some fried chicken, cakes, pickles, and biscuit ready for lunch.

We started in the afternoon. The sun was slowly sinking and reflected a reddish glow on all around us. The hills looked green and fresh as we rode over them. Finally we began to ascend the mountain. It took all the strength of the horses to pull us along.

Joe Chamberlain had come to Aiken to spend a few days, and he was beside me in the wagon, pointing out the scenery and enlivening the party with his wit.

Some parts of the road were very steep and some were muddy, where the trees were large and grew close together, not allowing the sun to penetrate. There were ferns of various kinds fringing the road, and here and there a cluster of flowers might be seen.

We stopped at one place where there were several giant steps of stone, and threw a rock off one, listening as it dropped to the next and rolled off, sounding a moment later as it hit the one below. We shivered to think of the fate of a human being who should slip off the edge of the slanting top stone.

Pretty soon the stone was forgotten and we had chosen a pretty site under some trees for lunch. I was to open the pickles, and was looking about for them, when to my vexation, I remembered I had set them down on a rough place on the rock.

I started back after them, and Joe, of course, went with me. He tried to talk his foolishness as usual, and I, according to my custom, cut him off. I ran ahead of him as we reached the rock, and bending over, was about to get the pickles, when my foot slipped on some slimy moss and I felt myself sliding to the edge.

For one brief moment, I thought of life, of all that made life dear, and it seemed brighter then than ever before—at least too bright to be engulfed in that abyss. One desperate struggle to save myself, a horrible shrinking, and I had come near enough to see over the brink, when I was suddenly caught in strong arms and turned swiftly aside.

How Joe managed to keep his footing on that slippery slope and how he ran down it in time to catch me, I do not know. All I know is that being lifted in his arms, I was too weak to

resist, and the kiss he had asked for so long was not given but taken.

Now, you know all about the history of this incident that raised your curiosity so, and if you are interested in further particulars, I will tell you that I intend to have lots of bride's maids, and you may be one if you want to.

The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the

Henry Clay, Philomatean, Websterian and Zatasian Literary Societies

Editors

R. J. M. HOBBS, '09, CHIEF, *Clay*.

MARGARET DAVIS, '09, *Phil*.

LUCY O'B. WHITE, '09, *Zatasian*

LEROY MILLER, '10, *Websterian*

Associate Editors

AGNES R. KING, '09, *Phil*.

A. M. BONNER, '10, *Clay*

E. S. KING, '10, *Websterian*.

Flora White, *Zatasian*

Business Managers

W. T. BOYCE '09, CHIEF, *Websterian*

MARGARET E. PEELE, '09, *Phil*.

ANNIE MENDENHALL, '09, *Zatasian*

C. C. SMITHDEAL, '11, *Clay*.

Terms

One Year, \$1.00.

Single Copy, 15 Cents.

All matter for publication should reach the editors not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates on application.

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at the post office at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter.

VOL. XX1.

DECEMBER, 1908.

NO. 3

Editorials.

It was decided last year by the COLLEGIAN staff that each college class should get out an issue of the COLLEGIAN this year. It fell to the Sophomores to lead the classes with this number. Although we are inexperienced in this work and do not expect this number to be so good as the issues of the permanent staff, we have done ourselves credit. The class as a whole has shown great interest in this number by heartily co-operating with the staff, which consists of the following editors: W. H. Welch, Janie Brown; associate editors, E. L. Hudson, J. R. Fitzgerald, C. C. Smithdeal, Flora White and Margaret Rutledge.

THE COLLEGIAN is justly proud of the honors given our college and especially our President within the last half year in the conferring of the degree of LL.D., upon him by the University of North Carolina, his native State, and by Haverford College, his Alma Mater. We are glad to own such a man and glad too that others are beginning to realize his sterling worth. In chapel on the morning after his arrival from his Northern trip, much to the surprise of our modest President, many gave expression to their high appreciation of him, and brought out some of the excellent traits of his character, his universal courtesy, his optimism, his gentleness, his unselfishness, his carefulness in little things, and his untiring energy in making this institution what it is. In this meeting college spirit was so high that amidst the general flow of enthusiastic praise, one girl was heard to whisper to her neighbor, "I can't do anything but shout and Quakers don't allow that."

Among the many events of the past month none have been attended with quite so much interest as the coming of the "Red Automobile." Three times a day this big touring car, that may conveniently seat two dozen people, comes out from Greensboro. Such a great convenience seems almost a luxury to us who have been accustomed to be accommodated in Mr. Peacock's "gigs." So far, both the faculty and students have shown their appreciation of this automobile by their patronage. At last we are so situated as to enjoy both the advantages of the city and privileges of the country, besides being most conveniently connected with the chief railroad center of the State.

D. M. C. A. Notes.

Half of our school year will soon be over and the new term begun. Let us, in good time, take a retrospective view of the work thus far done and draw our own conclusions as to the needs and possibilities that are before us. Religious meetings, which have for the most part been led by students, have been very good. A word of commendation is due the men that have led these meetings. They have shown great interest in the work and put much time on the subjects in hand. The talks have been short and to the point. Among the subjects that have been presented are the following: "Christian Influence," by E. S. King; "The Price of True Manhood," J. E. Sawyer; "Friendship," W. H. Welch; "Present Scope and Influence of Y. M. C. A. Work," W. T. Boyce; "Truth the Foundation of Character," R. H. Fitzgerald; "Secret Prayer," E. L. Hudson.

Prof. E. V. Floyed delivered a most interesting and instructive address on the subject of "Purity." The attendance has been on an average about 50 per cent. While this is a fair per cent. when compared with other College Associations, it is not good enough. In our compact college community we ought by all means to have 75 per cent. The week of prayer for young men, Nov. 8-15, was observed. Short prayer meetings being held each evening immediately after supper.

As a result of the visit of Mr. A. Warburton Davidson, missionary from China, the Y. M. C. A. pledged \$30.00 and the Y. W. C. A. \$20.00, making \$50.00, which is to pay for two scholarships in the new University that is now nearing completion in Northern China. The money is to be raised by systematic giving.

The Bible study classes are doing good work. We regret to say a few men have dropped out, but on the whole every class has done well. More men are following daily Bible study than ever before. The Bible study committee is already looking forward toward plans to increase the enrollment next term. We cannot say the mission study work is quite satisfactory, only three classes are running, the enrollment in these not being very large. Here is a place for some hard work. Enthusiasm

is the remedy. The chairman of the Mission study committee is thoroughly in earnest and will put the work on a more successful basis next term if we will rally to his support.

At the beginning of the term the two Associations agreed to take charge of the Sunday evening church services once every month, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. alternating. The first meeting of the kind was led by W. T. Boyce, the second by Miss Agnes R. King. Both sessions were quite successful.

As we now stand on the verge of an expiring term with all the possibilities of a new term before us, a self-examination and a firm resolve to do all we can during the next term, both individually and jointly, is the proper step for us all to take. To be sure some of us have made mistakes and some of us have almost failed, but that is only the more reason why we should grasp our opportunities with a firmer hand. The Captain of our cause is always ready to lend a helping hand.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The World's Week of Prayer, November 8 to 15, was observed. Between the twenty-minute bells at night prayer groups were held on each of the floors in New Garden and Founders. On Thursday evening a missionary meeting was led by Janie Brown, assisted by Jennie Bulla, Margaret Peele and Lucy White. As it is expected of every Association member to give a nickle toward national work during this week, we gave the members of the Association an opportunity to contribute and they responded very liberally.

On Tuesday, November 10, the Association had a very enjoyable Japanese party. We gathered in New Garden Hall immediately after school, each girl bringing the world's nickle and receiving a little Japanese fan at the door. After we were seated on rugs, we were entertained by an instructive talk on the manners and customs of the Japanese by Miss Binford, during which time we looked at pictures, from which we obtained a pretty good idea of the scenery and every-day life in Japan. A Japanese idol, a candlestick and other curiosities were shown us. The most amusing event of the evening was serving rice in Japanese style as we sat on the floor. We kept the chop sticks as souvenirs.

At a business meeting held on the second Saturday in November the Association pledged twenty dollars toward a scholarship for a Chinese child. We rather hesitated for awhile in so much as we had already made out our budget and were not expecting any extra money, and since we already have given a sum to Miss Gintner, our Y. W. C. A. missionary in India, but after thoughtful consideration we decided to try. As yet we do not see the means, but "where there is a will there is a way."

The Birthday socials for the last two months have been successes. The one on Halloween was especially unique. Ghosts met us at the door and carried us into a partly darkened room. Then fortunes were read from the Book of Fate. At the November party a guessing contest was the event of the evening. At both, dainty refreshments were served.

A great deal of interest in the Mission and Bible classes is shown by the large attendance at both.

A very impressive meeting was led by Miss Julia White on the old, but ever interesting subject of prayer.

THE WEBSTERIAN-ZATASIAN RECEPTION.

The first reception given by the Webs. in honor of the Zatasians was held on the evening of the 6th. As Phi's we remembered the delightful evenings spent with the Webs., as Zatasians we looked forward to the time when we could again visit our brother society.

We were ushered into the temporary hall—the stage in Memorial—by Mr. Hudson. President Hugh White called the house to order, and after the regular business, an inspiring program was rendered. The question, Resolved, That North Carolina should have compulsory education, was debated by Messrs. Elvanah Hudson and Artie Hopkins. Both speakers handled the subject in a very clear and forceful way. Next was a song, "The Midnight Moon," by the Web. Quartet. Last was the unveiling of a new portrait of Dr. Lewis Lyndon Hobbs by Edward S. King, who, in true oratorical style, gave a brief history of our beloved President, and of what he has done and is doing for Guilford College.

In the social hour which followed, one needed only a glance to see that the hall was filled with happy hearts. When the last bell broke in on this feast of good things, every Zatasian came away wishing the very best for the Webs.

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

The query: "Resolved, That the Present Increase of Our Navy is Insufficient and Calls for a More Rapid Development," was debated by the Seniors and Juniors on November 28th. The affirmative was represented by the Seniors, W. T. Boyce, R. J. M. Hobbs, and N. R. Hodgin; the negative by the Juniors, E. S. King, Leroy Miller and J. E. Sawyer. Much time had

been spent on the question by both sides, and the debate did not lack interest from the beginning to the end.

Mr. Boyce opened the debate for the affirmative with a short introduction, after which he entered into his argument. He maintained that the times are not ripe for settling all disputes by arbitration. He admitted the importance of The Hague court and Interparliamentary Union, but said that they were ahead of their times. This country, he said, is waking up to the wisdom of adequate armament, as shown by the action of four hundred cities, and a number of State legislatures in regard to this subject. The steps taken by Germany and England to increase their navies were cited as proofs to the fact. He next showed that under present conditions a large navy is the surest guarantee of peace; and that if we had had a larger navy there would have been no war of 1812, neither any Spanish-American war. By an ingenious method he tried to shift the burden of proof to the negative.

Mr. King, the first speaker for the negative, began his line of argument by showing the present increase of our navy to cost thirty-five million dollars annually, after which he made an effective comparison of the navies of the world, showing that ours stands second to England's, and that it would remain second if present policies are followed out. Having no hostile neighbors, and a small merchant marine, he asserted, that this great number of ships is not needed. He replied that our ships are equal to any other ships of the world, citing authority for it. Our present navy, he admitted, is deficient in that it does not have enough colliers and auxiliaries, but said that this could be easily remedied by cutting off a few battleships, and by appropriating the amount thus saved to building colliers and auxiliaries. He emphasized our naval advantages, in owning the Panama canal, also the character of our American officers and men. The lack of coaling and repair stations make it impossible for foreign ships to operate in our waters. He said that no nation envied us of any foreign possession, should they, we have recourse to a court of arbitration.

Mr. Hobbs, the second speaker for the affirmative, proved, from statistics of ships now building for foreign countries, that

our navy will fall from second to fourth place even in our tonnage at the end of the year, while at present we stand fifth in our number of vessels. Thus showing a relative decrease instead of an increase of our navy. He emphasized the fact that other countries are far outstripping us in the construction of Dreadnoughts, vessels beside which a first-class battleship is of no use. By a comparison of our coast line with that of other nations he pointed out our tremendous weakness from exposure. He said that Germany, France and England plainly say that large navies are the cheapest way of protecting their coast lines, maintaining peace, existence, honor and trade. This speaker also made a point by comparing the percentage of wealth of the nations which is spent upon navies. Taking up States Rights he showed that our people have shamefully submitted to foreign orders because of the absence of a strong navy. This was demonstrated by the Japanese trouble in San Francisco last year. He said that the Monroe Doctrine was in itself a sufficient means of foreign entanglement to demand a powerful navy, citing as a present danger of the Monroe Doctrine, Germany's emigration to Brazil and her rapid naval construction. Concluding he showed that the Monroe Doctrine had spread to the Pacific and that we are bound by oath and duty to protect these eastern islands and that only a strong navy will guarantee their safety.

Mr. Miller, second speaker on the negative opened his argument by saying that our present opportunities provide adequate armament for the command of national respect, for protection of commerce, and of American citizens abroad, this he proved by showing how the United States has held the respect and honor of the world from 1812 to 1908, and that during three-fourths of the time she had no navy at all. He next showed that, owing to the United State's carrying only 12 per cent. of her exports and imports, she needs no greater navy to protect her small commerce; that as a second naval power we have proved that a big navy does not bring commerce. As his second point he showed that the United States, according to her size, expended 100 per cent. more than any other nation,

having within the last ten years made a gain of more than 425 per cent.; and that we are expending for wars past and wars to come 72 per cent. of our entire national income, and that with a national deficit last year of \$60,000,000, a greater expenditure for new ships will mean heavier taxes or a system of direct taxation. Thirdly, he showed that Hobson and Roosevelt's policy for a more rapid rate of increase of our navy was voted down by a majority of 199 to 83 by our best representatives in Congress, that the great gains in naval armament recently have not been due so much to the wishes of the people as it has been to the agitation of a few military men.

Mr. Hodgin closed the argument for the affirmative. He began by saying that our commercial interests demand a large navy. He showed that Europe receives 80 per cent. of our exports, which today are steadily declining; that the United States produces one-third of the world's food stuff, eight-tenths of the world's principal articles of clothing, and one-third of the world's mineral products; that she stands but on the threshold of her possibilities of her productions in these fields: she must have a market and this is in the far east.

Mr. Hodgin continued by saying that France, Russia and Germany are eager to carve up China, and that unless we maintain a strong navy in the Orient, we shall be doomed as a commercial power; that we must keep the Philippines as a trading base and coaling station, for only through them can we gain commercial supremacy. His most vital point was the balance of power. He plainly showed that our possessions in the east are at the mercy of Japan; that the Philippines geographically should belong to Japan and that unless we have a strong navy to protect them, they will some day fall into the hands of Japan. In concluding his argument he plead for a navy in proportion to our needs, then summed up the affirmative argument.

Mr. Sawyer, the last speaker on the negative, began his argument by proving that large navies have not preserved peace in the past, this he proved from history. He said if we have a navy for peace, we must have enough ships to make every other nation afraid of us, and that the result of such a

policy would be national bankruptcy and world-wide revolution. He asserted that all this war talk continues simply because the nations do not understand one another, and that larger navies cannot remedy this misunderstanding, that it can be done only by international conference and communications. He further continued that considering the trend of the world toward peace and arbitration, that a more rapid rate of increase would be a step toward barbarism, and a menace to civilization. He showed the enthusiasm of our sister nations toward peace as was manifested in The Hague conference, and in their individual governments. He showed that our nation is largely responsible for the recent increase of naval appropriations all over the world. Mr. Roosevelt, he says, has acknowledged that he had no cause for advocating four ships instead of one. He concluded by summing up the argument produced by the negative.

Mr. Boyce gave the rebuttal for the affirmative, in which he forcefully attacked the argument of the negative, and tore down some points of this side.

Mr. King, with equally as much enthusiasm and determination, attacked the argument of the affirmative.

The judges, Prof. Thomas C. Foust, Prof. Jackson, principal of Greensboro High School, and J. C. Hill, of High Point, an alumnus of the college, decided the question by a vote of two to one in favor of the affirmative.

PHILOMATHEAN-WEBSTERIAN RECEPTION.

On the evening of December 4th, the Websterians were entertained by the Philomathean Literary Society; and it was on this occasion that the heart of every "Web" beat with great delight.

Miss Janie P. Brown opened the literary exercises with a recitation, which, being so excellently rendered, was much enjoyed by all. The debate, resolved: That the referendum should be adopted in all the states—was very ably discussed by Misses Geno Young and Lillie Bulla. The last exercise, a

negro sermon, was of great interest, and received much applause. This was the feature of the program which produced much hilarity and good feeling, preparing the anxious hearts for the good things and the cheerful time which followed.

After the program had been so ably carried out, several expressions of praise were given by the "Webs" to the Philomatheans. The critic rendered her report, and adjournment for the social was announced. This last period of the evening was taken up with such things as should cause one to appreciate college life.

It was about 10 o'clock when the happy Philo-Web. reception was interrupted in its gayety by the familiar sounding of the old college bell. It was all over and the time for departure had come. With sincere wishes for future success, the Websterians bade their sisters farewell. E. L. H.

TENNIS.

GUILFORD VS. UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The game with the University came off Saturday, October the thirty-first, the doubles being played in the morning and the singles in the afternoon.

Owing to the Senior picnic and various other things the attendance was very small.

The University was represented by Messrs. Fountain and Hyman, while the Guilford team was composed of Messrs. Hine and Vance.

The score in the doubles was as follows: 6-4, 6-3 and 6-0 in favor of the University. In the singles Hine played Fountain. The resulting score was 6-4, 6-3 and 6-0, each set being taken by Fountain. Hyman won from Vance by a score of 7-5, 6-1 and 6-2.

GUILFORD VS. WAKE FOREST.

A meet was arranged with Wake Forest for November the thirteenth and fourteenth, but owing to the inclemency of the weather the game on the fourteenth was broken up.

Messrs. Carrick and Pope represented Wake Forest. Guilford was represented by Messrs. Whitaker and Vance.

The doubles were started on Friday but on account of a late start it grew dark before the game could be finished.

The score in the sets played was 9-7 and 6-1 in favor of Wake Forest. A third set was started resulting in a score of 2-1, Wake Forest leading.

GUILFORD VS. TRINITY.

Hine and Vance, of the Guilford team, played at Trinity on November the twentieth and twenty-first.

In the doubles Jordan and Briggs, of Trinity, beat Hine and Vance, of Guilford, by a score of 6-1, 6-0, 6-1, 6-3 and 7-5, Trinity taking five straight sets.

In the singles Briggs won from Hine by a score of 6-3, 6-2 and 6-1, while West won from Vance by a score of 6-1, 6-2 and 6-3.

As the above scores show, Guilford was clearly out-classed in all the games played. This is no particular discredit to us as our team was composed of amateurs, neither of whom had ever played in a match game before, while in every case the opposing team was composed of men of more or less experience in intercollegiate tennis.

We hope that there will be more interest manifested in tennis next season and that Guilford may put out a team that will compete favorably with the other colleges of the State.

Exchanges.

. C. C. SMITHDEAL.

As this is the first opportunity we have had to give our exchanges more or less thorough attention, we wish to say that we have found much of interest and value in the college magazines. There is one minor fault which many of our exchanges are guilty of, and that is they come so late in the month. We were beginning to fear that our exchange table would be so lightly loaded that we would not have wide enough range of magazines upon which to venture criticism, but this fear was eased as time went on. Let us all strive to be more prompt in our publications.

The Wake Forest Student is one of the best magazines which we have so far received. Its contents are arranged in an orderly and attractive style. "The Mysterious Death of Sam Clark" is a well written story. Among other good articles in this number we are told of Luther Burbank. Most of us already have a pretty good knowledge of this wizard of nature, but the article is of value and is not out of place. However in the editorials the style seems a bit overdrawn and stilted. A cumbersome and lofty style is unnecessary in college magazines.

In the Earlhamite we find little of interest except to those who are directly interested and connected with Earlham. But there are differences of opinion as to the object of a college paper, some hold that it is primarily for the students and alumni and therefore should contain little but matter pertaining to these classes, while others claim that the college publication should contain material of common interest to students in general. A first-class magazine in our estimation would be one that contained both of these qualities. We think that the Earlhamite does not fully contain these two essentials.

The Haverfordian, a valued exchange to Guilford, is well up to its usual standard. We think the poem, "Haverford's Seventy-fifth Anniversary," very good. In the alumni depart-

ment is also a good account of this anniversary. This may not be of such interest to other colleges as to Guilford.

The Trinity Archive for November is a worthy issue. "The Song That Lived" is a poem which deserves its place. The short sketches of "Charles Eliot Morton" and "Ruskin's Life and Work" are valuable from a historical standpoint. This magazine contains other articles and poems which are worthy of perusal.

We gladly acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: The Carolinian, The Wilmingtonian, The Acorn, The Criterion, The Crescent, The Erskiman, The State Normal Magazine, The Columbia Spectator, The Red and White, Gorge Schiil Ides, Brown Alumni Monthly, Park School Gazette, The Pheonix, Davidson College Magazine, The Acropolis.

Locals and Personals.

Turkey!
ennis!
affy!
hanksgiving!

Prof. D. in first German. Now class, the way to pronounce damit is da-mit, not damn-it. We do not want any swearing in this room.

Miss L. M. R. (on Tuesday evening.)—"Have the "Freshmans" come up yet?

A LEAP YEAR PARTY.

Miss H., after watching several people pulling candy together:

"Let's us pull double."

W. A.—"Yes, Miss R. is a nice girl. She is smart and she paints too."

J. D.—"Does she? I thought her cheeks always looked pretty red."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

The candy was poured from the pan to the plate,
Allowed to grow hard and then cut in blocks, straight.
As each dainty morsel was lifted with care,
Packed into a small open box setting there,
One maid to the other just happened to say
In a teasing, provoking, insinulative way,
"When he gets the candy, I think it is meet
That he should return to you sweet for sweet;
What soft, dulcet words, and how rich and how rare,
If his talk tonight with this candy compare!"

Quoth Verda, enraged, "On that subject you're daffy,
I'd have you to know, I don't give it for taffy."
Said Ethel, "My meaning I see you misjudge,
I only expected you'd give it for fudge."

Prof. W. G. Lindsay has again taken up his work after an absence of a few days.

The Thanksgiving vacation and the Thanksgiving dinner were both enjoyed to the fullest extent by all the students. The morning and afternoon were spent at tennis and in the evening a "taffy" pulling" was given in the gymnasium.

Miss Delia Raiford, '03, of Conley, Va., recently visited her sister, Lillie Maie, at the college.

Mary Alice Cartland, '04, was happily married to James Garfield Lewis, a former student, at her home in Greensboro, N. C., Nov. 24th, at 8 p. m.

Miss Flora Harding, '03, and Mr. J. T. Eaton were married Friday, Nov. 30th. THE COLLEGIAN extends best wishes to both parties.

Prof. J. Edwin Jay attended the Friends Yearly Meeting at Baltimore.

C. D. Benbow and J. A. Hodgin, members of the board of trustees, were at the college last week.

Miss Leslie Proctor, of Lumberton, spent Saturday with Ruth Whaley.

Dr. S. B. Turrentine, formerly presiding elder of the Greensboro District, preached for us on November 14th. He is now stationed in Statesville.

Waller S. Nicholson recently visited his mother.

David M. Petty, '07, who is now a student at Lehigh University, Pa., while on a recent visit to his home in Greensboro, came out to the college to see his friends. He was accompanied by Glenn Hudson, a former student, who is at present studying law at the State University.

Miss Julia S. White attended the meeting of the State Library Association held in Greensboro on Nov. 12th to 14th.

Ernest E. White, of Greensboro, spent Sunday at the college.

Miss Clara Cox and Mrs. Sheets, of High Point, visited the latter's sister, Miss Bessie Cox, at New Garden Hall.

A Freshman in Brown's store pointed to a box containing tooth brushes and nail brushes, and asked:

"Mr., what's the price of them?"

"Twenty and twenty-five," was the answer.

"The large ones twenty-five?"

"Yes."

"Guess if I'm going to brush my teeth at all, I won't do it half way," said the Freshman, handing out a quarter and picking up a nail-brush.

"These society pins cost so much," sighed Ila, "and they are so small. They are hidden under your rushing and never show up when you put them in your collar."

"They don't show up when you lose them, either," answered Mary.

Prof. Floyd (working out an equation in Physics)—"Class, what do you get?"

Mr. M.—"Two D's."

Prof. Floyd—"That must be on English and Ceasar."

The girls on third floor were looking out of the window and watching the boys as they left the dining room and disappeared around the corner on their way to Archdale.

"Last, but not least," remarked one of the girls as Dobson Long came out at the end of the line.

"No, he can't be least because he's Long," replied another.

Mrs. H. E. Shore, of Kernersville, brought her daughter Helen down recently and enrolled her as a student at Guilford.

Mrs. Jemima D. White is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. W. White.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias H. White, of Philadelphia, were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Geo. W. White on the 25th. They were returning to Philadelphia after their wedding trip, having been married in that city on the 17th.

Miss Gainey spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Strickland in High Point. On Saturday afternoon she was joined there by Miss Benbow and they visited Mr. and Mrs. R. L. M. Blair and also Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Blair, of Progress.

Eugene J. Coltrane is at his sister's at Glenola, and is steadily regaining his health after a siege of typhoid fever.

Wm. Penn Blair, of Indianapolis, Ind., a kinsman of the North Carolina Blairs, took supper at the college.

Miss Louise—"How did the basket-ball game come out?"

Worth—"The Juniors one" (won).

Miss Louise—"How's that?"

Worth—"The Juniors one and the Seniors thirty-one."

Mr. William Penn Henley, principal of Farmington High School, has been elected president of Davie County Teachers' Association.

We understand that Lillie Maie Raiford answers "yes" to all questions asked in class meeting. Wonder what the questions are.

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

PHILOMATHIAN.

Alice Dixon, President
Caroline Whitting, Secretary
Hazel Harmon, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

A. A. Dixon, President
R. S. Doak, Secretary
W. P. Holt, Marshal

HENRY CLAY.

A. M. Bonner, President
H. U. Bowles, Secretary
Efrid Hine, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Alice Woody, President
Callie Nance, Secretary
Irene Bowman, Marshall

Young Men's Christian Association.

W. T. Boyce, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Agnes R. King, President

Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

E. V. Floyd, President

Lucy O'B. White, Secretary

Athletic Association.

A. A. Dixon, President

W. H. Sharp, Sec. and Treas.

N. Rush Hodgins, Base Ball M'gr.

Gurney Briggs, Tennis Manager

C. C. Smithdeal, Track Manager

R. J. M. Hobbs, B'ket Ball M'gr.

Classes.

SENIOR

R. J. M. Hobbs, President
L. Alice Woody, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

R. J. Fitzgerald, President
Janie Brown, Secretary

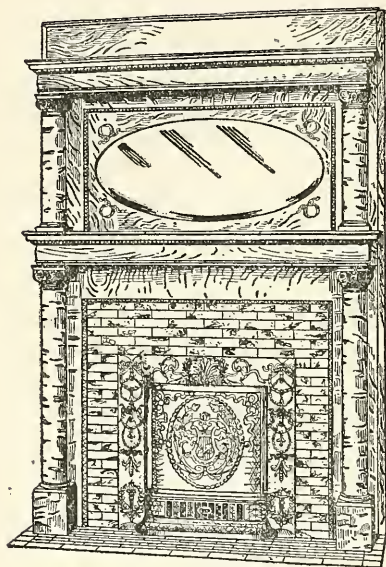
JUNIOR

D. W. Anderson, President
Alice S. Dixon, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

William Graves, President
Isla Hedgecock, Secretary

This Will Interest You



If you intend to build a new house or to improve one already built.

Our

Hardwood Mantels,

Tiles and Grates.

will add more to the appearance and solid comfort of your house than you can obtain for an equal amount spent in any other way. May we send you Catalogue?

Odell Hardware Company

Greensboro, N. C.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1909.

NO. 4

THE PRESSING NEED FOR BETTER PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE SOUTH.

For a long time the South was considered a distinctly agricultural region, while the North was styled the manufacturing section of our country. In recent years, however, the South has awakened to the fact that it was not destined to be agricultural and nothing more. It has been discovered that manufacturing plants erected on Southern soil will stand just as long and manufacture just as many goods as if built upon the rocks of Maine or New Hampshire; that water will turn wheels in the South just as easily as in the North. The plant thus located has the advantage in that it is nearer the home market of raw material and saves a great deal of freight. It is true there is a great deal of unnecessary and foolish talk about the greatness of the South. But it is nevertheless a well recognized fact that the South possesses greater possibilities than any section of our country. Here we have the soil to produce the raw material, navigable streams traversing almost every section, and a congenial climate. In addition to this we have the richest forests in the country, while the earth abounds in natural resources.

These facts are becoming pretty generally recognized. Thousands of manufacturing plants are being established every year. This remarkable development which every year records, also records the fact that native Southerners are not sufficiently educated to meet the demands of our own time and section. It is almost with a degree of sadness that one observes the fact that, for the most part, foreign skill and foreign capital are the force behind these great wheels of industry. Not that we do not welcome the men beyond the Mason and Dixon line, or that with a puny stinginess we grudge the wealth he accumulates in the South. But sad is the fact that our people are not educated suf-

ficiently to lay hold of the opportunities which are ours and which lie at our doors. The demand is for an educated citizenship. We need trained men and great thinkers, it is true, but we can not have a supply of such men without educating the masses. There is no interest or influence so essential to the welfare of a people as a general diffusion of knowledge of every kind. It is not only the source of those elements preservative to character and development, but it is the promoter of social and individual happiness. The nations that have fostered most an educational spirit are the wealthiest, most highly developed and freest people on earth. The same is true with reference to the particular states of the American union, those which have attained to the highest excellence and proved the most potent factors in the advancement and welfare of the people, have been the states that gave the most attention to education. The two most powerful and influential institutions among any people are the church and the home. It is these more than all the others combined that formulate and set the standards of intellectual and moral life for individual and state. And the key to what degree of power and influence these two all-powerful institutions shall have is, to a great extent, education.

The great problem, then, is how shall the masses be educated? As yet no better plan has ever been tried than the system of public schools. These we have, but the quantity and quality is not commensurate with our needs and demands. It is true that our State has realized in a measure the necessity of a better moral and educational training of its citizens. The public school system has been revolutionized within the last eight or ten years, and the progress is still going on. The recent report of Superintendent J. Y. Joyner, of this State, covering the year of 1907-1908, shows a remarkable increase in funds, and a corresponding increase in school property, libraries, local taxes, etc. While these facts are very gratifying, when we consider how far we are behind and how large the number of children that are not yet afforded the advantages of school, and how much larger number have little better than no advantages, it is very plain that the progress is not what it should be.

There are two classes of citizens who hold in check the proper rate of progress. One of these classes is glad enough to see good schools and believes in education, but is deceived by the common belief that we are doing all that we can do. A special appropriation of \$200,000 by the State Legislature sounds like a tremendous sum. He does not think, or, rather in most cases, is not aware, of the fact that there are today over 900,000 white illiterates in the South, and that over 20 per cent. of the total school population never enroll in the public schools, and that less than 65 per cent. are in daily average attendance. The second class to which I refer have never realized what an education means. They are those who believe, "What did for me, will do for my children." They either ignore school altogether, or look upon them as places of public charity and a dollar more spent on his school tax he regards as a little better than thrown away.

Not only are a large per cent. of the bright young boys and girls of our land afforded no opportunity whatever for education, but the majority of those who are in attendance are struggling along in the poorest of schools. There are a few well built and equipped school buildings, but the most of them are rude and uncomfortable; built contrary to all the laws of hygiene; poorly lighted, poorly heated, and poorly ventilated. Add to this the short terms, the over-crowded school rooms and poor teachers, as a result of low salaries, and you will have a typical picture of how the greater part of the youth of our land are being prepared for citizenship. In spite of all this deficiency, we struggle along expending an average of about \$4.00 for the education of each child of school age, while the Northern States spend about \$20, and congratulate ourselves on our remarkable progress. We cannot expect to rise to their plane of industrial efficiency, or to produce our share of men for public office with any such unequal proportions in the training of our citizens.

Of course, we appreciate the fact that we have had to labor under difficulties which the Northern States do not have. It has been a problem to provide in a sparsely populated territory

schools for the education of two races out of the sadly reduced resources of one. The South is meeting the problem with bravery and enthusiasm where conditions are understood. But here lies the difficulty, so many of our people are not aware of the conditions.

The immediate need of our people is information and guidance. Every county should have a superintendent that devotes his entire time to the work. At the present there is only now and then a county that has such a man. In most cases the work is placed in the hands of some retired or overworked preacher who devotes about thirty or forty days in the year to the schools of his county. Who would think about carrying on any great business, reaching every part of the State, by any such worthless methods?

The task is not greater than the strength to meet it. The call is for more honest, patriotic men and women to enlist as leaders and teachers to help the children of the Southern States. A general and wide-spread enthusiasm is the remedy. Where communities will not better conditions themselves, the Legislature should do it for them. More money should be raised from the State as a whole and be distributed according to the needs of the people.

We have considered in this argument the public schools to be the first and most pressing need. Because it alone can reach the masses and break the fetters of ignorance and superstition. The spark of genius once aflame, the high school, the college, the university, will open with ease.

It is ours to decide whether we shall meet this question, which is at the foundation of every other problem before us, with true Southern patriotism, or whether we shall struggle on half-handed. It is within our power to give every boy and girl in the South the opportunity of a nine months' school, with good material equipment and able teachers. Until then we can not

hope to see Southern industries operated by Southern genius. Nor will we again give to the world our share of men whose standard of character and intellectual attainments will place them in the front ranks of our country's statesmen and public men.

W. T. B.

OUR FRIENDS.

What do we hold
 The best of all
 Our earthly store?
Is it the gold
 We scarce can call
 Ours one day more?

Is it the land,
 Or lovely home,
 Or pride of name,
Or work of hand,
 Or learnings tome,
 Or pleasure's game?

These we enjoy,
 And count our gain,
 And love our ease.
Can they decoy?
 Our hearts restrain
 From Love? Not these.

Our chiefest wealth
 We hold in shrine,
 Beyond the reach
Of cunning stealth,
 Or flight of time,
 Or envious speech.

Within our heart's
 Most Holy Place
 Does it abide.
No distance parts.
 No altered case,
 Can there betide

Our childhood's friends.
How dear and true
The sweet home band,
Whose memory blends
With those we knew
In school day land!

These all we keep
Secure in thought;
And many since
Gained in a deep
And truly wrought
Experience.

Our hope and love
Flow on the same
To them and theirs.
We lift above
Each precious name
In trustful prayers.

There too, are those
Whose race is run,
Who still are ours;
Whom we hold close,
Who no more shun
The fleeting hours.

They sit secure,
Nor need our care.
They care for us,
To make us pure,
Our lives more fair
And glorious.

As household gods
Of old, they sit
Our heart's hearth near.
There are no odds,
We stay or flit,
Constant their cheer.

We would not move
Them from their place:
There they abide,
And mingle love
And hope and grace
In a full tide.

Our souls o'erflow,
And spread far past
The circle wide
Of those we know,
Whose lot is cast
Our own beside.

This love unsought
Seeks no return.
'Tis freely given,—
A grace unbought,
A truth we learn
Through Christ, of Heaven.

Full oft we say,
When faith is small,
"What good can come
That we today
Enfold these all
In our heart's home?"

“They know it not
Perhaps, nor care
For love of ours;
They meet their lot
Nor feel our prayer
In trial’s hours.”

Vain doubt away!
By unknown love
This world is made.
Give great love sway,
With God above
Be unafraid.

We know in part;
Our vision’s small.
We can not see
The Overheart,
Nor reckon all
Infinity;

Nor know the sweet
And tender ways
Love’s wings may ope,
To plodding feet
In burdened days
With beckoning hope.

Beyond our ken,
Unspoken care,
Unuttered love
Breathes upon men
A gentler air
From God above.

M. M. HOBBS.

ADVENTURES OF 1861.

Soon after the beginning of the war between the States, a Southern general, whose army was encamped in Virginia by the Pamunyski river was killed, and in the immediate need of officers, a Colonel Gaines was given command of the army.

Hancock's division was stationed directly in front, and there were some more Federal troops a few miles to the right. The Pamunyski had been dammed below the camp, and though still shallow enough to be forded, would be difficult for the enemy to cross while Gaines was on the defense. The detachment below the dam was not large; an assault from them could easily be put down; but it was feared that they would make an attack on the flank and engage the Southern forces while Hancock crossed the river.

An atmosphere of discouragement pervaded the camp. Regret for the absent general, mixed with rumors of the enemy's sudden and miraculous movements.

Colonel Gaines considered information in regard to Hancock's intentions his greatest need, and sent an urgent request to General Hampton for the best scout in his service.

The next day Gaines was standing in the door of his tent, looking anxiously down the road, when a figure on horseback appeared. He watched eagerly as it came toward him, but his face fell when he noticed the youthful appearance of the rider.

"Who are you?" he asked indifferently, as the stranger drew rein at a respectful distance and saluted.

"Alston," answered the other. "I have orders from General Hampton to report to you."

Gaines stared agape.

"Not the scout I asked Wade Hampton for?"

"Yes, sir."

The colonel's face reddened.

"What on earth was Wade Hampton thinking about?" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands together, walking aimlessly back and forth, apparently addressing nothing. "He knew I needed a man of years and experience. A day wasted—have to send

somewhere else for help. You may go as soon as you are rested," he continued, with a wave of the hand toward the scout, "I have no use for you."

The young soldier turned away and took his horse to the stable.

"Rest and cool off," he said, rubbing the animal tenderly. "I wouldn't take you back that stretch of forty miles now in the hot sun, but tomorrow we will shake the dust of this camp from our feet."

After giving his horse food and water, Alston started to the tent assigned him. On the way, as he passed behind the colonel's quarter's he heard Gaines say:

"I am sorry my men have made such havoc of your farm. You should have told me sooner. I will place a guard there to prevent further trouble. Where did you say your house is?"

"At the top of the hill, about half way between the lines," answered a courteous voice. "Thank you heartily for your protection, Colonel. I wish I could do something for you in return. There is not much left of my farm, but if you will bring your staff to lunch with me tomorrow, I will take pleasure in getting you the best in my possession."

"A Yankee!" gasped Alston. "No Southerner would pronounce like that. And the house! It has not been a month since I scoured those woods; I know every foot of ground between here and Hancock's lines, and I never found a house anywhere about that hill."

He listened involuntarily to hear the colonel's answer, which was prompt.

"Thank you. I will be delighted to come."

Before long the visitor took his leave and walked toward the dam. Alston paid close attention to the stranger's alert face and easy, fearless stride, but said nothing until Colonel Gaines had made known his intention of going off, the next day, to lunch.

The scout took the first opportunity to make his suspicions known to the leader, but was unable to give reasons, as he did not care to tell that he had listened behind the colonel's tent.

Consequently, his advice was rejected with something of contempt which the young adventurer took keenly to heart.

The next morning he watched Gaines and his staff as they rode across the dam. The camp pennant, borne by the fifteen-year-old son of Fitzhugh Lee, flapped proudly in the breeze. The shoulder bars and brass buttons on the gray uniforms of the officers flashed in the sunlight. Alston looked at them as they passed out of sight, with the assurance that their return, if they were so fortunate as to reach the camp again, would be unattended with glory that they now displayed.

The scout kept his thoughts to himself for a while, but at last anxiety for the fate of the staff overcoming his vindictive instinct in regard to Gaines, he went in search of one of the captains with whom he was acquainted, and gave an account of all that he had seen and heard. The officer ordered out his company immediately, and as they started across the dam there was a wild shout from somewhere above the camp and a figure on the river bank was seen beckoning furiously. The company was marched to the man double quick. When they reached him no explanation was needed:—there across the river, rushing down the rocky slope, was a Federal platoon in hot pursuit of a few riders in gray. Foremost in the flight, the young pennant bearer spurred his horse forward and resolutely held aloft the colors it was his to bear. Close behind came Gaines and his officers—and one horse without a rider.

When the platoon in ambush had cut off Gaines' retreat to the dam they fired a few shots, then seeing the Southern soldiers about to escape, bent all their energy to urging their horses. As soon as Gaines found the way he had come blocked, he turned in the opposite direction, made a circle around a thicket that the followers could not go through, and directed his course to a point about the Confederate camp.

The Southern horses were larger than those of the Northern soldiers and were steadily leaving the platoon behind. The pursuers, however, exerted themselves to the utmost as they stumbled down the rough incline.

Gaines and his soldiers dashed into the river with a mighty

splash. The horses floundered about—now gaining a foothold—now sinking in soft mud, occasionally stepping into deeper places, straining their heads above the water gazing with terror stricken eyes.

It was here that the Federals had expected to come within shooting distance and hit the target at their leisure, but several bullets from across the river made them halt. Shots rendered harmless by the distance, were exchanged between them.

While the bullets passed over his head, Gaines scrambled up the bank—red in the face, dripping, and panting for breath—his hat floating in the river behind him.

He and his staff at last reached camp in safety—all save the little bugler, who was lying at rest where the first shots were fired by the foe.

Order was restored in the camp, and Alston was preparing to leave, when a message came that the colonel wished to see him.

In consequence of his late experience Gaines was inclined to place more confidence in the young man sent by General Hampton. After a few remarks concerning the visitor of the previous day, he said:

“If you will bring me that spy, dead or alive, I will grant any request you may make.”

“I don’t know, sir, that I can succeed,” said Alston, “but I will try.”

Just inside of Hancock’s lines there was a spring which was used by the camp. Having put on a blue uniform, he passed the picket’s line by crawling through the deep grass, and went to the spring. From thence he followed the path to the camp.

The scout provided himself with two flasks of brandy, hoping to find some fellow of more thirst than patriotism, and after making him drunk, gain from him the desired information. When he came into the camp of the enemy, he walked forward, looking for some fortunate circumstance by which he might execute his plan. Turning the corner of a row of tents, he was startled at the sound of a familiar voice. The same deep tones with which he was impressed the day before, as he listened with

amazement at the colonel's quarters were heard on the other side of the tent.

"—no, thank you," the words came, barely audible. "I must go alone, tonight. If I fail you shall not suffer: if I win the more glory to me. I will take your advice, however, and go up the gully."

The two seemed to part then. The steps of one receded, while the other came forward. During the space of a flash of lightning, Alston saw the penetrating black eyes of his adversary, then dropped on one knee and began tying his shoestring. The figure beside him paused. Were those keen eyes searching the kneeling man? Had the Northern scout a suspicion that his last words had reached ears that were not intended to hear them, and his plans and life thereby endangered? Had he taken notice of everything in Gaines' camp the day before, and did he now recognize the Southerner? Alston breathed laboriously. A momentary fever was followed by a deathlike chill. The soldier who dies in battle is among his friends, incited by the clash of arms, meeting the fate which considers the highest honor. The spy is generally a man of keener sensibility than the common soldier. He is necessarily a close observer of countenances and actions. He must have intelligence and method to be intrusted with the commander's secrets. Yet if caught by the enemy he not only forfeits his life as quickly as the private, but the death he faces is often an ignominious end by hanging.

Alston fumbled at his shoestring with unsteady hand while the man beside him heitated a moment, and then walked on. With overwhelming joy at the relief, the young scout arose and started back to the Southern camp.

Passing the spring, he went around some shrubbery, back through the grass, and into the woods again.

After taking off his Federal uniform he went to Colonel Gaines to report.

As evening came on, the scout took several guards, whom he had permission to dispose of, to the mouth of the gully, and after assigning them their places behind the shrubbery, had

them practice closing in at a given signal. Then each took his station, and soon in the pale starlight nothing could be seen but the trees, bushes, weeds, and their uncertain shadows.

Time passed.

Alston looked at his watch. Ten o'clock—quiet, perfect silence.

Eleven—nothing seen of the Federal scout.

Twelve—still no arrival.

One—a rustle, now and then, in the bushes, told of the impatience of the guards—quiet again.

Those behind the trees stood in rigid attention. Alston listened with strained ear. His grasp on the cocked pistol tightened as the sound of a step broke on the stillness of the night. With tense nerve he waited while a dark object was seen coming up the gully.

As the man emerged, Alston fired a pistol, and the others closed in. Unable to escape, the stranger offered no resistance.

“What does this mean?” he asked in a dignified manner.

“That you are caught,” answered Alston.

“Not in my own camp,” said the other. “I have urgent business with Colonel Gaines and request you, gentlemen, to let me go.”

“Let you go to the camp with our assistance,” said Alston.

The man drew himself up haughtily.

“Turn me loose, immediately, or I’ll report you to Colonel Gaines,” he said.

“Yes, you’ll report to Colonel Gaines—I’ll see to that,” replied Alston, fastening a pair of handcuffs on the prisoner’s wrists.

The soldiers made a fire of brush and sat around it until daybreak, and then returned to the camp.

When Colonel Gaines caught sight of the one who had wrought him so much mischief, his anger knew no bounds. In vehement language he addressed the offender.

At his command, a few boards were being put together to make a platform under a tree, and a rope with a noose at one end was produced. The clinking of hammer and nails sounded

sharp in the heavy air. Soldiers passed the man in chains with slow step and solemn faces.

The prisoner's head drooped forward; his eyes were cast to the ground; his face was white and drawn.

Upon Alston the gloom settled deeply. His thoughts went back persistently to the narrow escapes he had experienced among the enemy. Involuntarily he transferred to Hancock's camp the scene before him—the tree, the rope, the framework to stand on, and the captive who soon would be no more. Instead of the Northern scout, he fancied himself manacled, hopeless, striving to be calm a little longer, until work and thought and interest should all be ended.

There is often bitter rivalry between those engaged in the same pursuits, but when they no longer feel the sting of jealousy, when there is no more opposition, they are able to appreciate and sympathize with each other as no one else can. Alston was irresistibly drawn to the unfortunate young man. The handsome, despairing face appealed to him more eloquently than words.

"Colonel," he ventured, "the prison would hold him as securely as the grave."

"What does that matter to you?" demanded Gaines.

"Never mind what it matters to me—what my personal feelings are. The camp would be out of danger of him if he were in prison. Let me take him.

"Spare his life after all the harm he has done and planned."

"He only played the part given him by his commander—and played it well!"

"Sir, I call this insolence!"

"Sir, I regret that you misunderstand me."

"What are you waiting for?"

"To give you the chance to grant my request, and in doing so to fulfill your word."

Gaines ground his teeth in rage, but at last answered:

"Very well, I make you responsible for the spy's delivery at Libby Prison."

At the first friendly word, the prisoner's face brightened.

His eyes flashed from Gaines to Alston while his fate hung in the balance. As soon as he was freed of his chains he sprang toward Alston with outstretched arms.

Alston laid a restraining hand on the other's shoulder.

"You're a scout, and worthy of the name," he said in low tones, glancing at the curious faces around him. "Don't show any weakness."

At dusk, that day, they stood in the door of Libby Prison.

"I forgot to tell you," said Alston, to the keeper, after explaining his mission, "that I stand in with Wade Hampton. If you help my friend I may be able to repay you sometime."

"I will do all I can to make life in prison less hard for him," replied the keeper.

Alston turned to say good-by. His companion tried to speak, but words failed him. Their hands met, clasped and unclasped in silence, and as they parted in the dull twilight, each felt that he had a friend.

C. S. W.

Although I am a proper man,
I'm in a great dilemma;
Do what I can, I can't withstand
The witcheries of Emma.
'Twas just a little sidelong glance
That set my heart a-tremor;
By what mad chance that weet entrance
Into the eyes of Emma?

WHAT IS MUSIC?

From time immemorial, in all ages, in all countries, music has been the expression of the soul of man. Every emotion, every phase of life from the cradle to the grave, can be expressed in musical terms. Music began with the creation. The murmur of the waters, the song of the birds, the winds whispering through the trees, even the rocks on the hills give us music.

Every nation has its distinctive music, characteristic of the life of its peculiar people. The composers of the Northern countries, Russia, Poland, Norway and Sweden, have given us music that is weird, heavy, somber in color, and often jagged in effect. Very different from this is the music of sunny Spain, France, and Italy, with her bright skies.

In Italy the dingiest opera house gives as many works in one year as the Metropolitan in New York gives in ten. Between them comes the music of Germany, full of deep feeling, love of home and of the beautiful. The music of India and the other eastern countries is mystical, religious, or rather superstitious. Our own Indian music is symbolic of their daily life. According to statistics 70 per cent. of Germany's population is musical, 50 per cent. of France, 45 per cent. of Italy, 34 per cent. of Russia, 30 per cent. of the United States, 20 per cent. of England.

China and Japan are omitted doubtless for lack of a standard of comparison. It is a well known fact that the western people cannot listen to eastern harmonies without headache, and the eastern people insist that only their politeness keeps them from laughing outright at the abominable noises we sit through with seeming enjoyment.

It is a noteworthy fact that Guilford has recently reached the point where she can sit through with seeming enjoyment, the noises of a Recital. In all this Southland there is a lack of musical culture. This is a land of rag-time. But even this is a good sign, for the uncultured taste always seeks for the primitive colors both in music and dress. As people become more cultured they seek the grander and nobler.

In no other study is such a mental discipline obtained as in

the study of music. The wonderful effect upon the mind is one of the greatest mysteries of all time. That it does have a remarkable effect there can be no doubt. The Orient recognized it and tried to explain it. At times it was the problem of the day in Greece and Rome. Psychologists of our day have pondered over the subject, but have apparently been quite as unable to reach a satisfactory solution as their predecessors. The fact remains that the study of music assists the student of any degree of mental development from the kindergarten to the postgraduate in a great university, in acquiring a kind of mental control that he could not achieve in any other manner. How it does it is not so much our concern as the fact that it does it, and that the results are everywhere evident.

And then it is given to music to suggest almost every emotional state of the mind and feelings with an intensity beyond verbal expression. Ordinary language expresses but feebly either thought or emotion. The future is hidden from us, but we can easily predict, from the experience of the past, that generations to come will listen to new strains which will enable them to better solve the mystery, "What is music?"

A. R. K.

LOVE AND A MASQUERADE.

"Mother, please go—do," pleaded Jack. "You know you will enjoy it—getting too old for such things? Why, mother, you're almost as pretty as that Miss Gordon visiting Miss Allen. I saw her again today, and she's the one for me," he ended with a blush, and his mother understood.

"Why, you can go by yourself. You will enjoy it much better if you have no one to draw the rein on you."

"You don't mean to insinuate—"

"Oh, no, no!"

"I assure you, mother, your son's behavior is as exemplary away from you as in your presence. I wish you would go. Miss Gordon will be there, and I wanted you to introduce me to her," Jack acknowledged.

"I heard that she is, and is going to be dressed in gray silk, in colonial style, so will recognize her at once, you see. I am sorry you will not go. Guess I had better go and see about my clown's costume, and make all ready," said Jack, as he danced out of the room.

That night Jack was among the first to arrive at the dancing hall. As he entered, he noticed the fanciful decorations, and his eye was held by a large palm over in a corner of the room with two chairs placed inticingly beneath it. "How ideal!" he thought, and gliding across the floor, he took a seat beneath the palm. Oblivious of everything, as the masked, fantastically dressed figures poured into the hall, except a shadow of a dream—a woman in gray silk, which fancy had placed in the chair beside him.

The music began, and he watched the couples as they went by with the utmost indifference, until he caught the gleam of a gray dress. Springing from his seat he pushed into the crowd as the music stopped and the couples were returning to their seats.

He had lost the object of his search and turned to see if anyone had taken his seat beneath the palm, when he saw one solitary masker walking toward it. She was in gray! Her back was turned, but Jack knew that only a face of loveliness could belong to that small, exquisitely-shaped figure. A curl fell softly on her rounded neck from the coil of powdered hair, and he caught only a glimpse of her masked face as she turned to take a seat beneath the palm.

Almost before Jack himself knew it, he was in the seat beside her, and trembling lest his impetuosity should be scornfully rebuked. He waited a moment, but could bear the silence no longer.

"Miss Gordon," he ventured at last, "Pardon my bold intrusion—"

He felt that she was looking at him. "I have tried to get an introduction to you this evening, but could find no one whom you were with," he continued, encouraged by the consent-giving silence. "My name is Stevens—a brief pause—and I love you madly."

Her hand fell on his as if by accident and he imprisoned it as he continued:

"When first I saw you I knew you were the one girl in all the world for me. My life is either made or ruined, and I am doomed to be fired by the remembrance of you forever. Your beauty thrills me as I have never been thrilled by beauty before, and when I saw you out driving yesterday I felt as though I should die waiting for tonight to come."

The only reply she made him was a low, continued laugh. She seemed well satisfied, and he expected the dream to be prolonged. But when the music began, she rose, dexterously loosed her hand, and mingled in the crowd and was lost from sight.

Jack went from end to end of the hall in his eagerness, but no more was seen of her for the rest of the evening.

At the close of the masquerade he returned home in a rather thoughtful mood. As he passed his mother's door, he knocked and was told to come in.

Opening the door he stepped inside, when lo, the vision of the ball, her back turned to him as before, stood there in the dim light of the candle. Falling back against the wall he raised his hands to his eyes and remained mute."

The woman turned. This time the mask had been removed, and the laughing eyes of his mother met his.

"Jack, will you take this dress back to Beatrice Gordon in the morning? I borrowed it from her and loaned her a fancy pink one in its place. She looked charming in my old pink silk, and wondered that you took no notice of her, as often as she passed and gazed at you."

The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the
Henry Clay, Philomatean, Websterian and Zatasian Literary Societies

Editors

R. J. M. HOBBS, '09, CHIEF, *Clay*.
MARGARET DAVIS, '09, Phil. LUCY O'B. WHITE, '09, Zatasian
LEROY MILLER, '10, Websterian

Associate Editors

AGNES R. KING, '09, Phil. A. M. BONNER, '10, Clay
E. S. KING, '10, Websterian. Flora White, '11, Zatasian

Business Managers

W. T. BOYCE '09, CHIEF, Websterian
MARGARET E. PEELE, '09, Phil. ANNIE MENDENHALL, '09, Zatasian
C. C. SMITHDEAL, '11, Clay.

Terms

One Year, \$1.00.

Single Copy, 15 Cents.

All matter for publication should reach the editors not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates on application.

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at the post office at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter.

VOL. XX1.

JANUARY, 1909.

NO. 4

Editorials.

IN the last issue of the COLLEGIAN there was a mistake, which if readers did not recognize to be a misspint, would do injustice to the effort of the Sophomore Class. The Class did its best and merely expressed the hope that it would be creditable. The staff appreciates the work done and the spirit exhibited by the class.

AT the meeting of the Guilford alumni last commencement, the subject of an alumni department in the COLLEGIAN was brought up. A committee, consisting of Prof. S. H. Hodgin, Miss Julia S. White, and Eugene J. Coltrane, was appointed

to confer with the staff and see what could be done. The staff, long of the opinion that an Alumni Department would add increased interest in our magazine, gladly welcomed the idea. It was not exactly understood who should be the Alumni editor, and therefore the establishment of this new department was deferred until the beginning of the new year. We are sure that this department will keep the members of the Alumni Association in closer touch with each other and by looking to the COLLEGIAN for news of their classmates and college friends, will in this way heighten their interest in the college. We are glad to announce that this department will be permanent.

As we enter upon the year 1909, what is our determination? Is it to continue a policy of our life to receive the richest and best which life has in store for us, and to do good wherever we may—a policy which we have clung to through sunshine and cloud? If so, it is well, and we only need to make our purpose still broader and our goal higher. But if, in the past, we have had no good resolutions before us, but have been drifting with the tide of time, may we profit by past mistakes of commission and omission, and enter upon this new year with at least one carefully considered noble aim in view. Though it be a comparatively little thing which we have in mind to live up to, if we cling to it faithfully under any circumstances, we cannot but be better men and women one year hence. In this strenuous and hurrying age of development there is the greatest need of men so strong that money and temptation cannot move them from the right. So may we as college men and women, who are to fill important places, begin to build this character which should stand like the rock of Gibraltar. If we have not had a vision of that which is noble and everlastingly beneficial in life, may the beginning of this year mark a change in our lives as clear as when the morning sun drives the mists and clouds away.

As we near the close of the term our minds are filled with thoughts of examinations. A student can be easily judged by

the way in which he feels toward his examinations and the way in which he prepares for them. There are three classes of students in regard to examinations, the first and highest class contains those who are already prepared, and do not await the examinations with dread. The second class contains those who feel that they would like to pass with a creditable grade, but who have to cram to do it. The third and lowest are those who do not care, nor make any effort. Examinations are but a fit test of the work done by the student during the term and if every one has done his work faithfully throughout the term, he should have no fear of examinations. By getting every lesson up in the right way he would have only to glance over the book to get the points afresh in his memory. The habit of cramming is a very bad one for a student to form and often does more harm in confusing the mind than it does good. Facts got in such a short time cannot form any distinct impression on the brain and therefore are quickly forgotten; whereas, the same material taken in a little at a time and learned well, would remain there as long as we need it.

Dishonesty is another phase which sometimes occurs in examinations. This is simply taking what does not belong to us, and by so doing the student forfeits all right to a passing grade. In the new term let us learn our lessons each day so we may be fully prepared for our examinations.

THE college of today is not a place at which we only "dig" at our studies day in and day out, but it also has its societies, associations, and clubs, all of which help to make a well rounded student.

Clubs perhaps have more lately become a part of colleges than have literary societies, associations, or fraternities, and colleges are fast coming to realize that clubs are indispensable to their best interests. They not only draw the students and teachers closer together, but give them an opportunity to exchange ideas on the different subjects under discussion. The student who prepares a paper to be delivered before the club

realizes that it must be something extra as it must come before both faculty and students.

Besides the clubs devoted to science and literature, there should not be omitted the athletic clubs, for a well rounded student does not develop his mental powers at the expense of his physical. Such clubs offer opportunity for physical development by organizing teams in all sports known to college life. The athletic club or association has long existed at Guilford, but only in recent years have the Joseph Moore Science Club, the Literary Club, and Biblical Club had their origin.

The Joseph Moore Science Club was organized three years ago and named in honor of Joseph Moore, the last President of New Garden Boarding School, and who was deeply interested in scientific research. The Literary Club was organized last year, and devoted itself to Shakespeare's plays, especially "Hamlet." This year it has taken up Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and "The Arthurian Legend." The Biblical Club, but recently organized, has thus far studied "Israel's Laws and Lawgivers."

We are glad to notice that the students belonging to these different clubs are showing an interest in them and many are taking an active part.

WE have been asked by Professor Laughlin, of Chicago University, to publish the following announcement of awards of prizes for the best economic essays submitted them, in the COLLEGIAN, which we willingly do:

CLASS A.—GRADUATES.

1. The first prize of one thousand dollars to Oscar Douglas Skelton, A. B., Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, 1900; graduate student in the University of Chicago, 1908; Professor of Political Economy in Queen's University; for a paper entitled "The Case Against Socialism."

2. The second prize of five hundred dollars to Emily Fogg Meade (Mrs. Edward Sherwood Meade), A. B., The University of Chicago, 1897; Fellow at Bryn Mawr, 1897-1899; Fellow at

University of Pennsylvania, 1899-1900; for a paper entitled "Agricultural Resources of the United States."

CLASS B.—UNDERGRADUATES.

1. The first prize of three hundred dollars to A. EE. Pinanski, Harvard University, 1908, for a paper entitled "The Street Railway System of Metropolitan Boston."

2. The second prize of one hundred and fifty dollars to William Shea, Cornell University, 1909, for a paper entitled "The Case Against Socialism."

Notice is also given by the committee writers and students who wish to compete for the prizes offered for 1909 will be allowed until June 1st, to make their studies and finish their essays.

D. W. C. A. Notes.

The old year is dead. With it our old record is gone. We are now entering upon the new year and we have before us a white page. What shall we put upon it? How shall we spend our time? What kind of lessons shall we have? What kind of friendships shall we form? Shall we give a part of our time to systematic Bible study and mission study? Shall we pay our fees promptly? Shall we give the association the first place in our lives, and by that means show respect for those in authority and faithfulness in all our duties? These are important questions to ask ourselves and if we remember them they will be helpful to us and we shall have a most successful year. This should be a very precious thought to us that no matter how forgetful and unfaithful we have been in the past, we can be better in the future.

Each one of us has been most favorably impressed by a card of greeting from the national board. It makes us feel good, to be thus remembered. We can draw inspiration for the whole year from a verse on the card: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

On December 5th, the Y. W. C. A. gave an entertainment. The program consisted of the following plays: The Open Secret and the Old Maid's Convention. Between the plays Miss Wood favored us with a recitation. In the Old Maid's Convention Professor Meredith was kind enough to undertake to transform that crowd of abject dried up old maids into charming beauties—and he did a good job of it. The night was also a success financially.

A very interesting Christmas meeting was led by Miss Binford. Her subject was "How Can I carry the Christmas spirit through the year 1909?" Other leaders of the past month were Miss Osborn and Cletus Burgess.

The gynasium was a scene of merriment from three to five on December 19. In the corners and along the walls, booths had been made of bunting. The first thing of interest was a pond, where, after paying a small amount, you tried your luck

at fishing. Many and varied were the fish. Then came the booth of fancy work, which the girls had so generously fitted up. Next you went to the Gypsy tent, where your future was revealed. Also Guilford calendars, candy, cakes and ice cream were for sale. A neat sum of money was cleared.

A. R. K.

JUNIOR ORATIONS.

As a year ago the number of Juniors was so large that the programme had to be divided, ten speakers delivered their orations on Friday night, December 11th, and eleven followed on the night of the 12th. The exercises, taken all together, was so long that even a brief summary of each speaker's oration would be too tedious, therefore we will only print the programme with this brief comment. The subjects of the orations, as the program will show, were skillfully chosen. They were handled in a careful, effective and oratorical style. From this exhibition the faculty will choose the three best speakers as commencement orators, and in our opinion the judges will have no easy task.

PROGRAMME.

Piano solo—Lueille Hall.

"The Railroads and the People."—Alexander M. Bonner.

"England's Greatest Queens"—Mary M. Lambeth.

"Grover Cleveland"—Charles D. Benbow, Jr.

"The Need of Reformation of Our Pension Laws"—Robert E. Dalton.

"Joel Chandler Harris"—Ethel C. Rodgin.

Chorus—Girl's Glee Club.

"Our National Resources"—Alfred A. Dixon.

"Carmillo de Cavour"—M. Esther Ivey.

"The Olympic Games"—James Anderson.

"The New Responsibility"—Edward S. King.

"The Peril of China"—W. Henry Sharpe.

Clarinet—Adagio Beethoven—Professor Floyd.

"Socialism"—E. Leroy Briggs.

"Niagara—Its Spoilation and Preservation"—M. Gertrude Frazier.

"The Educational Growth of North Carolina"—Julian E. White.

"The Need of an Appalachian Forest Reserve"—D. Worth Anderson.

"Advantages of Good Transportation"—William P. Holt.
Vocal solo—Miss Wood.

"A Crumbling Republic"—Pearl Gordon.

"The Need of Further Centralization in Our Government"—John E. Sawyer.

"Horace"—Alice L. Dixon.

"An Extermination of Tuberculosis"—Annie B. Stratford.

"The Twentieth Century Farmer"—Leroy Miller.

ZATASIAN-CLAY RECEPTION.

Of all the occasions of social importance none are looked forward to with greater interest and expectation than the receptions which are given by the societies. And this year since the new order of things has come into operation, we think we are getting a double portion, for, instead of paying only one visit to the Phis, we now have hopes of making two visits to Founders.

On Friday evening December 18th, one of those occasions was realized by the members of the Henry Clay Society. We were ushered through the parlor into what was once the southside of West Hall, but what is now the home of the Zatasian Literary Society. Doubtless it gave each one a great amount of satisfaction to get into a room that was free from desks, blackboards, and the annoying remembrances or recitations; but instead bore the appearance of a full fledged society hall.

The literary programme was opened by an instrumental solo which was followed by an interesting and instructive debate on the subject of further restriction of immigrants. Miss Flora White represented the affirmative, with Miss Gertrude Spray on the opposition. Each had been an active member of the old Philagorean Society, and showed the result of this experience.

then we listened to a vocal quartet, and reading by Miss Bulla, both of which were enjoyed.

After adjournment, the visitors were entertained by the Zeta-sians in such a manner that any attempt to give a detailed account of what happened during the remainder of the evening would fall far short of the reality. It is sufficient to say that this reception compared most favorably with any that formerly went under the name of Phi-Clay reception.

Athletics.

It is never pleasant to review the past if it is possible to see only evil. If, however, some good accomplished or something done which was worth while can be seen, then it is both gratifying and helpful.

Looking at the past few months of the scholastic year of 1908-1909 from the standpoint of athletics, we can well afford to review our record. From that standpoint the year so far has been a prosperous one. The student body has taken a great deal of interest in all the different sports. The interest has been general and not centered on any one form of exercise. The tennis courts have been well patronized. Football has had its share of attention, although no intercollegiate matches were arranged. Basketball, the absorbing topic for the classes on account of the class games, has been played by a large number of students, and baseball has not been neglected. Some students insist that winter no less than summer is a proper time for that sport. The fact that interest in these sports has been general rather than centered on one is gratifying. If the entire interest of the student body had been centered on one form of exercise, the good derived from participating in it would necessarily have been limited to a small number. On the other hand, since there were various sports engaged in, and the interest was general, a large number have been benefited.

To make plans for the future is also helpful, provided you can accomplish what you have in mind. For us to look into the future and then tell what we have in mind to do in athletics during the remaining months of the year, will cause one to believe that some of the doctrine preached in the above paragraph will not be practiced. The reason for this is that the one and all absorbing subject now is baseball.

Do you think we shall have as good a team as we had last year? Who is going to take the place of P— or D—? Who will compose the team? These are some of the questions that are already being asked. Everything is subordinate to baseball. The only answer that can be given to such questions is that we

expect to have a good team. Some of the best men of last year's team will be missing, but there is plenty of material at college to fill the vacancies. The nucleus of a good team is now with us of last year's aggregation. Everything is at hand and with untiring energy and persistent effort in training, a successful season is a surety.

BASKETBALL.

GUILFORD VS. DAVIDSON.

On December 5th Guilford played her first game of basketball this season in Charlotte where we met Davidson. Our opponents took the lead early in the first half and piled up so many points that, although Guilford scored more goals in the second half than Davidson, we had no chance to win. The resulting score was—Davidson, 25; Guilford, 9.

GUILFORD VS. GREENSBORO..

Guilford played the team of Greensboro representing the Cone Export and Commission Company on the latter's grounds, on December 17th, which resulted in an overwhelming victory for the crimson and gray. Although the score of 50 to 6 would indicate a one-sided game, there was some excellent playing on both sides. Our team exhibited some fine "passing." It is this feature of the game which Guilford needs, and she got a fine practice on the 17th.

CLASS GAMES.

Class basketball affords quite a good deal of interest now since a cup is awarded to the champion class each year. The classes have shown great enthusiasm in the games and have developed some good players. The first of the series of class games was played between the Seniors and Juniors which resulted in a victory for the Seniors by the score of 31 to 1.

The second of the series was between the Sophomore and Freshmen. Great spirit was shown in this contest and it was

not till the last second of the game that the result was decided. The score was—Freshmen, 12; Sophomores, 11.

The third and final game was played between the Seniors and Freshmen, in which the latter were completely outclassed. The score was—Seniors, 84; Freshmen, 2. The cup was awarded to the Senior class at the close of the game. Following is the Senior team: J. Anderson and R. Briggs, forwards; R. Hobbs, center; Julian White and R. Doak, guards.

Alumni Department.

Joseph Moore Dixon, '89, was the first contributor to the Library Fund started just after the fire of January 13th, and by a fitting coincidence, his was the contribution which completed the necessary amount to build the new library. Did all Alumni stay with the college from first to last, Guilford would have fewer needs than she now has.

The High School at Jamestown, N. C., is almost equipped with Alumni of Guilford. L. Lea White, '04, is its principal, and Linnie Shamberger, '07, and Annie Gordon, '08, are two of the teachers.

S. H. Hodgin, '95, and wife are now in their new home, "Rotherwood," a handsome residence with all modern conveniences. It is situated on the oak knoll north of the (Taylor) Dr. Fox home, and almost due east from the college campus.

Elmer Leak, '02, who recently married Cammie Lindley, daughter of J. Van Lindley, is now in business in Thomasville, N. C.

Sue (Farlow) Raiford, '02, so happily married to Philip Raiford a few years ago, has a nice home in Southampton county, Va., and two bright and attractive children. She is one of the leading workers in the Friends' Meeting at Corinth.

F. Walter Grabs, '94, has been made one of the delegates to Germany, representing the Moravian Church of North Carolina in their assembly in that country.

Ernest Lewis, '05, is now one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries of Winston-Salem. We are glad Ernest has returned to his native State and will spend his energies in helping to bring up the average of our needy commonwealth.

Joseph Purdie, '06, now has charge of the school and other work at the Friends' Blue Ridge Mission in Patrick county, Va.

Exchanges.

We are glad to welcome the opening number of the *Radiant* to our table. We enjoyed reading the story entitled "A Hero of Colonial Virginia." It is a passionate love story. One of this kind, however, is relished once in a while. "The Influence of Environment" was written for the purpose of showing that we are daily influencing our associates, and that, therefore, we should be careful what we do. The lesson taught is a good one, of course, but we cannot agree with the author when he says "Circumstances mold all life and create as it were all activity." It should be remembered that will-power has as much, if not more, to do with shaping character than do circumstances. On the whole, the *Radiant* compares favorably with magazines published by colleges the size of the "Atlantic Christian College." We are glad to add the *Radiant* to our list of exchanges.

The *Wake Forest Student* comes to us with its cover artistically decked with holly leaves, which makes the magazine appear attractive. This issue contains over one hundred pages of reading matter. This magazine surely has the support of the student body. The author of "Longfellow, the People's Choice," gives us an insight into the life and character of Longfellow and clearly shows that he has an appreciation for the poems, especially Evangeline and Hiawatha, of our great "national poet." The author's style is pleasing. He has given us an essay well worth reading. "A Runaway" is the story of a boy who runs away and goes South on a hobo trip. After rubbing up against the world for awhile he starts home on a freight train which breaks apart. The trainmen think that he uncoupled the cars and hold him up. However, as they are busy re-coupling the cars, he runs for his life, escapes and spends the night in a barn which proves to belong to a friend of his father. This gentleman's son finds him in the morning, takes him to the house, gives him clothes, introduces him to the other members of the family, and treats him royally. The gentleman, on learning that the boy is the son of an old friend of his, lends him the money

to go home on. This story certainly is true to life. We cannot attempt to criticise all the articles in the magazine. They are too numerous for that. The stories "When Greek Meets Greek", and Panter Sims, should be mentioned, however, because of the life of the Southern mountainer. This issue is well up to the standard.

The December issue of *The Carolinian* is excellent. In the literary department the material is well proportioned between prose and verse. The amount of prose is well divided between fiction and solid articles.

"The Notes of the Viol; or, the Winning Tackle," is the best story we have struck in a college magazine during the Fall of 1908. "Coleridge; the Poet and the Man," is an essay well worth reading. The author has a knowledge of his subject, and has given it to us in a very readable style. Among the poems we think the "Christmas Morn" worthy of mention on account of the smoothness of the metre and sentiment expressed.

We have noticed that the exchange department of *The Carolinian* is especially strong, and the editorial department is by no means weak.

Of course the articles in this magazine have their defects, but they are not glaring, and are not so easily seen. We feel that we can say with perfect candor that *The Carolinian* is the best exchange that has reached our table during the month of December.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of our usual exchanges.

Locals and Personals.

New Year! 1909!

The Collegian hopes each and every one has had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

New students are already beginning to arrive.

W. R. Pritchett, '07, was married to Miss Rhoda Kersey, at High Point, December 30th. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

Miss J. (to Coos)—“Why do the boys call Turner Goat?”
Coos.—“Because, he is always butting in.”

Ask Lentz whether he is a polygamist or a misogynist.

Miss S. (examining a horseshoe nail)—“Is this a railroad spike?”

J. (to Stuart.)—Hugh, what are you going to be when you are a man?”

Stuart—“A Rabbi, I think.”

S. M. R.—“Where are you going?” “What are you doing.”

Elwood Whaley, of Lumberton, N. C., visited his sister, Ruth, recently.

Virginia Pearl Davis, of Sedley, Va., a former student of Guilford, was married on January 6th to Joseph Jackson Baker.

Miss Wood is wearing carnations. Wonder where she got them?

Mr. Eugene King recently visited his niece, Miss Agnes King.

Joseph Elkinton, of Philadelphia, gave an address, illustrated by stereopticon views, on December 7th.

It is with deepest regret THE COLLEGIAN records the death of Mrs. Holt, mother of Wm. P. Holt, on December 14th, and of Miss Alice Nicholson on January 9th.

The Senior Class dined with Mr. Chas. D. Benbow, Jr., at the Benbow Hotel, in Greensboro, December 20th.

Miss J. (looking at "Perk", who has a Jap. fan in his hair)—
"Why, Mr. Perkins looks like a unicorn."

Graves—"Yes, but he has only one horn."

It is reported that Miss B. got a "lamp mat" for Christmas.

Perk. (to L. M. R.—"Of course you girls don't get cold with all that fringe around your necks.")

Visitors at Junior exhibition: Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgin, Miss Delia Raiford and Miss Lillian Dalton.

Tuesday evening, January 5th—First hack arrives at Founders CROWDED; second hack, three minutes later with Two on back seat. Ask Mr. Dalton who they were.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

NO. 5

THE GUIDING LIGHT.

"Katherine," spoke Mr. Loister, "did I not see you walking with that young Chanton down by the lake?"

"Yes, father," came the soft, sweet answer.

"Well, this has got to be stopped, and understand that his father and I are enemies. Yes, and are to be life-long enemies and I mean for you and Kenith to follow our example. Now understand, if I see you in his company again I will punish you severely." With these words he left her.

Tears came into Katherine's big dark eyes as she thought of her elegant old Southern home up on the hill, with no love for her amid its walls, now that mother was gone. She thought of the gulf that lay between her father and Mr. Chanton, the two wealthiest slave-holders of the South, caused by some misunderstanding about some slaves, and she thought of her true, brave lover whom she had been forbidden to see again.

She went back to the house, but no comfort could be found there. She could stand it no longer and at last one afternoon strolled down by the lake where just a few evenings before she and Kenith had promised to be true to each other unto the end. Just here she was sitting with her face buried in her hands when she felt a gentle touch on her arm and looking around she saw Kenith.

"My dear, why are you so sad, can't we always be happy now?"

"Oh! Kenith, my father has forbidden"—when just then the angry face of her father was before them. "How dared you disobey me! I watched you come and followed you here."

With curses against Kenith he took Katherine by main force, half dragging her to the house.

* * * * *

"Oh! Marse Loister, whar is Miss Katherine? I hain't seed her now going on nigh a week!"

"Shut up; is that anything to you? Go bring my horse and saddle."

Old Joe, much frightened, hurried off for the horse and soon came back with him. Mr. Loister mounted and rode away. During the ride his fiery horse took fright and threw him headlong into the dusty road where he lay unconscious for some time. Then two men passing found and carried him back to his home, where everything was done for him that the physicians could do, but to no avail—he must die. There seemed to be something on the mind of the dying man that he wished to tell, but most of his words were unintelligible, save the words with which he drew his last breath, "Save-her-in—."

* * * * *

Years rolled by and with them had come no solution to the last mysterious words of Mr. Loister and the missing girl, which surely must be connected.

The stately old mansion was deserted and the old familiar faces of the numerous slaves peeping from behind every corner on the plantation, had long since quitted their calm abodes, for they said the "big house" was "hanted." There could be seen two or three nights in a year a light held by a woman go up and down the long hall.

Years had not wiped from Kenith's mind the vision of Katherine and the mysteries connected with her disappearance. The old house and the surrounding country had been searched time and again for her but in vain. Kenith, though heart-broken and discouraged, ne'er gave up hope.

"But when she came not, and the day was done,
With patient hope he bound his thoughts anew."

One day a stranger came to Kenith and introduced himself as Mr. Leighton, saying he understood he was very much interested in the mysterious disappearance of Miss Loister, and

as he was interested from a psychological standpoint, asked Kenith to go with him to investigate the matter.

Night after night they sat in the big reception hall waiting for the light; night after night they waited, nothing being heard but the low moan of the wind against the side of the house and the rubbing together of the branches of the elms until they creaked dismally, nothing being seen but the ray of moonlight as it streamed in through the broken shutters making ghostly shadows.

Finally one night as they sat there they could see far down the long hall a dim light; nearer and nearer it came until they could see it was held by a woman dressed in a long, loose white gown, her loosened hair gracefully falling across her shoulders. Her face was deathly pale and bore an expression of mingled fear and trouble. But for all this Kenith saw it was Katherine and would have taken her in his arms, but her wide dark eyes answered him silently "no," and with her face full of intense anxiety beckoned them to follow her. On, on she led them, holding the little light above her head, down the main halls, then down a few steps through another hall, then down a flight of steps into an underground passage until they stood facing a black, bare wall. Here she halted and stretching out her boney, bare arm, touched the wall, which opened and at the same instant the light vanished and they were in total darkness.

Cold shivers ran over them and low, suppressed moans could be heard. What they were facing they knew not, but face it they must, so striking a match they could see the great open door. In they went, wandering around in the dark, cold room, their feet making unearthly sounds against the stone floor, their bodies casting gloomy shadows in the match light and all the time could be heard the ghostly moans. Suddenly they stumbled across something and bending down they saw the bones of a human body and near it lay a letter in a handwriting familiar to Kenith. He caught it up and read:

"I know I cannot stand it much longer. I have been without food for two weeks. My father placed me here for punish-

ment until I should promise to ignore Kenith, which I cannot and will not do. I will die first. Father has stopped bringing me food now and I am soon to die—to die for the one I love.”

Katherine.

With the last words Kenith raised his pale face towards heaven, the paper dropped from his hand and with the word “Katherine,” the one most sweet to his dying mind he had gone to be with her.

For hours until the first ray of daylight shone through the air-shaft, Mr. Leighton sat motionless beside the two dead lovers. Then it was with difficulty that he retraced his steps through the dark halls alone and came once more into the outer world.

TO MY CLASSMATES.

Only tonight! Only tonight!

Draw nearer and let us commune!
Heart unto heart—the last, last time,
For the parting is only too soon.

Saddened our hearts, tear dimmed our eyes;
As we press the dear hands in farewell;
Bright is the past—but what is the future—
Who of us—no one can tell.

Childhood's bright joys all gone with the past,
Aye, gone forever and forever;
But children at heart we'll be for tonight,
Once more before our lives sever.

Trials we've borne, joys too we've known,
And struggles, and failures, and sighs;
But now all's finished—tears, trials and joys—
And divided henceforth are our lives.

My farewell to each—a prayer it will be—
God bless you and keep you from fears,
And bring you sweet peace and bless you with love,
Through thousands and thousands of years.

THE VALUE OF THE CLASSICS.

In the early centuries Greece produced an age in literature, law, and art which has never been surpassed, if equaled. Athens became the seat of learning for the known world. The sculpture and vases of those ancient Greeks are yet the wonder and admiration of the world. The Greeks were overcome in war by the Romans, who instead of destroying the learning of their subjects adopted it and in turn became the law-givers of the world and made a great literature for themselves. The Romans were destined to be conquered by the Barbarians, and this time the productions of art and literature were nearly all destroyed and until the time of the Renaissance their learning was dead. With this period of revival of learning the study of Greek and Latin was renewed and has remained a principal and valuable branch of study up to this day. But why should we, in this age of industry and research, spend time over Greek and Latin books when we could do so much in other fields? Now let us consider the reasons for studying the classics.

Walter Miller, of Tulane University, says: "If a study has served to enlarge, sharpen or invigorate any one of the mental powers; if it has imparted vigor or accuracy of reasoning; if it has trained the mind to a habit of close attention; if it has served to furnish a sound and correct judgment; then that branch has been of the greatest possible use." The classics, we think, bring about nearly every one of these. The student's mental powers are enlarged not only by the practice in working out the translation, but when he has the translation he has acquired some of the world's best literature, in poetry the most beautiful, in oratory the most logical, and in history the most vivid. There is also a nice distinction in the original words which is lost in a translation. The training got in the necessity of having the exact meaning, in case, number, tense and voice is equal to any mathematical training. Close attention is cultivated as much in the study of the classics as in any scientific branch. Then, too, it creates in the student a

love for the old myths and takes him away from this matter of fact world into a place where his imagination can do things for him.

Aside from these benefits in mental training and literary value there is our dependency upon the Latin and Greek for our own vocabulary. It would pay a person to study the classics for the sake of philology alone. The natural sciences especially are dependent on the Greek for their names. The mathematicians got their foundations from the classics and any one who is thorough in his knowledge in these branches must know something about the ancient languages and why should one take a translation when the literal meaning can be got with so much more understanding by making an original translation? Any one who would be thorough in the scientific studies even, must have some knowledge of the classics also. Then on account of the literature, the accurate mental training, the exercise of memory, and the clear insight into the ancient manner of living it behooves us to make the study of the classics an important one in our curriculum.

MARY BROWN, THE PARLOR MAID.

Mary Brown entered the Freshman class. It was hard for her to leave home and friends, for she had an invalid mother, and a father whose means were limited, but she was determined to have an education if possible. She obtained the place of parlor maid to earn her board. Her classmates thought it was strange that the parlor maid should join their literary society and have time for tennis and golf, and they spoke highly of her "nerve," as they termed it. But soon they forgot to shun this little brown-eyed girl, until they listened with astonishment to the President's announcement on commencement day that the Sophomore scholarship—which was the entire tuition of the Senior year—was awarded to Mary Brown. The girls could not bear to think of this parlor maid taking the class grades. Marion said she knew Mary had cheated on her "exams," and Ethel said it was because the Dean was partial to her because she was so "sissy" and "pious." Ethel was an only child of wealthy parents, and she had carried the class grades through all the preparatory classes and the Freshman year, and her classmates could not endure the thought of this poor girl outstripping her. But they consoled themselves that Mary needed the scholarship, and certainly that was the only reason it was given her.

Mary had made enough money teaching during the summer vacation to pay for her tuition during her Junior year, and the President was to give her her board for serving as office girl on Saturdays and for one hour each morning. She held this position throughout her Junior and Senior years. It was with great envy and jealousy that her classmates watched her climbing step by step to the head of her class. About the last of April in her Junior year a telegram came summoning her to her mother's bedside. Faithfully this brave girl nursed her mother for four long weeks, and then was back at school the day before examinations began. The girls were sure that

Ethel would have no check now, since her rival had missed so many recitations.

The last term came in their Senior year and all the girls were busy with their studies and receptions. Mary was now President of the Y. W. C. A. and of her society. She had carried off the class honors in tennis and golf and was considered the most popular girl in school. The Senior examinations began on Tuesday in order to be through by Saturday which was to be class day. Friday evening the Senior girls were out on the campus, talking about the coming day's events, when a messenger summoned Mary Brown at once to the President's office. She went, trembling with fright, for such a call at such an hour, could mean nothing but trouble. She was received with cold harsh words which pierced her through. President Harlowe ordered his office boy and stenographer to leave the room, then turning to Mary said, "You are here to account for your examinations, Miss Brown." Mary was already in tears; she choked and could not speak. "We thought you were an honest girl, but the slip of notes which you left in your English and Logic examination pads have proven that you have won your grades by cheating. You have until tomorrow morning to leave college." Never did a college girl leave the President's office with a heart more crushed. She thought of how the news of her disgrace would break her parents' hearts, who had worked hard and denied themselves of many necessities that their only daughter might finish school and then be able to teach and care for them. Now she could ask for no recommendation, and to hope for success would be useless. As she went to her room she passed groups of girls, eager in conversation, who stopped talking as she passed. She met the matron in the hall, but even she, of whom Mary had learned to be so fond, turned to look out of the window to avoid speaking.

Mary's room-mate helped her pack her trunk and get everything ready for going. All night the poor girl lay awake, trying to decide what to do for she could not bear to go home now and thus mar the pleasures of her father and mother who would imagine they saw her take part in class day exercises

and deliver her oration on commencement day. All at once it dawned upon her what to do. She would stop over with her aunt, who lived at Frankfort, a town only twelve miles away, and stay until commencement was over—then she could explain better than now. The next morning she told this plan to her room-mate as she said good-bye; the governess took her to the station, bought her ticket and put her on the train, not thinking but that she would go directly home. Instead, Mary left the train at Frankfort. Her aunt was astonished when the bell-boy delivered Mary's card. What could it mean, for she was planning to go to see her niece graduate the coming Tuesday and why would she not be at class-day exercises? Mary told the story of her great misfortune—how both faculty and schoolmates were no longer friendly—and her aunt comforted her by promising to go home with her the day after commencement. With an aching heart Mary attempted to while away the eventful days. In vain she tried to keep her mind away from school. The class-day exercises Saturday, commencement Sunday and Alumni day passed with a vacant chair or a prominent part of the programme omitted. This went hard with the broken-hearted girl but worst of all she dreaded the real commencement day—could she bear it! The town clock struck nine—Mary was in the garden gathering roses to take to a poor sick woman on the back street when the maid rushed out and handed a telegram to her. It read: "Miss Mary Brown: Come back to college on morning train without fail." Signed by President Harlowe. It was just train time, the poor girl did not know what awaited her, but she was determined to face it bravely. President Harlowe met her at the station and drove with her at once to the auditorium—the commencement exercises had begun, and the first oration to be delivered was Mary's. "Can you deliver your oration now, Miss Brown, it is time?" the President asked her as he handed her production to her. "I'll try," was the brave girl's reply. The class arose to welcome her as she came on the stage. After the orations were delivered and the diplomas distributed the President picked up the scholarship

certificate and when he called out the girl dressed in a neat traveling suit, both class and audience burst forth in a deafening applause.

TO L. SESTIUS.

(TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.)

The winter is thawing, while Faunus blows,
The sailors are launching their ships,
The herds quit their stalls and the farmer his hearth,
And the meadows are green with cowslips.

Now Venus leads forth the Nymphs and the Graces
In the dance in the moonlight bright,
While Vulcanus visits the famous Cyclops
And he glows in the forge's light.

Let us now crown us with the myrtle green,
Or with flowers which the new earth brings.
To offer to Faunus a kid or a lamb
Is befitting while all nature sings.

THE GREATEST OF ENGLISH SATIRISTS.

During the first part of the eighteenth century when English literature looked as if it were destined to ruin, and the country was in a degraded moral and political state, the greatest, fiercest, and most illustrious satirist of English literature was preparing two works which were to launch him out among the foremost of early eighteenth century writers and to establish for himself the title of Prince of English Satirists.

Jonathan Swift, the most unhappy and most disappointed man of his age, was born at Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 30, 1667. It seems as if it were destined that he should be a solitary figure. From his birth a strange sort of loneliness beset him; his father died before Jonathan was born, and his mother failing in health removed to her native home. Swift was educated by his uncle. He first entered Kilkernny School, Ireland; he rebelled against college discipline and showed no sign of future greatness. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, and three years later only by special grace, received his A. B. degree. Obligated to take refuge in England by the Irish disturbances which accompanied the Revolution of 1688, Swift became secretary to Sir William Temple, a retired statesman and an accomplished scholar. Here he gained two great things, the use of a well-stocked library and the friendship of Esther Johnson, the adopted daughter of Sir William. As the result of the first, his literary style blossomed and bore fruit in his first two great satires; of the second, Esther Johnson, the well known Stella, is inseparably linked with Swift, and runs like a ray of sunlight through the gloom of his whole life.

The death of Sir William in 1699 cast Swift almost penniless on the world. He was young, brilliant, ambitious and fond of power, and though his natural bent appears to have been towards politics, he decided to enter the church, having been ordained a few years before Sir William's death. Swift now took up his profession. Already we notice the stream of

his life had set one way and we see that haughty independent despotism by which he is known, creeping into his life.

During this period appeared Swift's first great work, "The Tale of the Tub," which was a satire on the condition of the church. This, coupled with Bickerstaffs' Almanac, a satirical pamphlet in which Swift dealt a death blow to quack astrologers, brought him into literary prominence.

The Tories gaining control of the government, called Swift to England, where he enjoyed his greatest power. They had recognized the power of Swift's pen and without any actual position he arose for a brief time to dictatorship. No man in England during those three years in which the Tories held sway was more feared and honored than Swift, but when they lost power, he became despondent, and wrote venomously and resented bitterly personal attacks. From this time on his mockery of human ambition grew more violent, the climax of his life had been reached, and after returning to Ireland he was given the Deanery of St. Patrick's.

During Swift's greatest success and while he was at the height of his power, we still find Stella holding that one tender spot in his life. Even while dictating to Harley, the prime minister, his greatest pleasure was in his letters to her; again when the chance of ever deferred preferment was gone, when Swift "fired his pistols into the air" and returned to Ireland to die as "a rat in a hole," his one comfort was the friendship of Stella.

During a visit to London, Swift met Miss Hester Vanhomrigh. There was no doubt a great deal of affection on Swift's part, but largely that of a teacher for a pupil, but Vanessa took it seriously and followed him to Ireland. Much has been said of the romantic manner of Vanessa's death, but it is unfair to accuse Swift of killing her by his brutality.

Some writers would have us believe, and at first glance it does seem that Swift was a cruel woman hater, but on examination we find he thought more highly of women than many of his contemporaries. He was the one man of his time who strove to exalt the position of woman in an age of loose

principles and morals. It is undoubtedly true that Swift's realism was often brutal, that his pride was insatiable, that he did not know how to forgive or forget, but it is nevertheless important to remember that such men as Addison, Oxford, and Bolingbroke, found in him a sweet and loving disposition. Swift's journal to Stella also proves to us that Swift had a heart like other men. Here and only here do we find the man's inner self expressed. We find no cutting satire; but he, as would a boy, expresses what is in his heart to the best and only friend he has on earth.

After returning to England several times without success Swift's fame once more was established by the appearance of the "Drapier Letters," which were written in behalf of the Irish people. He again went to England hoping to once more establish himself there, but all was of no avail. In 1727 "Gulliver's Travels," which some consider his masterpiece, was published. Stella's death one year later broke the last barrier between him and that unknown horror that lurked in his mighty intellect; he rapidly declined.

Swift cannot be judged by the last fifteen years of his life when he was sunk in bitterness and insanity. Here we notice the coarseness of his writings as they were flung out in his rage; there is almost a superhuman greatness about his cruelty. The treatment of the Irish had lashed him into madness before Stella's death and when he wrote a modest proposal for preventing the children of the poor of Ireland from being a burden to their parents and country, it was in such bitter irony that he was misunderstood.

There has been a great deal of injustice done Swift. Those who have been misled by a phrase or two or by the unfairness of his Irish biographers are incapable of judging him. It makes a very pretty story to believe that Swift was benevolent yet ungrateful, loving yet brutally resentful, eager for renown yet indifferent to praise, and if studied in this manner Swift will lose much of his cruelty and achieve the position he deserves.

During the last years of his life in loneliness and in failing

health Swift sank into a mindless apathy from which he seldom rose and on October 19, 1745, he passed away.

"An immense genius," writes Thackeray; "an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling."

STAR GAZING.

"Hey, Jule!"

"What?"

"Let's go over to the office and get Professor White's telescope and examine the stars."

We went over to Professor White's office and asked him for his telescope. He told us where we could get it, also what stars would be of most interest. The telescope being set up, I got down on my back on the ground and looked up at the middle star in Orion's sword. I could see a bright light through the glass in the upper end of the telescope and told Jule to look at it. He took my place and after a few remarks, caused by old age and disgust, got back up and said he couldn't see a bloomin' thing. Well I got back down in my former position and turned the telescope on the Pleaides, "Seven Sisters," then told Jule to look at them, with the same result as before. Next we tried Jupiter, Capella and several other stars, but Jule couldn't see a thing. I thought I could make out towns and people on some of the planets, but I couldn't get Jule to agree, so we took the instrument back and were going to wait until some time when Professor White could be with us. Just as we were leaving Professor White came in, and Jule told him that we hadn't obtained very satisfactory results from our observations.

Professor White looked at the telescope a moment and then turning to me said, "Why you fellows couldn't see a thing, you didn't have the eye-piece."

C. D. B., Jr.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

Although spring is near at hand I cannot forget those pleasant days of autumn. The day or rather the night of October the twenty-seventh is as fresh in my mind as if it were yesterday. The day dawned bright and clear with a big white frost over the fields and meadows. The previous day's rain had dampened the ground and cooled the atmosphere.

"Boys," said I, "tonight is the time for our big 'possum hunt." The dogs were tied up so that they would be fresh and eager for the case. There were four of them and four dandies were they. For when Lead, Short, Millie and Old Buck failed to bring in the bacon, you might as well blow your horn and start for home.

Darkness came at last and after having eaten a good supper and putting something in our pockets in case of emergency, we blew our horn and away we went for the big woods, to bring home some of the old rangers who resided there. "Listen! Did you hear that?" Yow, yow, yow. Now we are in for a race, and a race it was too. Over the hill and down the hollow those four went and such music as they made was never surpassed by Sousa's band. They soon made a turn and came back across the ridge and crossed the branch and into a big pasture. Now they are running like mad, yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw, each one trying to pass the other.

"What! Have they lost him?" "No, he is walking that high rail-fence and they are circling to find where he left it." Now they have it again and away they go just as before, each one doing his best but never losing the track. Surely they must tire him soon, for no 'possum can stand that pace much longer. But he was a whale and so for twenty minutes we listened to that greatest of all choirs, singing at the top of their voices.

But now the time had come at last for us to open our eyes, for there on a limb not fifteen feet away sat Brer 'Possum with his eyes shining like two balls of fire. My, but he was a whale. I could hardly reach around his neck, but you

could not wonder at that for he didn't weight but fifteen pounds.

"Boys," said I, "this is the best night we will have for some time, so let's make good our opportunity," and that we did. For we hadn't gone fifty yards before those four trusties were at their same old tricks. And so fast and furious were the races we had that night that we hardly knew which one was the best.

Midnight had come and gone before we knew it and now it was half past two, and on the morrow we had to prepare for the corn shucking which is something never to be despised.

So at last with nine fine 'possums in our sack we blew our horn and started for home. While on our way we discussed our good luck and each one hoped that another such time would soon come; and unless all signs fail and the persimmon crop fails, we hope to be able to enjoy one before we have to leave this good old land of corn and wine.

Here's hoping that our gladdest days in the past will be our saddest days in the future.

R. S. D.

MONASTICISM.

The Hindoos trace the ascetic system back to a time long before Alexander the Great, who found it there in full force and with the same characteristics as it presents today.

Buddhism and Brahmanism show a more developed phase of the life of solitude. The former exists in the social form of the regular convent life; the latter takes the direction of anchoretism.

It was in the beginning of the fourth century that monasticism appeared in the Christian church. Its birthplace was in the warm climate of the Nile, and from here it spread rapidly over the East and West, and continued to have a place in all Christian life down to the time of the Reformation. And today it is found as one of the indispensable institutions of the Greek and Roman churches.

Varied were the causes that produced this ascetic life; per-

secutions played a great part in its establishment, for as early as the Diocletian persecution in 250 A.D. we find the first instances of flight by Christian men into the wilderness, to escape a martyr's death. A desire for solitude and contemplation, a sense of the vanity of the world, and the moral corruption which existed in the state had their tendency to make those of a weak and yielding nature flee for refuge to some lonely spot and here work out their salvation.

Perhaps the greatest period for this life was that just following the rule of Constantine. Now more than ever before the church had become tainted with worldliness and immorality. It was at this time that offices were given to those who would say they were Christians. Therefore because the church largely consisted of merely nominal Christians, a number of those who believed in an inward experience took up their abode in the desert—sometimes in small companies—sometimes singly.

Schaff gives monastic history in four different stages.

The first is an ascetic life not organized nor separated from the church.

The second stage is hermit life or anchoretism. It arose in the beginning of the fourth century and gave ascetism a permanent shape. Elijah and John the Baptist were taken as models. The followers of monasticism were not content with a partial retirement, for a consistent anchorite must seclude himself from all society save on certain occasions when he appears in some city to speak as a returned spirit from another world, or receives visits from the sick and needy. His food and clothing are of the rudest kind; his dwelling a cave; and his employment prayer and bodily torture.

This mode of life was founded by Paul of Thebes, who at the age of twenty-two is said to have fled to a distant cave, and as a legend goes, lived here for ninety years. A spring and palm tree furnished him food and drink, until in later years he, like Elijah, was fed by a raven. The Saint would probably never have been known had it not been for St. Anthony, who was of like character. St. Anthony is also one of the first

hermits, and a descendant of wealthy parentage. After the death of his parents he sold all his possessions and gave the proceeds to the poor. And after placing his sister in the hands of a society of pious virgins he, with two followers, went far into the wilderness. It might have been on this journey that St. Anthony came across Paul of Thebes. The story tells us that St. Anthony visited him again but found the hermit dead. With prayer and hymns Paul of Thebes was buried without a spade. St. Anthony frequently visited the sick and sorrowing, Christians and heathens, or any one needing aid or counsel. When he felt that his earthly career was near a close he said to his faithful disciples, "Children, farewell," and with these words he died at the age of one hundred and five.

The third step in the development of this institution is that of the cloister life. It, too, originated in Egypt. To some extent it recognized the social self in human nature. It is the transition from the isolated to the social Christianity. In cloister life the inmates are under a superintendent and divide their time between devotion and manual labor, except the mendicant monks who live by alms.

The fourth and last stage of monasticism is produced by the same social element. It led to the union of a number of cloisters under one rule. It was this period which did so much for the spread of Christianity and the advancement of learning.

Though we as Protestants do not believe the Christian should sever all his connections with those around him, still we can but be thankful for the monks who lived up to their idea of what Christianity meant, and who spent years in copying the Bible and other valuable writings.

In this stage of development the German Reformation got her leader, Martin Luther, for he belonged to the St. Augustine order. Monastic life was to him a discipline and preparation for his future work.

It was the Christian phase of the monastic life which made monasticism so great a force in the history of the Christian church.

1909.

To compare them with cucumbers
Would be very very fine,
When they entered here as Freshmen—
That green class of 1909.

All the wisdom of the ages
With that class was infantine
When it donned the name of Sophomore—
That wise class of 1909.

Wild? Ah, you would never guess it,
Had you only seen them pine
On the night of Junior orations—
That meek class of 1909.

Dignified, well I should say it!
Very much, indeed, if time
Has anything to do with it—
This aged class of 1909.

Although we've lost our greenness,
Wiseness, meekness, bear in mind,
We still have dignity and age—
This noble class of 1909.

The Guilford Collegian

Published Monthly by the
Henry Clay, Philomathean, Websterian and Zetasian Literary
Societies

Editors

R. J. M. HOBBS, '09, CHIEF, *Clay*.
MARGARET DAVIS, '09, Phil. LUCY O'B. WHITE, '09, Zetasian
LEROY MILLER, '10, Websterian

Associate Editors

AGNES R. KING, '09, Phil. A. M. BONNER, '10, Clay
E. S. KING, '10, Websterian. Flora White, '11, Zetasian

Business Managers

W. T. BOYCE '09, CHIEF, Websterian
MARGARET E. PEELE, '09, Phil. ANNIE MENDENHALL, '09, Zetasian
C. C. SMITHDEAL, '11, Clay.

Terms

One Year, \$1.00.

Single Copy, 15 Cents.

All matter for publication should reach the editors not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates on application.

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at the post office at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter.

VOL. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

NO. 5

Editorials.

Complying with the request of the staff, the Senior class elected the following officers to bear the responsibility of publishing this number of THE COLLEGIAN: Editors, Agnes R. King and R. J. M. Hobbs; associate editors, Leroy Briggs, Henry Davis, Lucy White, Anna Mendenhall, and Ethel Hodgins.

The Museum For a long time THE COLLEGIAN has been silent on one very important phase of our development, namely, that of our museum. Guilford possesses one of the finest college museums in the South. This is largely due to the labors of two men: Joseph Moore, professor of Biology and Geology, and T. Gilbert Pearson, former student, graduate and professor of Guilford, now secretary and treasurer of the North Carolina Audubon Society. For the past two or three years the museum has been under the charge of Professor Raymond Binford, who has done a great deal in the way of improvement. Last year three oak cases for the exhibition of minerals and eggs were added and one large case for birds. Now all the birds are in cases, the land birds being in one case and the water birds in another. This year another large case has been added for the exhibition of minerals.

In addition to this some valuable collections have been made and everything catalogued. Of course we cannot give a full account here, but the museum has been steadily improving and we hope, later, to give our readers a more detailed account in an article.

Competition In spite of all that has been said against competition, much can be said for it. It is a struggle—that must be admitted—but all life is a struggle. Among workmen competition is a struggle to advance toward higher wages; among masters, to make the highest profits; among writers and politicians, to succeed, to gain glory, reputation, and income. If you stop competition you check the progress of the individual and of the classes. You preserve a dead level. Success grows out of a struggle to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties there would be no successes. If there were nothing to struggle or compete for, there would be nothing achieved. Under competition the lazy man has to exert himself and it is well that he be under this necessity. And then the most useful inventions and improvements of the age have been the outgrowth of competition. It seems

to be necessary for stimulating the growth and culture of the individual.

There has been no little dissatisfaction on the part of alumni members of the Philagorean Society on account of the dissolution of that society. But in fact the society had gone down until it was hardly worthy of the name. It had lost all interest and energy. The very thing needed was what we now have—competition. There is not a member of either society who does not want her society to be better than the other, and this should be so. For with this in mind she will strive to realize something better and higher than she has yet achieved, thus helping both herself and her society.

The Faults of Others

The old Latin fable about our own and others' faults should be revived now and then by every one to prevent harshness of judgment. "Jupiter is said to have placed two wallets upon each one of us. The one filled with others' faults he suspended before our breast; the one containing our own faults he placed behind our backs." Most of us are prone, as Aesop saw, to search out other peoples' shortcomings and magnify them, while blindly overlooking their good qualities. This is doubly wrong; it is unjust to others, and it fosters pride in ourselves.

We often see students who are too lazy to solve their problems, but prefer to sit idly by and criticise others. A certain amount of criticism is in place, but such an attitude is not. We must overlook mistakes and blunders in others, while condemning the same things in ourselves. Do not stand off and point the finger of criticism, but go wholehearted into those phases of college life which need attention.

Conversation

The art of conversation is one of the hardest forms of etiquette to master, the one that is most desirable and also the one most disregarded. The mastery of this art involves many things. One must be quick to

perceive the thought and inclination of the mind and use one's words accordingly. Saying the right thing at the right time must become habitual. We readily see that these principles are exceedingly hard to acquire. Perhaps not all of us can ever become expert in the conversational art, but we can do much to improve our talents in that line. "Idle words" are too frequently indulged in by students. This term means many things, not only vulgar gossip, senseless gab and foolish wit, but also the extravagant use of words in general. Most of us engage in some of these, but by a little thought we could easily see the uselessness of it. Here is a chance to improve our ability to converse sensibly.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

It is rather significant that at the beginning of the new school term we should renew our vows to God and start out anew. This is what the Association girls did during a series of meetings conducted by Rev. White, Jan. 18-22. This was one of the most successful and most refreshing series of meetings which has ever been held in the Association. There were very few girls who did not take a stand for Christ. Now since we have decided to live more useful lives, let us do it. Of course revivals are a good thing, but I sometimes fear that people's religion is bounded by such meetings. At the time they are very active and no doubt intend to live better lives, but it is so easy to fall back into the old way of doing. I trust that every girl who has resolved to live an upright life will stick to the resolution.

On January 23 the social committee was "at home" to the December and January girls. There were seventeen present. The first part of the evening was taken up with a guessing contest, Lucille Hall being the successful contestant. In the latter part of the evening dainty refreshments were served.

The social committee is sorry to have lost one of its most energetic workers, Cletus Burgess.

The Association has drawn no little inspiration from the visit of a secretary from Danville, Va., Miss Lewis. On Sunday night she had charge of the Bible classes and on Thursday night prayer meeting. Her topic was "The Winsomeness of Christ." Both were very impressive services.

Other prayer-meetings have been led by Miss Benbow and Annie Stratford.

With February the new cabinet comes in. We feel that we have not always done our best, but the responsibility has been a great help to us. For the new cabinet we wish a most successful year.

A. R. K.

THE CLAY-PHILO. RECEPTION.

All during the holidays the Philomathians had something pleasant to be looking forward to on their return, for they were invited to visit the Clays at their first meeting this year, and when the time came not a girl was missing. It was the first time since the organization of the Philomathian Society and since the burning of the Clay hall that we had been entertained by them. Notwithstanding the difficulties into which the Clays were thrown, they overcame them as the Clays always do. The meeting was held in the auditorium of Memorial Hall, with Mr. Bonner presiding. The question of municipal ownership was very interestingly and pointedly discussed, on the affirmative by Elmer Braxton, and on the negative by Herry Lindley. The speakers made it plain that they knew what they were talking about and were well prepared. After the debate we were entertained by a French horn solo by Charles Vance, which was followed by a song by the Clay quintette, both of which showed that debating is not the only thing they can do well. After a few remarks from the Philomathians the literary exercises were over. Each girl was then given a Clay pipe tied with a purple and white ribbon and her partner had the corresponding stem. Refreshments were royally served and the occasion was worthy of the Society that gave it and will be long remembered.

But the bell at Founders had to put an end to this occasion, like most others, and its ringing was a disagreeable sound, but we left feeling that the Clays are worthy of much praise and giving them our best wishes for future success.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

By this time the work of the Y. M. C. A. for the spring term has been well launched and the prospects are fair for the best term's work the Y. M. C. A. has ever recorded.

During the first week of the new term, January 17-23, a very successful series of evangelistic meetings was conducted by Rev. J. W. White, of Greensboro. Rev. White is a forcible speaker and an enthusiastic worker. The first of the series was a joint meeting of the student body, both young men and young women. In this first meeting Rev. White won the confidence of the student body and every evening after that the Association hall was well filled with young men. As a result of these meetings some twenty or twenty-five men expressed their determination to live the Christian life. A number of Christian men who had grown indifferent were made to see their Christian obligations and renewed their vows. We have been greatly benefited by this series of meetings and we feel grateful to Rev. White, who gave us of his time so freely.

Rev. White was unable to be with us any longer than Friday night. Fortunately, however, Mr. W. E. Willis, traveling secretary for the Y. M. C. A. in the Southern States, came to us Saturday and we continued the meeting Saturday night. Mr. Willis presented the subject of "Systematic Bible Study for College Men." The meeting was immediately followed by a canvas to enroll men in Bible study. Fifteen men were enrolled. The classes already at work not being able to contain all of them, a new class was formed with N. Rush Hodgins as leader. The class has taken up the "Life of Christ, by Murry." This gives us nine classes in good working order, one class more than we have ever had before. It is to be hoped that not a fellow will drop out of these classes now organized. Bible study is one of the most valuable departments of association work and it rightly claims our earnest support.

The visit of Mr. Willis now, in the first of the term, was very opportune and he served us faithfully while here. In

addition to conducting our Bible Study Rally, he met a number of committees and conducted the regular Sunday evening prayer meeting.

A canvass has been made for a mission study enrollment and some new men enrolled.

Another phase of work that has been organized with splendid success is the grouping of young men in little prayer meetings in some student's room at the ringing of the first retiring bell. Five such prayer groups are in force and are well attended.

Thus the work has begun. How will it hold out? If every man that now has his shoulder to the wheel will stand to his Christian and manly duty it will continue with greater zeal than was manifested in the beginning. There are three principal ways by which each one can do this. First, by observing Bible study and prayer; second, by attending regularly the Thursday evening meetings, and third, by making use of every opportunity we have to help the other fellow along. The fellow that will conscientiously observe these three things need not fear about the development of his Christian life.

Athletics.

The occasional warm days have revived base ball, and from the number of boys out every afternoon it looks as if our spring practice has really begun. Every one is enthusiastic over the coming season and our prospects for a winning team are as good, if not better, than ever before. With White, Hill, R. Hobbs, R. Doak, and Stewart as a nucleus from last year's team, and such material as Ridgeway, Ray, Nelson, Davis, Edwards, Benbow, Moore and Woosley to pick from for the other positions, the boys are determined to hit the following schedule with a blow that will knock out victory:

March 25—Elon College, at Guilford.

March 26—Lafayette, at Greensboro.

March 27—Lafayette at Greensboro.

March 29—Bingham (Mebane), at Guilford.

March 31—Richmond College, at Greensboro.

April 3—Davidson, at Charlotte.

April 5—Villanova, at Greensboro.

April 7—Wake Forest, at Guilford.

April 8—Catawba, at Guilford.

April 10—U. of N. C., at Greensboro.

April 12—Davidson, at Greensboro.

April 15—Wake Forest, at Wake Forest.

April 16—A. & M., at Raleigh.

April 17—U. of N. C., at Winston-Salem.

April 22—U. of N. C., at Chapel Hill.

April 23—A. & M., at Greensboro.

April 26—U. of Va., at Charlottesville.

April 27—Richmond, at Richmond.

April 28—Randolph-Macon, at Ashland.

(A few of these dates have not been definitely arranged.)

Alumni Department.

The alumni will note with regret the passing of Susanna Osborne ('90), which occurred January 13. Susanna was teaching at the Cedar Hill school, near Vandalia, and returned to her boarding place after the day's work was over, dying suddenly that night. She was a valued member of the Friends meeting at Center, and with her sister, Barsina, has done much to preserve the historical records of that meeting.

Louis L. Hobbs, Jr., ('07) has been seriously ill with typhoid fever. He is now past the crisis and seems to be improving as fast as could be expected.

David H. Couch ('06), after graduating at Guilford spent two years in Boston making electrical engineering his specialty. He returned last spring and almost ever since has managed the college plant in a most satisfactory manner. But we could not expect less from David, for he was always satisfactory wherever he placed his energies. He and his mothers have a nice new home east of Dr. Fox's. Mrs. Crouch is enjoying a well-earned quiet after spending several years as matron with the Club boys of the college.

Terry D. Sharp ('05) is now teaching his second year as principal of the Guilford Graded School. Terry does not make much noise about it, but when thorough work is to be done, he has a part in the doing of it. The Graded School was never under better control.

C. O. Meredith, '00, W. G. Lindsay ('05) and T. D. Sharp, '05, are the three gentlemen members of a little circle which reads French on Friday evenings. It is barely possible that more than French is inserted between the lines. Time will tell.

J. Carson Hill ('01) was a recent visitor to the college. As chairman of the midwinter banquet committee he is very enthusiastic and hopes to have definite plans and announcements in the near future.

Vernon Brown ('97) is now situated at Washington, D. C., and would enjoy a handshake with Guilfordians who happen to be passing through our capital city.

Exchanges.

LEROY BRIGGS.

The fact that but few of our usual exchanges have arrived casts discredit on the editors of the late publications. We always read our exchanges with pleasure and are glad to have them criticise us, but we cannot wait for a January magazine which is published in February.

"The Radiant" is a strong magazine. It shows that it has the support of the student body by the material it contains. The essay on "The Character of Macbeth and Lessons Gained Therefrom" is well written and shows a knowledge of Shakespeare's mode of expression, and vocabulary. The other prose is praiseworthy. The poetry is good, both in quantity and style. We like to see a college magazine come out in as good order as this. It indicates ability.

"The Erskinian" is a fairly well balanced magazine. It contains several splendid essays and editorials. There is, however, a lack of poetry and stories which is noticeable and which offers opportunity for improvement.

"The Criterion" for January is especially interesting. "The Silent Influence" and "Transcendentalism as Shown in the Works of Wadsworth and Emerson" are the two best articles. The former shows originality and teaches a good lesson. The conclusion of the latter is well taken and certainly confirmed by facts. The stories, "Love Finds a Way," "A Christmas Scene" and "All Things Come to Them That Wait," are very good for their kind, but the kind is to be deplored. There has been developed in college magazines a formula by which all such contributions are written; briefly it is this: Suddenly discovered love; a quarrel, which plunges both parties into grief and sadness; a reunion and happiness. The scene is usually a colonial, or palatial country home and of course the lover must prove himself a hero. We can enjoy such a story once in a while, but they have become so common and often so far-fetched that it is worse than a waste of time to read

them. They will spice your magazine, but be sure it isn't spiced too strong.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: "The Radiant," "State Normal Magazine," "The Erskinian," "The Earlhamite," "The Criterion," "The Comenian," "The Wilmingtonian" and "The Lenorian."

Locals and Personals.

ETHEL HODGIN, } EDITORS.
HENRY DAVIS, }

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, I've flunked again."

Karl Jansen gave an interesting entertainment in Memorial Hall, January 30, in behalf of the Athletic Association.

Lura Hendrix (looking at the stars)—"Yonder is Juniper."

R. B.—"Papa, may I go to Concord?"

Mr. B.—"Yes, if you will get back by 4 o'clock (A. M.), here's five dollars.

We are glad to note that Louis Hobbs, who is at home with fever, is improving.

L. W. says she has Fitz continually.

Miss Lewis, Y. W. C. A. secretary, of Danville, Va., visited Miss Julia White recently.

Miss Gertrude Mendenhall entertained the Senior class by taking them to the Grand, January 27th, to hear Madame Calve.

Prof. H. (in English class)—"Where was Chaucer buried?"

R. K.—"In 1400."

Margaret Davis takes a lamp with her when she observes the stars.

Charles E. Jacob, of Dublin, Ireland, has been a visitor at the college recently. Mr. Jacob was on board the Baltic when she rescued the passengers of the Republic. His account of this thrilling disaster was very interesting.

Miss Bettie Hughes recently visited Annie Benbow at the college.

A. Holland (on psychology exam., discussing functions of the brain)—A frog with its head cut off will starve to death.

Secretary of Philomathean Society, reading minutes—"As there was no material on the subject in the Library, Josie Knight was fined 15c. for absence"—turning over two pages.

Miss Taylor—"Wasn't it a great temptation for McKinley's niece to go and live with King McKinley?"

Prof. J.—On what do people live in the grainless North?

Leslie—On things pertained from fishing and the hunt.

Prof. D.—Where is Pamphilia?

Senior—In the Bible.

Ask Misses Hodgkin, Richardson, and Hall the story of "The Three Vacant Chairs."

Miss Louise—Girls, by all means do not come back from the pond with the boys—it's too cold for a funeral procession.

One young lady after eating half a wedding cake, with the expectation of seeing her future husband in her dreams, said she had rather die than marry the man she saw.

Briggs (translating French)—"These trees around us are chestnut, poplar, mongolia (magnolia) and beech."

Mr. Lindsay is now giving the girls dumb-bell exercise twice a week in the gym.

Some of the astronomy girls have been carefully observing the movements of the "son" lately. We are sure that they should get good results if they make no miscalculation.

Bob to Henry—Do you know why Professor White likes to look at the moon so well—it is because it is round like a dollar.

LESLIE'S JOKE.

On the Fourth of July last year while a company of people were standing near a pond watching the people rowing and swimming, they saw two young people riding across the bridge in a buggy drawn by an ox. A short time afterward they

heard a great noise and turning saw the ox running on the bridge at a rapid rate. All watched eagerly, some holding their breath, others shouting whoa! whoa! at the top of their voices expecting a runaway. Luckily the ox was not much frightened and being very lazy soon stopped.

The final debate of the class series will take place March 6th between the Seniors and Sophomores. The question is, Resolved, That National Banks should be allowed to issue currency based on their assets, subject to government control and a guarantee tax.

We enjoyed some fine skating on February 1st and 2nd. Ask "Calf" Nicholson how the water was.

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

PHILOMATHIAN.

Gertrude Frazier, President

Mary R. White, Secretary

Elizabeth Jackson, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

R. S. Doak, President

J. G. Briggs, Secretary

B. M. Nichols, Marshal

HENRY CLAY.

C. D. Benbow, President

Robert Collier, Secretary

J. C. Whittaker, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Flora White, President

Leora Chapel, Secretary

Mattie Doughton, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association.

W. T. Boyce, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Agnes R. King, President

Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

E. V. Floyd, President

Lucy O'B. White, Secretary

Athletic Association.

Henry Davis, President

E. L. Hudson, Sec. and Treas.

J. E. Sawyer, Vice-Pres.

T. B. Whitaker, Foot Ball Mgr.

N. Rush Hodgkin, Base Ball M'gr.

Efrid Hine, Tennis Manager

C. C. Smithdeal, Track Manager

R. J. M. Hobbs, B'ket Ball M'gr.

Classes.

SENIOR

A. A. Dixon, President

Margaret E. Peele, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

W. H. Welch, President

Flora White, Secretary

JUNIOR

Leroy Miller, President

Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

John Woosley, President

Hazel Harmon, Secretary

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXI.

MARCH, 1909.

NO. 6

NEMESIS.

On approaching Cuba from the Gulf of Mexico one sees beyond the blue of the deeper sea a narrow belt of shallow banks of coral reef, and in front of this the rugged coast. The beautiful city of Havana, only a few feet above, is in view, with its gayly-colored houses glaring in the tropical sunlight. East of Havana the foliage-covered land rises from one to two hundred feet, and on the height of these cliffs stand the fortifications of Morro and Cabanas.

The imposing white walls of Cabanas Castle, with its iron-grated windows have an appearance of grandeur rather than terror. It is on entering and passing through the governmental apartments to the dark corridors between innumerable cells that the spirit of depression takes hold of one. Through the open doors the sunlight may be seen straggling in by way of small windows near the ceiling. This part of the building is unused now, and only the imaginative can see thin, ragged figures huddled in the shadowed corners. The visitor is still shown a cell so small that the prisoner thrust into it could neither lie down nor stand up; and in another room may be seen a spiked iron collar which was formerly nailed to the wall, where the wretched victim of Spanish torture stood days and nights succeeding, the spikes cutting into his neck when he nodded.

These are only reliques of a former day, and the anguish of this struggle for freedom is slowly fading from memory. After one has passed from this dreary place into the light, and mingles with the richly-dressed minions of society in some

fashionable part of the city, the scenes of the interior of Cabanas Castle are but a vague dream.

My story is of a different time, with conditions strangely at variance with the prosperous island of the present. Go back with me to the year of our Lord 1898, after years of oppression, extortion, and cruelty on the part of the captain-generals and priests sent over from Spain, after the administration of Weyler, who is reported to have destroyed a fourth of the population by starvation and slaughter, to the time when the land was convulsed in a last desperate effort to throw off the tyranny of Spain.

It was at nightfall that the Spanish officer stood at the door of the hovel which the widow and daughter of one of Cuba's heroes had made their temporary dwelling place. The dark eyes of the man glowed with smothered emotion and with tightly compressed lips he turned away, but casting another glance backward, he stopped and faced the senorita again.

As she stood before him the dress of coarse white linen hung loosely about the small figure. Her dusky hair was parted and drawn back from her forehead in soft waves. On her face rested that composure which comes after much trouble, and in her eye shone the steady light of hope—hope that has gained confidence from having survived many conflicts. As the man looked at her there seemed to be a royal grandeur in her bearing. His gaze fell on her small, dark hands and arms, now devoid of ornament, and he pictured those hands bejeweled with his gifts.

"Teresa," he said, coming nearer her, "does your poverty not make you unhappy? Once again I plead with you: Go to Spain as my wife, grace the mansion of my fathers, adorn your queenly form as suits your fancy, and mingle in the gayest of society."

She looked at her bare arms and simple dress and answered:

"Senor Juan, I once had gold, silks, and precious stones; I gave them up in order to raise money for furthering the plan of one who has my heart in all things."

"Who is this young man?" almost peremptorily demanded the officer.

Teresa hesitated a moment, and then answered with pride:

"He is the flash of lightning that strikes ere you hear him coming; he is Francisco, the son of General Gomez."

The senor's face grew darker in his wrath.

"This is the man I hate above all men. He has gone into the subdued parts of Cuba, inciting the quiet and putting arms into their hands. He has been in co-operation with the newspaper reporters from America, shipping them into the most guarded places incognito. But for him, the rebellion would have been completely crushed ere this. To think of your beauty being wasted on that spark of brimstone! But I tell you for a certainty you will never see him again—."

She drew herself up with apparent scorn.

"Senor," she said, "you can no more stop him than you can stop the wind. As surely as he lives he will come to me. Through dangers small and great he will come to me."

Senor Juan smiled cruelly.

"Hardly, I think. He is behind lock and bolt on the third floor of Cabanas."

The senorita looked into his eyes, and blinded, stunned, rigid, she dropped upon her knees. Her uplifted hands were clasped in dumb appeal; but the silent prayer was unheeded, and the crescent moon poured her mild light on but one figure in the doorway.

The night was growing late when the Spanish officer, now seated at his table, busily despatching directions, was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Did you follow my orders?" he asked of the two soldiers that entered.

"We did, Senor," was the answer.

"I heard no sound. My window is open, and so is that of his cell. Is it possible that he died without a groan?"

"Without an expression of pain and without so much as a cue of the plans of the insurrectionists."

"I would I had waited until my work was done, and seen to it myself."

"Senor, you could not have applied the torture more thoroughly than we did. We used the thumb-screw, and he said not a word. Once with his unhurt hand he drew a picture from his pocket and his lips moved, but we heard nothing. Then we put him on the rack, and the same stony silence continued, until the whiteness of his face and the slack of his pulse proclaimed him beyond our power. We now come to ask what disposition you wish to be made of the body."

"Have you completed the trap door in the end of the passage overhanging the waters?"

"Yes, senor."

"Drop him through it. This contrivance will prove a great convenience to us. The sharks are thick in the water beneath and there is not much probability of even a live man reaching land when he goes through that door—but stay!" he broke off, as his mind reverted to the picture on Francisco's person, "I am nearly through with these messages, and will attend to that myself. You are off duty for the remainder of the night."

An hour later Senor Juan made his way up the winding stairs to the further end of the corridor. The sound of his steps was smothered in the soft carpet slippers, and the stillness was unbroken save by a creak of the floor.

Carefully, stealthily, he felt his way through the darkness. He who walked fearlessly and harshly by day, striking terror to the unfortunate captive who might hear his approaching steps, shrank now as if from the contact of some invisible hand.

The door of Francisco's cell had been left ajar, and as the Spaniard reached it he stood petrified. The moonlight fell aslant the window's iron bars directly on the pallid face of Francisco, whose head had been raised from the floor and rested limply on an arm encircling his neck. The figure in white which knelt beside him was not in the light, but its outline could be distinguished, and with a deep, burning pain, the

Spaniard fancied he saw Teresa bending over the lifeless form, while an inward voice knelled the words:

"He is victorious even in death!"

The placid, upturned face showed no accusation, but the unreality of the scene rendered him powerless to investigate; or perhaps it was the memory of departed ones whom he had overwhelmed with destruction that he might enrich himself with their possessions.

With a sickening depression he turned away. The awful stillness and darkness of the castle was more horrible to him than the sounds of instruments of torture or screams of death. Down the steps he passed and at their landing was about to go toward his office, when the uncanny, nerve-racking feeling of a presence stopped him. Blank darkness, nothingness, it might seem, lay before him, and yet he recoiled as from some unseen object. For a moment he hesitated, and then with the force of determination, stepped unsteadily forward. His outstretched hand touched some cold, mouldy substance. Only for an instant its clammy chill was sensible to his fingers, and then it noiselessly, invisibly, receded.

With the stifled cry of "Madra di Dios!" he turned in the opposite direction and fled as if pursued by fiends.

"Where am I?" was his bewildered thought, as the force of his speed hurled him against the wall at the extreme end of the passage. Then the floor beneath creaked and suddenly opened, precipitating him from the height of Cabanas Castle to the waters below.

There was much surprise in the castle next day, when it was reported that Senor Juan was missing. Still greater was the wonder when the fact was ascertained that Francisco, who was thought to have been put to death, had escaped.

C. S. W.

AN ODE TO THE '12's.

'Tis now after ten o'clock—

A late hour for a "Freshie" elf

But I must write an ode

To the class of 1912.

O, Morpheus, take away your arms,

For here Minerva's sought

To give, ah, yes, give unto me

Some wise and brilliant thought.

'Tis all over! This little poem,

Small as the "widow's mite;"

But don't you know the class will owe

For the rest I've lost tonight.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

As we look back over the years, and recall to mind the great men of our land, especially the writers, we love to think of one who was indeed the "Founder of American Literature," Washington Irving. Born while the British troops were still in the possession of New York, and living until a year before Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, he seems to have lived in the atmosphere of all that could make him a great writer.

We not only like to think of Irving's works, but also of the man himself. His genial disposition, his manhood, and deep appreciation of all that is good and noble, appeal to the highest type of manhood.

As a child, Irving was beloved by all with whom he came in contact, and he seems to have imbibed some of the noblest traits of his character from the man whose name he bore. He carried through life the blessing of our first President, which was bestowed upon him when only an infant.

Growing up in New York City, his birthplace, he was constantly in touch with the most important events of the times, and being always a keen observer, knew something of the world and its ways.

He stood aloof from the politics and other public affairs of his time, and began the study of law, but this was not his sphere. He seems to have been fitted alone for a writer. He loved literature for its own sake, and not as an end of some special attainment.

Irving began writing in a time when there were very few writers in America, and it is for this reason he may be truly called the real founder of American literature. He raised American literature to a high standard, and though many other writers have come after him, there is not one whose works we delight in more. He appealed to every sphere of human life, from childhood to old age. For what child is there who does not love to hear the stories of Rip Van Winkle or Ichabod Crane? Or what older person who does not read

with a keen interest his stories of Shakespere's home, or his stories of New York?

When young, Irving traveled very extensively in Europe, and it was there that he got the material of some of his best works. He was always a great reader of travel and romances, and when a mere boy preferred loitering around the wharves and to dream of lands across the sea, to going to school.

Between the years of 1842 and 1852, he bought the property on the east bank of the Hudson, north of Tarrytown, to which he gave the name of "Sunnyside." The scenery around this estate was magnificent, and he showed his keen and sincere appreciation of the beautiful in his many descriptions of scenes around Tarrytown. The scene of many of his stories was laid there and we think of his home as being very strange and weird.

We can picture the ride of Ichabod Crane at midnight as Irving seems to have pictured him riding through the woods near Tarrytown, and think of the long sleep of Rip Van Winkle among the Catskill Mountains.

His shorter stories are combined in one volume well known as the "Sketch Book," but he wrote several longer ones, some of which are, Knickerbocker's History of New York, Bracebridge Hall, and Tales of a Traveler, all of which were written when Irving was between twenty-six and forty-one years of age.

He lived at Sunnyside until his death on November 28, 1859, just a short time after his completion of the fifth and final volume of "Washington."

Though dead in body, Irving still lives in the hearts of not only the American people, but of all people who have read and heard of his works, and his influence will continue to live as long as the world lasts.

E. V. S.

ELBERT'S SUCCESS.

"I'm very sorry you must go—couldn't there be a way provided? I will miss you not only as a class mate, but as a friend in whom I have the greatest trust. But we will all be doubly glad to see you return next fall. Of course you will write often?"

These words, spoken by Grace Lee on the day before Elbert Winburn's departure, were repeated over and over in his mind as he sat listlessly gazing out upon the care-free throng of the street in a western town, one cold, cloudy day in January. Every one seemed to have the spirit of the weather except himself and hurried around on their morning errands, joking each other as they met.

Young Winburn had been compelled to leave his beloved class and friends on account of his father's failure in business and was now battling with the greedy world for gain, in a dreary office of an old miner named Keats. This trial was made harder because he had been wealthy, and, although he was far from being indolent, he did not like his present work. He was thinking—"Would he go back next fall as *she* expected? and if he did not—would *she* care?" He was going over the exercises of their class day and seemed to see her looking so blushing sweet and modest as she stepped forward to receive her diploma—when his reverie was interrupted by the gruff voice of his employer:

"Have you balanced that account yet?"

"No, sir," and Elbert turned to his hated task, despising himself for whiling away his master's time. He resolved that it should not happen so again. "I will do my best, however hard it may be," he thought, so day after day he came to the office promptly and poured industriously over complicated books, sometimes staying later than was required. By his good business qualities and his polite manner to his employer, Elbert soon won a place worthy of praise in the old man's opinion. The miner closely watched Elbert's habits and work for four long months—when finally he decided that here was

the man that he wanted in partnership, as he needed some strong, young mind to help carry on the task he himself had begun. He was getting too old to do the hard work that his business required. Having fully made up his mind on the subject, one day he called Elbert into his private office. The boy went, hardly knowing what to expect. If he were "discharged" he had the consolation of knowing he had tried to do his duty and please Mr. Keats, however short he had come of his mark.

"Good morning, sir," said Elbert, in the same cheerful tone that he had always greeted his employer.

"Good morning."

"I believe you called for me, sir?"

"Yes; be seated until I have finished this letter."

What could he want? He went over the past months thinking of almost every word and deed he had said or done in that time. Still he could not bring himself to believe this meant any misfortune to him—he could only wait and see. At last the letter was finished, sealed, and given to the office boy to be posted. Old Keats slipped his big spectacles up on his broad forehead, leaned back in his office chair, which creaked under his enormous weight, looking at his bookkeeper.

"Lad, what is your plan for life?" he said at last.

"Why, sir, I had not decided definitely upon my life work, as I was compelled to leave college before I had completed my course."

"Do you expect to finish now?"

"That is my intention."

"If you were offered a good position—say one hundred per month, now, do you think you would take it and not finish your education?"

"Well, sir, I don't think I am prepared to answer, as there is no likelihood of such an offer at present, but I don't believe I would accept."

"Well, my boy, you have said exactly what I hoped and expected you would. Your record has been such since you have been in my employment that I have decided you are essential

to the progress of my business, and I have called you to ask if you would consent to have the sign of the establishment read "Keats and Winburn" in the course of a year or two? I also wish you to go back east and take up college life where you left off last year, and when you have finished, come back and I will have a place for you. Will you consent?"

The boy was so surprised and overjoyed he could not answer at once. In a moment he gained control of himself and replied thus:

"My dear sir, you cannot know how much your offer means to me. I am unable to tell you how deeply grateful I am to you. One year ago when I stepped from the train at this station to seek employment, all my fondest hopes were blighted and I thought even if I were able to carry them out in the future it would mean a long time of work and economy and you have made it possible for me now. I assure you I will do my best in college this year to better prepare myself so that you may never regret your choice."

"Thank you, my boy; already I feel younger. Under the stress of business I fear I have sometimes seemed rather cold and harsh in my manner toward you. I assure you it was not meant that way. You may leave tomorrow, so that you may have a vacation before entering into your school work—Good day."

For a long time Elbert sat in the deepest study. In his hand he held a letter which he had but that morning received. It was from Grace. She had been kind enough to answer his letters and these answers were looked for by Elbert more eagerly than he himself would admit. But he knew that she was more to him than any one else in the world. On account of his position he had not dared to tell her of his love—he would answer her letter in person, and then closing the office he hurried to his room to prepare for the journey on the morrow.

A year has passed; our hero has graduated with honors and is now on his way back to the West for the second time. But, oh! such a different journey this is to be from the first one,

when he had set out all alone to work. He is not alone this time. Standing on the platform waving good bye to the numerous friends is Elbert Winburn and—Grace.

C. C. M.



FRESHMAN CLASS POEM.

In the fall of 1908
Our class, just thirty strong,
Marched up to the doors of old G. C.
To join her sturdy throng.

Swiftly the first few days passed by,
Though they were not serene,
For a portion of our number
Defied those who called us green.

As we were soon approached
By those both tall and strong,
Our troubles were soon ended,
By giving a dance and song.

So to us the doors are opened
And our hearts are filled with glee,
For with the watchword "Progress,"
We'll not long Freshmen be.

L. A. W.

THE JAPANESE PROBLEM.

The menace of the yellow peril has not been exaggerated or overdrawn. No one who has lived for any length of time upon the far western strip of the continent can fail to appreciate the gravity of the Japanese problem. For years past the land of the Mikado has been contributing shipload after shipload of immigrants to our western coast towns, and the character of these immigrants has not been by any means of the best. Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle are beginning to swarm with the little yellow men. They have monopolized many important lines of industry, not hesitating to demand the highest wages and by means of secret conclaves have made most exorbitant demands. They have assumed an air of supremacy which has been very obnoxious. The man on the western coast hates the Jap. even more than he hates a Chinaman.

This does not begin to complete the catalogue of grievances against the Jap. The worst feature of the problem is furnished by the spectacle which is daily presented in the public schools. Here grown up Japs, many of whom, in addition to being ignorant are also vicious and immoral, occupy seats side by side with the innocent young children. The evil possibilities are easy enough to imagine. In view of these facts let us proceed with some degree of caution, when we undertake to criticise our Anglo-Saxon brethern on the Pacific coast.

It has been said that the Jap. who comes to America receives refinement and western civilization, but if we will investigate the matter, we will find that the ones who receive this culture are those who are educated in the public schools of Japan and come to this country entering the universities, not the hordes who come to our western coast seeking fortunes and grasping everything within their reach. This class bring their morals and religion with them and do not attempt to throw them off. In some of our western towns the Japs are actually building pagadas and temples, and are worshipping in the same pagan way. Still we let these heathen go to school with our enlightened American boys and girls. While we

believe strongly in religious toleration we feel that these pagan altars are inimical to our Christian civilization.

The Japs belong to an alien race and can never be made what the American is, and between two different types of mankind there exists antagonism. We must not say that the Japs do not possess many excellent qualities, but we can say that they are not on a level with the American citizen, and if we wish to preserve this republic and the Anglo-Saxon race we must not permit so many of them to enter our country nor admit them to the public schools, and debar them from mingling with our people in the future as they have in the past.

In speaking of the school question we must give the westerner what the southerner has already had. We may say that the Jap is not as bad as the negro, and is nearly as good as the white man, but that is what our northern brethren said about us not long ago. If we will study the Pacific coast question closely we will find that the Jap is looked down upon as being as low in character as the negro. Yet, if it were only the young Japanese children that are to be contended with it would be a different question, but think of seventy-five per cent. of them being between the age of fifteen and twenty years, sitting side by side in school with the little white child from six to ten years of age, then we can see the need of a law excluding the older ones at least from the public schools of this land.

The west is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures, forests vast and primeval, and rivers that tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Now when we realize these things, we can plainly see that our very existence depends upon the right solution of this great problem.

Among some of the narrow-minded people the idea of war has prevailed. It has not been a question of war with Japan. The only thing that hurt the Jap, was the articles aimed at

him by some of our unthoughtful American authors and published in our newspapers. There has never been friction between the two governments, and to use the words of our minister at Tokyo: "There can never exist between the two nations relations other than friendly." If war should come when will we choose it? Now, or will we wait until our country is entirely flooded with the yellow men. Today, there are Japs. enough in California alone to raise an army of over forty thousand grown men, and when will it be better for us? Now, or when the remainder of the coast states can raise Japanese armies of this vast number?

We must stand for this republic and for the preservation of the Anglo-Saxon race, the race that God has sent farther ahead in enlightenment than any other. If we permit the Japanese people to enter the public schools and associate with the upgrowing generation, the boys and girls will have the impression that the two races are equal and will soon mix with them, so that within a few decades hence the government of the United States will be run by a mixture of the Japs and Anglo-Saxons. Our present race will be lowered to a level with orientalism. Is it any wonder then that serious students contemplate with a degree of scorn the racial future of Anglo-Saxon America?

If we give the Japanese right of way here we must also give the Chinese, Koreans, and other Asiatics the same. There is already a complaint coming from the Chinese and Koreans on the Pacific coast, because they are barred from the public schools while their brethren the Japs. are admitted. This complaint is not without foundation. It is true we admire the Japanese nation. We admire their pluck and marvellous development of recent years, but the Jap as we see him on the Pacific coast is not a good representative of his government.

The frontier of the white man's world must be made some day and some where. Unless this generation establishes it at the Pacific coast no future generation will have the privilege of establishing it so far west, or to maintain it anywhere except by war and permanent lines of garrisoned fortresses.

For all national sins save one there is forgiveness. This one we committed long years ago, when our forefathers brought the negroes to live among white men, and the curse is upon the south today, so, will the same curse be upon the west a few years hence if there is not something done to stop it.

This is not a plea for entire exclusion, but a plea of the unborn generations of the west, to be born of occidental blood and under American institutions. It is a reminder to us not to surrender to the hordes of the east at the culmination of our civilization, the victory which the heroes at Thermopalae won for us at the beginning in the east.

F. R. H.



OUR AUTHORS.

Why do men write?
Is it passion?
Do we think our authors bright
In their moulded thought and action,
Gives vent for other's light?

Is it for a tribute
To the world of literature?
Do our authors plan
For knowledge seekers to pursue
The action of their soul?
Or is it merely gain—
The fancy of the few
That marks the lowest aim
The human mind can hold?

Nay; it is a longing,
A rising in the soul
That prompts men's minds to plotting
The anthem and the ode.

K. R. A.

DICK'S MISFORTUNE.

"My gracious!" exclaimed George Robins as soon as he reached his room, and found that all his money had been stolen.

"What is the trouble?" asked Will Jessup, who was sick in bed with a fever.

"I"—(then thinking of Will's being sick) he answered, "Oh, nothing."

He quickly rushed out of his room down the steps to the Governor's office. He went in and told the Professor the whole story. His father had just sent him enough money to pay his tuition and buy a suit of clothes with. He got the money on the night's mail and when he changed his clothes to go to society he forgot to take the things from his pockets. The Professor told him to just keep quiet a while, and some trace of it could probably be found.

George went back to his room very much troubled. It went the worse with him because he could not tell his room-mate, on account of his sickness. George could think of no one who, in his mind, would dare to do such a thing; but his money was gone and some one was obliged to have taken it. He thought of what his father said in the letter; of how hard it was for him to spare the money which he had just sent. Deciding that he would have to leave school if he did not get the money, and also thinking that matters would get worse the longer they were put off, he went back to the office and demanded that the building be searched.

The governor asked him if he suspicioned any one.

"Professor, you know that there has been lots of talk of the dishonesty of Hull; but if he did not, I can't imagine any one that did it. Dick Morgan left society tonight, but I don't believe he would do any such thing, do you?"

"No! not him, you know. He has been here two years and I never knew a more honest and upright boy."

While they were talking, some one tipped up to the door,

noticing that no one knocked the Professor quickly opened it.

"I was fixing to knock, Professor."

"It takes you a long time to fix. Come on in Hull, what are you so nervous about?"

Hull told him that he wanted some liniment for his sore arm. He could hardly wait till it was handed to him before he was out of the room. The Professor and George got some Seniors and began at once to search the house. Hull's room was the second one they visited; but finding no trace of money they continued, very much surprised at not finding it in Hull's room, after he had shown so much guilt. As they left his room he yelled out very angrily: "I would like to have the man that did that by the nap of the neck. I bet they expell him, if they catch him."

While the party were leaving a room they saw Dick Morgan coming up the steps with something under his arm. He stopped when he first saw them; but at once started on to his room. They asked him what he had under his arm, and where he had been; but he did not answer so that he could be understood. He went into his room and locked the door. The party hesitating a moment went up to his door and knocked. As there was no response, immediately they rushed against the door, and knocked it open with the hope of catching him with the money, because his was the last room to be searched. Just as they entered, Dick raised up from near the foot of his bed, under which he had placed his bundle. The searchers at once began to look for the wanted money. They raised up the mattress right near Dick, and there lay the purse with all the money, except fifteen dollars, that had been removed.

Dick tried in vain to get them to believe that it was placed there by some one else, that he knew nothing at all about it. They asked him why he had locked his door, and why he was standing so near the place, if he was not guilty. He told them that he had some things to eat in his bundle and when he heard them coming he hid them in a box under the bed. This had but very little effect. The party went out of the room all

complimenting themselves over their success, except the Governor. He said nothing.

The next morning Dick was summoned to meet the President. The President said, "Dick, I am sorry and very much surprised that this has happened. You must leave school." Dick tried to explain; but the President told him to get out and have no words, that it would do no good to argue. He left the office almost heartbroken. He was a boy who had very much patience and endurance, but he had never experienced anything like this. He considered being expelled from college the greatest disgrace that could come to a boy. As he returned to the dormitory he saw the ambulance leave with Will Jessup. Jessup had become worse during the night, and the doctor thought that he had better be carried to the hospital.

Dick went into his room, packed his trunk, and got ready to leave on the ten o'clock train. As he walked down to the station he began to think of meeting his father and mother, who were always so overjoyed when he came home. His mother was a tender-hearted Christian woman. How Dick hated to think of telling her what he was sent home for. Although he wanted her sympathy he knew this would nearly break her heart. But the thing that shocked him to his very bones, was the thought of meeting his father. He was a man who loved honor. He delighted in seeing the good report that Dick was making. He looked forward to the time when his son would graduate with the 'highest honors' and go out into the world with a purpose of making a man of himself. Dick knew his father's thoughts and he knew how he would express himself when such news reached him. He also thought of his young friends who were always so glad to welcome him among them. All would be turned against him; he would be without friends. No one would sympathize with him or believe what he would tell them if he undertook to clear himself. But all these things must be met and he must meet them as best he could.

He reached his home that night. His people were expecting him. His father had received a letter from the college explain-

ing the whole matter. They soon began to talk the trouble over. His mother tried to encourage him by telling him to not worry that it would all be worked out all right. His father talked very harsh and angrily. He said that he would not be sent home by sensible men if he was not guilty.

Three weeks passed slowly away. Dick felt that he had no friends except his mother. It seemed that his father never spoke a kind word to him.

One morning while the three were sitting together in the house, each engaged in doing something, Mr. Morgan suddenly began to talk about how all his plans had been destroyed by Dick's roguery. Dick, as he was getting in the habit of doing, got up and left the room.

"Mr. Morgan, I wish you would not say anything more to Dick for a while," said Dick's mother after he had left the room. "The boy has troubled himself nearly crazy—even if he did steal that money he has well repented; and if he did not, you are doing him a great injustice."

"Of course he did it," railed out Mr. Morgan.

While they were talking some one brought in the mail. There was a letter from the college, with a delivery stamp on it. Mr. Morgan hastily tore it open and began to read. He had read but four or five lines before he called Dick.

After telling him about the letter he said, "Dick, I am glad that you are not guilty of that deed. Now, I have the money. Get ready and leave for the college on the noon train. If you need any clothes or shoes go down town and get them. Your mother will help you pack your trunk."

Dick got everything ready and left on the noon train. It was a joyful day for him. When he arrived at the college several of the boys had come to the station to meet him.

The Guilford Collegian

Published Monthly by the
Henry Clay, Philomathean, Websterian and Zetasian Literary
Societies

Editors

R. J. M. HOBBS, '09, CHIEF, *Clay*.

MARGARET DAVIS, '09, *Phil*.

LUCY O'B. WHITE, '09, *Zetasian*

LEROY MILLER, '10, *Websterian*

Associate Editors

AGNES R. KING, '09, *Phil*.

A. M. BONNER, '10, *Clay*.

E. S. KING, '10, *Websterian*.

Flora White, '11, *Zetasian*

Business Managers

W. T. BOYCE '09, CHIEF, *Websterian*

MARGARET E. PEELE, '09, *Phil*.

ANNIE MENDENHALL, '09, *Zetasian*

C. C. SMITHDEAL, '11, *Clay*.

Terms

One Year, \$1.00.

Single Copy, 15 Cents.

All matter for publication should reach the editors not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates on application.

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at the post office at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter.

VOL. XX1.

MARCH, 1909.

NO. 6

Editorials.

The Freshmen class in presenting this issue of THE COLLEGIAN feels very keenly its inability to send out such an issue as is befitting to this magazine. Nevertheless the task was ours, and we hope we have not made an utter failure. Whatever success may have been attained in this work falls to a large extent on the Freshmen class as a whole. The Freshmen

staff, which consists of the following editors, J. B. Woosley, Mary I. White; associate editors, B. M. Nichols, Henry W. Smith and Lura Hendricks, wish to thank the other members of the class for their hearty co-operation in this work.

The Cinder Path. Ever since Guilford has been a college the question of satisfactory transportation from the college to the station, one mile distant, has remained practically unsolved. It was thought that when the macadam road from Greensboro to the college was built, and when an automobile line was established over this road, that at least a substitute was found. But even this failed for during the past few months the so-called macadam road became impassable for this car. Then we were left either to wade the mud to the station or to make use of a very undesirable sort of transportation.

The inconvenience and unpleasantness of both of these means of getting to the station when the roads were muddy brought to mind a third plan. This plan was that of building a cinder path from the college to the station. Accordingly when the call for money came, the people of the community, as well as the students and faculty, responded to it liberally. As a result we now have a cinder path which by the next winter will be sufficiently tramped and packed that one will be able to walk to the station without such inconveniences as losing an overshoe or being covered with mud.

The Expression Class. Two years ago the class of nineteen hundred and five established a prize to be awarded every year to the member of the Freshman class who, after taking a course in reading and elocution, should write and deliver the best oration at the end of the Freshman year. Since then the prize has been endowed and the income each year is used in the purchase of a gold medal.

In the spring of nineteen hundred and eight, under the

excellent training of Professor S. H. Hodgin, the first oratorical contest of this kind was given. These orations proved to be of a high character bringing much benefit to their authors. This shows that the students are grateful to the class which has been so interested in them, and are endeavoring to take every advantage which this opportunity offers. There has been no less enthusiasm shown by the class of nineteen hundred and twelve, for a number have followed the class with interest and are striving to make the contest to be given in the coming spring even better than the preceding one. No Freshman should let this opening pass without trying to overcome the timidity which haunts every new speaker.

The alumni of Guilford College could in no way have benefited their institution more than by this commendable action, and we hope that more of the classes will follow their example in spending their energy and means in ways that will widen the opportunities of the younger children of their Alma Mater.

On Reading Good Literature.

Is it not worth our while as college students to avail ourselves of every opportunity possible for reading good literature? The benefits derived therefrom will be our store-house of knowledge in years to come when we are thrown upon our own resources.

While we are young is the time to develop our minds and characters and nothing will have any more influence in that direction than good wholesome reading. If we read trashy novels and newspapers altogether, as some of us seem inclined to do, our minds will become so weakened that we shall not have the power to think for ourselves—to our own pleasure or profit in the after years of our lives.

Good reading helps us in our conversation with our fellow-students; if we have read anything worth while our conversation may become a pleasure to us and a benefit to them, otherwise it is likely to be laborious, silly and worthless. Then, too, when we are thrown with strangers they will soon detect what

kind of literature we have been indulging in and will judge us accordingly.

But it is not enough simply to read good books, we must read them properly. Much depends on the way in which we read them. Bacon in his essay on Studies says, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested." This means that some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not attentively, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.

After all, therefore, much is necessarily left to our own judgment in the matter. Let us at any rate decide to read more of the good books to which we now have access, and to read them intelligently.

The Importance of the Freshman Year. There is without doubt a great deal of importance attached to every college year, but it seems to us that the Freshmen year is more important than any other. A student when he enters college must have associates. These associates will tend either toward the upbuilding of character or toward the tearing down of that already established. Of necessity these associations are formed in the Freshmen year. Therefore, we can see its importance in this respect.

Not only is the Freshmen year important in regard to the forming of associations, but also the actual standing of a student throughout the college course is determined in a large measure by the quality of work he does as a Freshman. If he makes good the first year of his course he has gained several great advantages. He has formed the most essential habit, that of doing well the work before him. He has gained the trust and confidence of the faculty. And he has won the respect and honor of the student body, a thing which in itself is a recompense as great as the effort put forth by the student. On the other hand, if when he enters college he drags along in his work, perhaps drops a study because he can see no immediate use of it, and even then lets the remainder of his work

go half done, to say nothing of his indifference to the other organizations for the development of the well-rounded man, then he will become insignificant, not only in the estimation of the faculty, but also in the estimation of that class of students which is so essential to a good college community. That old adage that a bad beginning will make a good ending is untenable in regard to the college course.



Athletics.

Interest in athletics was never more marked at Guilford than it is at the present time. There are two principal reasons for this: first, the baseball season is drawing near; and second, the track meet of all the principal colleges in North Carolina will be held in Greensboro on the nineteenth of April.

With the opening of spring came the baseball fever. All of the old team that are here are hard at work, and the work among the new men is encouraging. The field is full every evening with new men, and the contest for the vacant places is very sharp. The question that is uppermost in the minds of the students now is, will Guilford come up to her usual standard? That she has a hard schedule goes without saying. But with a large per cent. of last year's team, back, and with such new men of promise as Ridgeway, Beeson, and others, it can be safely said that nothing short of her old standard will satisfy her.

Not only is there interest shown in baseball circles, but also the coming track meet in Greensboro is receiving its share of attention. Daily practice is being taken in vaulting, sprinting, hurdling, and various other forms of athletics. Winslow, who ranked last spring along with the best vaulters of the State, is getting himself in shape for the meet. Davis, Ray, Briggs, and others are engaged in sprinting, and in fact there is everywhere marked interest in all forms of athletics. We are confidently hoping that by the time of the meet that the men representing Guilford will be in a position to take off the honors which are due to her as one of the leading colleges of the State.

J. B. W.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The annual business meeting of the Association was held early in February. On this occasion Mr. Boyce, the retiring president, reviewed the work of the past year; showed that much real progress has been made and expressed his desire that the work might continue to prosper in the hands of the new cabinet. Mr. Boyce has served the Association faithfully and as he retires he leaves the work better organized than it has been in a number of years.

The reports given by the chairmen of the various committees were encouraging. It was with satisfaction that we learned that the finances of the Association are now on a sound basis. Although there is not much money in the treasury, back debts have been paid and we know where we stand. There is enough of the Permanent Conference Fund on hand to aid several in attending the Southern Students' Conference to be held at Montreat next June, and it is hoped a large delegation can be secured.

The work of the Bible-study department throughout the year has been excellent. Eight classes were organized in the fall and recently another has been added to the list. Ninety-five men have been enrolled, though of course the regular attendance has not been this large. Both the men in the classes and the leaders have shown real interest in the work and we know that much good will result from this study.

The regular Thursday evening meetings have been excellent in character and as a rule well attended. A greater number of men have taken part in the prayer service than in former times. This has given life to the meetings. Both students and members of the Faculty have responded readily when called upon to lead the meetings. Last spring, as is our custom, we had a series of life work addresses for which able speakers were procured. We expect to have these calls to various kinds of Christian service presented again this year.

It is hard for us to give a summary of all the work accomplished. We will content ourselves with saying that the Asso-

ciation has been a force for righteousness and has helped the men to live better and cleaner lives.

The following men were elected to serve as officers for the year ending February 1910: President, Edward S. King; vice-president, William H. Welch; secretary, Fletcher T. Bulla; treasurer, Charles C. Smithdeal; marshal, Artie D. Hopkins.

The chairmen of committees in the new cabinet are: R. H. Fitzgerald, Religious Meetings; Leroy Miller, Bible Study; E. L. Hudson, Mission Study; John E. Sawyer, Membership; C. C. Smithdeal, Finance; Worth Anderson, Social. The respective committees are now organized and we hope the work will be pushed forward with vigor and vim.

Abraham Lincoln in his Springfield address, when he was leaving to assume the duties of President of the United States, said, that without God's help he could not succeed in performing the great tasks before him, and that with His help it was impossible for him to fail. Let us, with this same spirit of confidence in God that Lincoln had, trust not in ourselves, but look to the Divine for our inspiration and our help. If we do this then we will be of real service to our fellow students and the Association will be the moral uplift in the college that it ought to be.

THE SENIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

In spite of bad weather a large audience assembled in Memorial Hall on March 6th to witness the last of the series of class debates. The Seniors having won from the Juniors last fall were entitled to debate the winners of the Soph.-Freshmen debate. But the latter through a misunderstanding did not take place. The Senior team, consisting of W. T. Boyce, R. J. M. Hobbs, and N. R. Hodgkin, represented the affirmative side of the query: Resolved, That the National Banks of the United States should be permitted to issue, subject to a guarantee tax and government regulation, notes based on their assets. R. H. Fitzgerald, W. H. Welch and J. D. Long, in behalf of the Sophomores, upheld the negative.

For the affirmative Mr. Boyce explained the question, and argued for an elastic monetary system, sighting as results of our iron-bound system the terrible panics and disasters which this country has suffered. He also explained the working of the affirmative plan. Mr. Hobbs spent his time in showing that asset currency is sound, eliminating all fears of inflation and showing how asset notes would not drive gold from this country. Mr. Hodgkin closed for the affirmative. He showed that asset currency works admirably in all countries, and that a central bank would not work in the United States. In conclusion, he summed up the argument of the affirmative.

For the negative Mr. Fitzgerald gave some explanatory remarks and showed that a great per cent. of bank assets are unavailable; and that if notes are issued on these assets which are locked up in stock markets, they will depreciate in value, thus causing a double panic. Mr. Welch showed the weakness of our reserve system, claiming that the same reserve money was counted three times, and pointing out the congestion of money in New York. He closed by advocating a central bank, since this bank makes the other nations so sound a system of banking. Mr. Long closed the first round by showing the advantages of a central system, as proposed by the negative. He said that the objections to this system would disappear by its organization, and that it could not be drawn into politics,

claiming that it could not be monopolized as it was not operated for gain.

Mr. Boyce for the affirmative and Mr. Fitzgerald for the negative gave the rebuttal for their respective sides.

The judges, Mr. Broadhurst, Dr. Ross and Mr. Henley, unanimously voted for the affirmative and the handsome loving cup was awarded to the Seniors. This is the second consecutive year that this cup has been won by the present Senior class. The honor of winning the cup was doubly dear to this class, because, if won it marked not only the championship of the college in debating, but a series of unbroken victories for the history of the class.

PHILO-CLAY RECEPTION.

In the social programme of Guilford nothing is looked forward to with greater interest than the society receptions. There was no exception to this rule on February 12th, when the Clays received a cordial invitation to visit the Philomathean Society. This was the first time that the Clays ever had the pleasure to visit the Philomatheans, and we were all expecting the best of times; nor was anyone disappointed. The hall being prettily and artistically decorated with purple and white gave a very inviting appearance. The first of the exercises was a piano solo by Miss Agnes King, which was greatly enjoyed. Then followed a debate on the question, Resolved, that our public school system is inefficient. This question was logically discussed on the affirmative by Miss Julia Raiford and on the negative by Miss Janie Brown. We next enjoyed a recitation by Miss Helen Shore, who showed herself to be an adept in this line. Miss Hazel Harmon then rendered a delightful solo. The last on the programme was "Directions for Finding Partners" by Miss Caroline Whiting. After society adjourned we were each shown the end of an ingeniously constructed web, which, when worked out gave us our partners for the evening. A delightful evening was spent which was made more pleasant by delicious refreshments. Each Clay hopes, and from the character of the work exhibited, may justly expect a bright future for the Philomatheans.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

At the business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on February 13th the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Esther Ivey; vice-president, Lizzie Snipes; secretary, Callie Nance; treasurer, Pearl Gordon. These met with the old cabinet and selected as chairmen of the different committees: Annie Stratford, devotional; Alice Dixon, mission study; Margaret Rutledge, intercollegiate; Gertrude Spray, social; Gertrude Frazier, Bible study; Lizzie Snipes, membership, and Pearl Gordon, finance.

Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. a social was held in Founders' Hall on the evening of February 20th. Tables had been arranged in different places and games were played. Socials of this kind are always enjoyable and aid the students in learning to know each other better.

Pearl Gordon, Gertrude Spray and Esther Ivey represented this Association at the Student Council of the Virginia-Carolina Territorial Committee of the Y. W. C. A. held in Raleigh March 8, 9. All the sessions were held in the auditorium of the Baptist University for Women. The leaders present were Miss Anna D. Casler, executive secretary; Miss Ida Garrison, student secretary; Miss Burner, assistant student secretary; Miss Mary G. White, student volunteer secretary. The special message was, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." Business did not claim all the time. On Monday evening, after an address by Miss Casler, the students of Baptist University gave a delightful reception to the delegates. Luncheon was served at Peace Institute the following day. These were splendid times for making new acquaintances. So many good plans for associational work were brought up and discussed that we came away feeling much strengthened and encouraged.

Alumni Department.

The Alumni will be touched with sympathy for Edwin M. Wilson ('92) in the loss of his son, Edwin, Jr., by pneumonia.

Amy J. Stevens, '96, is teaching in Concord, N. C., and has proved her loyalty to the college by a recent contribution to the Library fund.

Perhaps the members of the Alumni Association non-resident in North Carolina are not aware that H. Sinclair Williams, '95, now is among the Honorable inasmuch as he is a member of our State legislature.

The home of W. W. Allen, Jr., ('99) and Annie Blair Allen ('00) is made happy by the presence of young Lydia Louisa, a lass just entering the short dress stage. We wish her many, many happy years.

The following resolution was passed at the Alumni meeting in August, namely:

"The President shall appoint annually a Literary Committee whose duty it shall be to keep in touch with the literary work of the student body, especially the societies, contests, COLLEGIAN, etc., and make a written report to the annual meeting of the Association giving list of honors, awards, prizes, scholarships, etc."

Also "That the Association offer each year two prizes of \$10.00 each. One for the best all round improvement in athletics, rules and regulations to be under the control of the athletic committee. The other for the best literary production of original nature, rules and regulations to be under the control of a literary committee.

The Alumni Association will give a banquet in Greensboro at one of the hotels on the 23rd of March. It is earnestly hoped that all Alumni be present as we are going to have the best banquet ever yet.

Exchanges.

HENRY W. SMITH.

Owing to our inexperience it is with hesitancy that we take the responsibility of criticiszing the large number of exchanges that have come to our table. This work has been a source of pleasure, and an inspiration to us, and we can say we have found more work worthy of favorable mention than that meriting adverse criticism. All of our exchanges have reached us in good time this month.

As several of our exchanges have devoted a great deal of their literary space to the commemoration of Edgar Allen Poe we shall not comment on the numerous articles as to their literary worth. We are glad that the college magazines have brought to light so many facts of Poe's life, and have upheld the talent of our southern poet.

The Wake Forest Student is the best all round magazine that has come to us this month. It is in two parts. The Alumni number and the Poe number. The Alumni number is an inspiration; as it contains the biographies of so many men that we all admire. The Poe number, aside from the poems and essays on Poe, contains some good stories. "The Hero of Drowning Ford" is a fairly good story, although the plot is not new. "How the Note Was Paid" is a good didactic story in which the author brings out well the folly of living merely for gain. "Belated Wedding Bells" is a very readable love story.

The Trinity Archive is noticeably short of fiction although it contains an excellent narration, "To Europe on a Cattle Steamer." In this narrative the author points out well the pleasures of a trip of this kind, and the many advantages offered to students who wish to make such a journey. The essays are not bad by any means. Two poems in this number, "Sorrow Like Foam" and "Heaven or Hell," are worthy of special mention.

The Erskinian is particularly strong in good essays, but the stories do not come up to the standard.

Locals and Personals.

LURA HENDRIX, } EDITORS.
B. M. NICHOLS, }

We are glad to hear that the building committee has decided to begin work at once on our new library.

During the past few weeks several interesting lectures have been given. One by Rev. Charles E. Tebbetts on the progress of the missionary work; another by Prof. Binford, who gave an account of a trip around the world.

When asked what success she had with her debate Miss S. replied:

"All right. I got another girl to write my debuttal for me."

A.—"Isn't Prof. Meredith a great lover of nature?"

G.—"What makes you think so?"

A.—"I heard he liked woodland voices."

What does Flora like better than a bed?

Ans.—A Couch.

Mr. Young, of Purcellville, Va., visited his daughters, Geno and Ella, last week.

An elevating conversation was carried on between Miss Sharpless and Mary Taylor at the last social. It ran like this:

Mary—"Miss Sharpless, I'm getting real interested in History—I really am."

Miss Sharpless—"What are you studying now?"

Mary—"Uh—ra—Voltaire."

Miss S.—"All right, tell me all you know about Voltaire."

Mary—"He reformed the Roman Catholic Church."

Miss S.—"Why, Mary, he was an atheist!"

Mary—"O, yes, I was thinking about Martin Luther. I always do get them mixed up."

Miss S.—"Well, let's talk about something we don't get mixed."

Mary—"I was just reading today about lots of those French folks dying of the guillotine. Say, is the guillotine a sickness or medicine?"

Miss Holland (looking toward Archdale)—“Which way is the rain coming?”

The W. C. T. U. of the Friends' church gave a delightful entertainment in Memorial Hall on Saturday, February 28th.

Misses Hazel Briggs and Annie Riddick of High Point, were recent visitors at the College.

James' voice rang out, “I love you!” The echo resounded through the Hall.

Jule—“How can you prove that the sun rises in the east?”

Coos—“Because everything rises in (y)east.”

Prof. Jay—Eighteen comes before seventeen doesn't it?”

Mr. Bowman, in Botany class—“How do you get the high temperature of this microscope?”

Messrs. Dudley Carroll and Paul Taylor, of Mispah, visited the college a short time ago.

Messrs. Palmer and Lentz are visiting the college.

Soph. to the Librarian—“I want some of Silas Marner's works.”

In Junior Sunday school class. Prof., yawning—“Mr. Dalton, will you please read the first verse of the lesson? No you need not read—the bell is ringing.”

Mr. William Hammond, '01, recently visited the college.

Stafford (examining a shirt)—“Gee! but they use a lot of soda in that laundry.”

Prof. H. (in Scripture)—“We are not the first people who quarrelled in the church, are we?”

Mary E. White—“No, I guess not.”

Prof. H.—“Who commenced it?”

Mary—“Adam.”

Fitz's troubles have at last been diagnosed—a chronic case of rubber-neck.

“Jim, when was the Puritan age?”

Jim—“From the Elizabethian age to the resurrection” (Restoration).

Miss I.—“Which poet do you like best?”

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

HENRY CLAY.

R. J. M. Hobbs, President

Ralph Ray, Secretary

Colbert Farlow, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

LeRoy Briggs, President

Artie Hopkins, Secretary

Henry Smith, Marshal

PHILOMATHIAN.

Margaret Davis, President

Lizzie Snipes, Secretary

Angus King, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Annie Shalford, President

Bessie Cox, Secretary

Edna Sharp, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association.

W. T. Boyce, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Agnes R. King, President

Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

Literary Club.

S. H. Hodgkin, President

Ethel Hodgkin, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

E. V. Floyd, President

Lucy O'B. White, Secretary

Athletic Association.

Henry Davis, President

E. L. Hudson, Sec. and Treas.

J. E. Sawyer, Vice-Pres.

T. B. Whitaker, Foot Ball Mgr.

N. Rush Hodgkin, Base Ball M'gr.

Efrid Hine, Tennis Manager

C. C. Smithdeal, Track Manager

C. D. Benbow, Jr., B'kt Ball M'gr.

Classes.

SENIOR

A. A. Dixon, President

Margaret E. Peele, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

W. H. Welch, President

Flora White, Secretary

JUNIOR

Leroy Miller, President

Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

John Woosley, President

Hazel Harmon, Secretary

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXI.

APRIL and MAY, 1909.

NOS. 7 and 8

A TRIP TO THE PILOT.

It was a typical spring day. Overhead the skies were azure blue, while a breeze, laden with the perfume of flowers, gently fanned the trees. On the broad piazza of a stately old mansion, which you may know as Riverview, stood Joyce Hartman looking eagerly down the dusty road. Hark, what was that! At last her ear caught sound of the old stage coach as it crept slowly up the hill on which the old house was built. Riverview, situated on one of the laurel-decked bluffs, overlooking the Yadkin river, had for years belonged to the Hartmans. As the stage stopped before the house Joyce's brother Jack, who in company with two college mates had come home to spend Easter, alighted and came up the violet-bordered walk. Joyce came down the steps to meet them and the next moment Jack had caught her in his arms with a brotherly bear hug and kiss. He then turned to his friends saying, "Harold and Will, this is my sister Joyce and I want you to be the best of chums."

Little did Jack Hartman dream when he was saying this that Harold Newman and his sister were to become not only the best of chums but also ardent lovers. Joyce shook hands with each and they went into the house.

Soon the bell rang for tea and the four young people, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hartman, entered the dining room feeling like old friends. The meal passed very pleasantly and just before they went out of the dining room Mr. Hartman said, "Mrs. Hartman and I have planned a trip for you tomorrow. Can you guess where?"

"To the Pilot Mountain I hope," said Jack; "the boys are very anxious to go there before they return,"

"That's exactly right," said his mother, "so be ready to start by three o'clock in the morning."

After tea they went to the wide, comfortable veranda where, while Joyce played her guitar, the boys sang their college songs and all the old, sweet melodies. Their songs soon ceased however and they retired so that they might be up early on the morrow.

At three o'clock the next morning they arose and by the time the rosy-tinted morn had put the stars to flight, the jolly party were well on their way to the mountains. Nothing unusual occurred on the trip and, after a three hours drive, they arrived just before sunrise, at the foot of the Pilot.

"May we go up right away, papa?" asked Joyce, "so that we may see the sun rise!"

"No, Joyce, the way is too rugged and dangerous for such a quick ascent," replied Mr. Hartman.

So they began the ascent slowly, and followed the trail closely as the way was rough and steep. For two hours they climbed before they reached the foot of the Pinnacle, a feature which is peculiar to the Pilot Mountain. It is a rock two hundred feet high, with rugged sides; the area of its top is about an acre and upon it grow trees, shrubbery and vines. This they ascended by means of ladders and part of the way they climbed on the slippery rocks. The party reached the top safely about nine o'clock.

"The laurel and rhododendrons are beautiful," was Harold's first exclamation on reaching the top and looking around. "And see! I have found some trailing arbutus," called Joyce who was also a child of nature.

These two, at once, became so interested in the pretty flowers and shrubbery that they wandered away from the others. But gentle reader have you not before suspicioned the truth? Though Harold Newman was a lover of the beautiful in nature, to him Joyce Hartman was the fairest flower he ever looked upon. Seated upon a mossy rock, under a solitary pine tree, growing at the northern edge of the Pinnacle, Harold poured into Joyce's ears love's old sweet story and she, blushing, pledged her love in return.

While the blue birds warbled saucily overhead they sat there planning for the future in their simple way, when suddenly Jack's voice interrupted them.

"Harold what do you and Joyce mean by straying off like this? Come at once and help me gather some dry sticks to build a fire. It's twelve o'clock now."

In a short time they had a good fire and with the assistance of Mrs. Hartman and Joyce they soon had a unique dinner cooked in that secluded spot. And what a splendid luncheon they had!

After luncheon came the most interesting feature to our party, the magnificent view of the surrounding country. To the northwest away in the distance Mr. Hartman pointed out the little city of Mt. Airy, while in the same direction, a little nearer the mountain, he showed them the Ararat river. To the east and northeast they saw the little villages of Pinnacle and Pilot Mountain nestling among the outlying spurs of the Sauratown mountains.

"Come with me and see the most beautiful sight of all," called Mrs. Hartman. The party followed her eagerly to the southern side of the Pinnacle.

"Now look," said she. They looked and saw in the distance the Yadkin river winding peacefully among the green hills. This they could see for many miles, even to the old Shallow Ford where Lord Cornwallis crossed during the American Revolution. Our young visitors found this very interesting and all too soon the time had come for them to return home. So they retraced their steps and went down the Pinnacle.

"Oh, shall we not walk around the foot of the Pinnacle? Our trip isn't complete without that," said Joyce. This proposition at once met with approval, so our merry party wended their way along a winding path on either side of which the delicate arbutus trailed. After going around the Pinnacle, the party more fatigued than in the morning but still gay in spirit, descended the mountain and soon were on their way back to Riverview and could only trace the blue outline of the Pilot in the distance.

The memory of their short visit to Riverview was ever a

source of pleasure to Will Masters and Harold Newman. They were from the eastern part of the state and they naturally took great interest in exploring the beauties of this section. Most of all they cherish the memory of that spring day which they spent on the Pilot Mountain. But to Harold it was doubly a day to be remembered, for he had wooed and won one of Yaddin's fairest daughters.

ALICE DIXON.

A MORNING IN EARLY SPRING.

'Tis morning, just before the dawn,
And o'er the neighb'ring fields and lawn
Dark reigns with blighted hopes forlorn;
 Save in the east,
Where streaks of sober, shimmering grey,
Beckon to the approaching morn,
 And all is peace.

The little birds are still asleep;
While dreams of summer through them creep.
Visions of nesting-time so sweet
 Do thrill their breast,
And as the cool, refreshing breeze
Embraces them within her sweep,
 All is rest.

The sun now bursts upon our sight,
In all her glorious splendor bright.
Her golden rays, a wondrous sight
 Fall on man's strife.
And as the cold world rushes on,
She gives us all her warmth and light;
 And all is life.

D. W. A., '10.

THE OPPORTUNITIES AND ADVANTAGES OF FARM LIFE.

As the boy who intends to make good in life approaches the years of manhood, sooner or later he is confronted with the all-important question of choosing his life's work vocation. Upon this decision his future success or failure largely depends. Few, however, to their misfortune, give this question due consideration, and many of the failures in life may justly be attributed to this cause.

Today as never before in the history of our nation the American youth is brought face to face with this question. Time has been when a boy's environment naturally fitted him for the trade he wished to follow without any special effort on his part, but with the increase of population and the advancement of education these conditions are changed. The man who succeeds is the one who carefully fits himself for the special line of work he may choose.

A great variety of trades and professions are now open to young men. In the professional world there is the field of law, medicine, the ministry, teach and political life. Then there is the industrial world, which embraces mechanical arts, the different branches of engineering and manufacturing. Last of all, but by no means of least importance, is the great field in which we all are interested, that of agriculture.

Agriculture is one of the oldest occupations and the basis of other arts. It still remains the world's most important industry. Nearly forty per cent. of our people are directly engaged in it, and all the rest depend upon it. Every form of activity is derived from the bounty of mother earth from which every workman skilled or unskilled must be fed. The source of the wealth of a nation is the labor of its people and their most important occupation is agriculture. It is to call young men to the consideration of the excellent opportunities offered by this field of work that this article is written.

Within the last half century great progress has been made in this industry. Aided by numerous labor-saving inventions, the preparation for the work that can be secured at agricul-

tural colleges and by the experiment stations maintained by the government, farming offers an inviting occupation to ambitious young men of the twentieth century. This branch of work is no longer without its pecuniary inducements. The prices of farm products have advanced to such an extent in the last ten years that no farmer in this section of the country can complain that prices are too low. By agriculture alone a man may make money; but farming will be found more profitable if to this is added one or more of the various branches of stock raising. A snug income may also be realized from the breeding of fancy poultry. Horticulture is another important branch of farming which yields most bountiful returns if given careful attention. The man who will push can certainly make money at farming.

Country life is far more productive to health and therefore to happiness than is that of the city. The farm is the great producer of food supplies and the man who works it knows that the food he gets is wholesome. Then there is an abundant supply of pure, cold water, and air uncontaminated with poisonous gases or disease germs. These three, pure food, pure air and pure water, under ordinary circumstances, bring to one that superb health and vitality without which life is not worth living.

Although rural life has its hardships and its toil, yet it is not without its pleasures. To the lover of nature that is a real pleasure in simply seeing things grow and in observing the habits of the birds and animals that inhabit the fields and woods. This is one enjoyment that the farmer has; there are many others. The man in moderate circumstances can afford to keep a good driving or saddle horse. There is no better recreation for the working man or woman than driving; it is something that all from the oldest to the youngest can enjoy. To the young unmarried man when he has his best girl by his side, it affords a pleasure with which few can be compared. Among others the old time candy pulling, the social gatherings at Christmas and Thanksgiving in the winter, and in the summer picnics, melon feasts, tacky parties, fishing trips and

moonlight hay-rides are some of the simple but wholesome amusements that make country life happy.

Farm life is no longer without its conveniences. Such machines as harvesters, improved drills, harrows, ploughs and cultivators do much to lighten the farmer's work and enable him to do it better. The establishment of rural mail routes and phone lines and the building of better roads are proving to be of inestimable value to him and are bringing him in touch with the outside world.

The advantages that farm life has over city life are many and varied. We cannot mention them all here. Of course it has some disadvantages too, yet many of these are fast being eliminated. Is it not safe to predict that some time not in the far future, young men will grow tired of working in hot and stuffy offices and of living in cramped up boarding houses? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the day will come when many of them will prefer rather to choose a helpmate and settle in the country where they can enjoy the good old home life down on the farm and be surrounded by the beauties of nature.

W. P. HOLT.

BURNS AS A POET.

The poetry of the first part of the eighteenth century was, as a whole, cold, unfeeling and classical. It was this period which produced such men as Alexander Pope, and his school. The latter half of the century however saw a change in conditions which revolutionized poetry, and which also raised the social conditions in England and Scotland.

During the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century, a passion for song-writing seized upon Scotland very much in the same way as the fever of play-writing took hold on England during the Elizabethian age. At this time every one, from the noble, to the lowliest ploughman, tried his hand at songwriting. The earlier part of the period produced such men as Allan

Ramsay and Robert Fergusson, whose songs afterward had much influence over the songs of Burns.

Burns may rightly be called a child of nature. Having been reared as he was, having experienced the sweetness of love and the bitterness of sorrow alike, it was natural for him to sing in such a way as would touch the human heart. To begin with, he sincerely loved humanity. He loved nature, the flowers, the animals, and everything that was living. This was undoubtedly the keynote to his success as a poet. It has been well said that true poetry is the expression of the soul. When reading Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," or that impassioned love song, "To Mary in Heaven," we must surely feel that these lines came straight from the soul of their composer.

Burns, like Shakespeare, was not always original in his ideas. His "Cotter's Saturday Night" was modelled upon Fergusson's "Farmer's Ingle;" his "Holy Fair" upon the same poet's "Little Races." This fact however does not detract from Burns' songs, as he outstrips his predecessors to such an extent, that it is well nigh impossible to compare them. Burns' sense of humor is very fine. A good idea of this striking characteristic may be gained by reading his "Holy Willie's Prayer," or even from the following stanza of his "Address to the Deil":

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a deil
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel!

We may realize the simplicity of the poet's subjects as well as that of his style, by a cursory glance at the following lines from "To a Mouse":

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie.
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

Wi' bickerin brattle!
I would be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring prattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
And fellow mortal!

Even the most unintelligent reader can read these lines with appreciation and can feel that great and sincere love which Burns had for the world.

Truly Burns was a great poet. Though, as other men, he had his faults (and they were numerous and great), his poetry is certainly the true, spontaneous kind, and will ever appeal to humanity.

D. W. ANDERSON.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

During our age of rush and greed we do not allow ourselves to dwell upon that which is enjoyable and restful.

In all times and ages, both in days gone by and in days to come, the human race demands that which is able to soothe and lull it to a plane which is above every day tasks. That which is a balm to the sad and which is a means for expressing joy, is musis. Music is the expression of the soul.

How often have we heard about the power of music and have not realized its full meaning; yet if we think for a few minutes we will feel that it has power. What is there which makes the blood flow faster, the little patriotism that we may possess show itself, more than do the songs America or Dixie? What is apt to make one reflect more on his past life than a beauti-

ful sacred song sung with feeling and power. Does this not explain the power of music?

Men and women have felt the power and have tried to express their feelings in words, but it is impossible for words to convey their meaning. Genius has been given some, enabling them to express their feelings in music.

Nations have been inspired to go to war with a determination to win, what a few minutes before looked like a useless attempt. Races have regained their loyalty and patriotism under its spell to such a degree that they have been willing to die for their country.

Is it not necessary to have composers who can inspire such feelings? Edvard Hagerup Grieg was such a composer. He expressed as no other musician the true character of his race. He inspired love of country and of race to the Norwegians. The Scandinavian race has lost one of its most precious gems in the recent death of Edvard Grieg. Although educated in Germany, taught German methods by German teachers, Grieg once aroused to his country's need, gave all to her. It is not the opera nor the orchestral pieces in which Grieg has distinguished himself as a composer, but it is in pieces which bring him closer to the people. His music is saturated with the spirit of his people, with the folk lore spirit in its most brilliant coloring. His music is not of vikings, strong and lusty, but it breathes the spirit of the beauties of the northern mountains and fjords. It solves the mysteries of the sea and forests. No where can we find a composer who has typified more clearly the character of the Norse race than Grieg. His music conveys to us clearer ideas of the Norse race, so that we, along with the Norwegians can appreciate what he was striving for. Our own nation is brought before us, and a feeling of pride arises in us.

Not Norway alone, but we as lovers of romantic music, realize the loss of one of the leading composers of the musical world. Rightly may he be called "The Chopin of the North." And to him, as a romantic composer, the world is much indebted.

GERTRUDE H. SPRAY.

THE CALL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(Delivered before the Senior Class at the Junior-Senior Reception.)

The nineteenth century was a century of accomplishment, a century of doing things, and especially was that true with the middle third of the century.

It indeed achieved great things, it wrote great books, it fought great battles; it emancipated great races; it made great discoveries; it founded great institutions, of which this is one; and it introduced, and to a large extent carried out, great reforms. The last third of the century, while it carried forward the work of the middle third, accomplishing little that was really new or great. It is true that it completed the conquest over the physical and social forces, as is seen in the increased interest in athletics of all kinds, and in the general change in society; but it almost utterly failed to consecrate these conquered forces to the highest personal and spiritual ends. That task has been handed over to the men and women of the twentieth century.

And who are they who are to carry out this task? They are the men and women who shall come largely from those great institutions that had their origin in the middle third of the past century; and some of the men and women of the class of 1909 are destined to be among the heroes and heroines who shall accomplish this great work.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, what are some of the tasks which are confronting you? We have only time to very briefly consider a few.

One of these tasks lies in the business world. The nineteenth century saw the development of great business organizations and the perfection of powerful trusts. These have become corrupted to a large extent. Thus it is up to the business man of this century to cleanse these corporations and to consecrate them to the benefit of the country and the social community in which they are organized.

The past century is perhaps responsible to a large extent for having developed the idea which is causing the great business

men of our age to give great sums to needy institutions and to churches. But we are not concerned so much about how much a man gives, as we should be about how he got it. The idea which allowed a man to get rich any way he could has passed. The man of today who accumulates great wealth by bribery, by special legislation, by the manufactory of fraud, by selling patent medicine, by the ill use of trust money, or at the expense of the community in which his business is conducted, will not be respected by society as a gentleman, but he will be looked upon as a thief and worse than a beast. A man's great gifts will not make him a benefit to society unless he accumulates his wealth by honest work. The man who cheats and bribes to accumulate a fortune, and then gives it to churches and colleges, is a man whose evil influence is a thousand to one above his good influence; such a man cannot be the ideal business man of our century. Great success in money making, even if it is accompanied with great gifts to the needy, cannot, alone, entitle the twentieth century man to honor or even respect. Unless the business is so conducted as to be a help to the community, unless a perfect credit is maintained, unless the conditions under which the men who work for the firm are sanitary, and unless the products which go out from that firm are wholesome, the president and manager of that corporation will be branded as heartless thieves and red-handed murderers. Prof. Graves once said that "to say that a certain man's fortune is the result of his superior skill, shrewdness or industry, is no justification at all unless it be further shown that these faculties were usefully directed, that by their exercise the community was made richer and not poorer."

The task then which lies before you who are looking forward to a business life is this: Go forth into the world with high ideals, and help so far as one can help, to eliminate the fraud and graft which now exists in our business activities.

Another great work of the nineteenth century was its literature. It produced such men as Hawthorne, Holmes, Darwin, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, and others. At the

close of the century these were gone. It is true that we have a few men of letters who have survived till this century. There are Tolstoy, Ibsen, Kipling, but for the most part, great literature, at the close of the century was a lost art.

What then must we do to bring forth once again a period of great literature, which will be an honor to this century? The spirit of great literature cannot be inherited. It cannot be acquired by a study of the great masters of the past. But a literature, which is to be great, which will point the soul to something higher, nobler and grander than mere living, must be spontaneous. It can never be brought about in a mechanical way. Before we can produce literature which will ennoble and will give a fuller and greater meaning to life, we must seek seclusion and solitude; we must learn to enjoy nature in all her beauty and grandeur; we must learn to see the beautiful and the sublime even in the rocky, rigid and tangled mountain side; we must see the divine in all nature; we must have a deep regard, and sympathy for our fellows and a sincere desire to give to them something that will make them better. These are the essentials of great literature, and they are such that no college or university curriculum will give to us. We might doubt perhaps that even such men as Browning and Tennyson and others would have withstood the pressure and the grinding of the modern university course, and come out at the end with anything really worth saying to the world. However the evolution of society has placed these burdens upon us, and we must bear them for the sake of social standing. Therefore the task which lies before you who are going out from here to work in the field of literature must be to overcome the mechanical influence which modern training gives and learn to commune with yourself and with all nature, and to express yourself in a clear free way—perhaps your own individual way. For mind you the electives and the extras which you may take while in college will not alone make you a writer whom the world will care to read.

And now in a few words to you who are going out to serve your country in the political field. Remember that all the

work was not done in the past century. It is true that the past century saw great political movements and consolidations. But these we are sorry to say have largely developed into machine rule and party bosses. And especially is this the case in our cities. Then it will be your duty, as a protection of the people and as a servant to your country to give your influence in such a way as to set right once again the political life of our nation. And to you who are to be preachers—there is something left for you to do. The nineteenth century saw a few great preachers, such as Talmage, Brooks, Moody, Phillips, and perhaps one or two others. Such men as these are no more, and this century demands of its ministers just as much as the past century did. The secret of the success of these men was, they were the masters of the Scriptures and not the Scripture the master of them. And before you will become really great, you must be masters of the Word. Learn to interpret it in a free and non-prejudiced way and give to all alike.

The call of the twentieth century is indeed a great one. Great work has been started, great reforms have been set in motion, great national affairs have been begun, by those of the past century. Therefore the responsibility rests that much the heavier on us to carry these reforms forward.

And now to you members of the class of '09; you will soon go out from this institution into active life. And as you go from here remember that you are the sons and daughters of one of the greatest institutions in North Carolina. As you go out into the different walks of life and into the different parts of the world, may you bring to this century within which your active work shall come, that power to do the things supremely worth the doing, which shall bring you joy in your own hearts and make you helpers in the world's great work.

JOHN E. SAWYER.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

As we see the importance which our city Young Men's Christian Associations attach to physical culture and as we read the Physical Culture Magazine and learn the plain facts in regard to the natural laws of health and are clearly shown how simple exercises have cured ailments which too often call for the use of useless and harmful drugs, the subject grows interesting and the question arises, are our schools and colleges giving enough attention to this subject?

Present day psychologists admit that the body and mind cannot be treated as if they were separate and distinct but that they are so closely connected and interwoven that nothing can affect one without having some influence on the other. It is a well known fact that a worrying or discontented state of mind will cause physical exhaustion, dullness of brain and a lack of needed energy. It is equally true that if the body is well cared for and is properly and systematically exercised and developed there will most likely be present that snap, vigor and keenness of mind which students so much need and without which no brain worker can do efficient work.

Physical culture and athletics of nearly all kinds are recognized and practiced by most college students because they like them and because they realize to a certain extent that daily exercise is needful for the accomplishment of good work while in college. But if the truth was known it would doubtless reveal the fact that but few students thinks of physical culture and go into it with the idea in mind that it is a great aid in laying the foundation for the greatest asset which can come to a man in his more mature years—that of a strong constitution and good health.

Its value is not fully enough known by our students and is probably less appreciated and taught by our teachers. Especially is this true in our public schools and small colleges which have no gymnasiums and which maintain no department of physical instruction. In these schools the question of exercise and physical development is left entirely with the desire and inclination of the student who too often not having the

lifetime importance of the thing impressed upon him, spends his leisure hours harmfully and uselessly.

How much Latin, Greek, or mathematics would we learn and how well would our minds be trained for life if we were permitted to study and attend classes only at our pleasure? Would we care to spend our time on these things if we did not have their importance and need emphasized almost daily by our teachers? Certainly we would not accomplish much. Nor can we expect to receive the greatest good from physical training until it is placed on an equal plane in our schools with regular curriculum work. Not cause it to become burdensome, for that kind of training does not yield much benefit, but simply to place it before students in its proper light and value.

Many of our colleges have from ten to fifteen teachers and not a single physical director—a trained and competent man to give all his time to the bodily needs of individual students, many of whom are not so fortunate as others who have inherited a fine figure and who are able to “make the team” without years of effort. Considering the fact that a strong body is as much needed as a strong mind does it not seem that if no other means could be provided it would be a wise thing to sacrifice a teacher of one of the languages for the maintenance of a body builder.

Is not this in keeping with the aim and purpose of a college education which should not only consist in acquiring knowledge but also in the formulating of systematic habits and in the developing of a good character? Certainly these qualities and requirements cannot attain their best development unless at the same time the necessary instruction is being given for the building of a strong body.

In this strenuous age too many men are losing their vitality and youthful vigor in middle life—a period when their capacity for work and business accomplishment should be at its zenith. Their bodies are worn out and fail them. They grow old prematurely not only in their personal appearance but also in the ability to do efficient work. Many of these failing men would have retained their youthful strength and happi-

ness until old age had they been so educated and trained in youth that they might have begun their life work with bodies strong enough not only to perform their daily routine of work, but also with a reserve of strength necessary for the crises and emergencies which come to every man some time in life.

No course of physical training will prepare a man for all the battles of life, but who doubts that proper daily exercise and instruction under a good instructor during his entire college course would not prove of inestimable value to any boy in that it would start him off in life with a body able to carry out the work which his trained mind had conceived, able to do things, to stand strain and without which no matter how great his ambition or how brilliant his mind his efficiency would be seriously impaired.

LEROY MILLER.



The Guilford Collegian

Published Monthly by the
Henry Clay, Philomathean, Websterian and Zetasian Literary
Societies

Editors

R. J. M. HOBBS, '09, CHIEF, *Clay*.
MARGARET DAVIS, '09, Phil. LUCY O'B. WHITE, '09, Zetasian
LEROY MILLER, '10, Websterian

Associate Editors

AGNES R. KING, '09, Phil. A. M. BONNER, '10, Clay.
E. S. KING, '10, Websterian. Flora White, '11, Zetasian

Business Managers

W. T. BOYCE '09, CHIEF, Websterian
MARGARET E. PEELE, '09, Phil. ANNIE MENDENHALL, '09, Zetasian
C. C. SMITHDEAL, '11, Clay.

Terms

One Year, \$1.00.

Single Copy, 15 Cents.

All matter for publication should reach the editors not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates on application.

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at the post office at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter.

VOL. XXI.

APRIL, 1909

NO. 7

Editorials.

The Junior issue of THE COLLEGIAN is the last of the class issues to appear. The plan of letting each class publish one issue of the magazine has, for the most part, proved satisfactory. It has stimulated an interest in the COLLEGIAN and has created a friendly rivalry among the classes, each trying to present a better issue than the others. Many of the students who, had they been asked by the regular staff to contribute an

article or story would have refused when asked by their class, have responded gladly. The following Juniors have agreed to act as the staff in publishing this issue: Editors, Alice Louise Dixon, Edward S. King; associate editors, John Sawyer, Gertrude Spray and Robert Dalton. In presenting this issue the staff wishes to thank the class for the hearty support given them in this work.

The Extras. Every capable college student who wishes to engage in the activities outside the regular curriculum will certainly have the opportunity of doing so. The literary societies are eager to enlist every good man; the Young Men's Christian Association is eager to give him a part in its work and the Athletic Association is on the lookout for men who will assume responsibility.

As a student advances in his college course, the organizations to which he belongs give more important offices. He may be made president of his society, or the class may ask him to represent them in inter-class debate. New opportunities are opened up. The various clubs ask him to join their circle and perhaps he may be asked to serve on the staff of the college magazine.

For a student to devote all his time to his regular course of study and to pass by these other opportunities for general culture and broadening of intellect is a serious mistake. The man who does this cannot hope to become an all around man. It is possible, however, for a student to get his hand in to so many things that it is impossible for him to do justice to them all. He must either neglect his studies, or inefficiently fulfill his other obligations.

There can be no definite rule laid down by which one can determine to what extent he should engage in outside work. This is a problem that every one must solve for himself. But when a student finds himself so hampered by outside work that he cannot give proper attention to his regular studies, it is time for him to free himself from some of his extra duties.

The Home Stretch.

The Fall term of the year 1908-09 is forever in the past and so is the first half of the spring term. We have as it were run three bases and now we are coming in on the "home stretch." When a man knocks a home run he does not slacken his speed when he reaches third; he puts on all the extra steam he has. This it is up to the student to do. These warm sunshiny days make one feel lazy. It is much easier to throw books aside, and to loaf around on the campus or lounge about in somebody's room, in short, just to take life easy. These warm nights make one sleepy long before the usual time. What shall we do? Shall we give away to our inclinations and let lessons go? If we do, when the day of reckoning comes we shall be "weighed in the balance and found wanting." What we have got to do is to brace up, to keep a tight grip on ourselves and to work with a determination to hold out to the end. If we do this we need not fear that day of wrath that awaits us at the end of May, and vacation will be all the sweeter for our having worked the harder.

Individuality.

Has it ever occurred to you that it does not pay to imitate? Imitation always magnifies the excellence of the thing imitated and the imitator is never so successful as the creator.

But we, if we see some one who is making a success, are enough like the oriole, that takes for itself the nest which another bird has worked to build, to imitate that one. Those of us who do not develop our individuality can never hope to rise above mediocrity, for individuality plays an important part in the success of every man and woman. What made Shakespeare great? Did not his individuality have much to do with it? Think of the imitative characters in every field and how much greater they might become if they only did things in a style of their own instead of imitating some one else. Develop your own individuality. Imitating some one else will never make

you great. If you are destined to the Hall of Fame it must be through the development of your own talents. You must be the architect of your own career.

*The Value of
Domestic Science
in Schools.*

One of the most important phases of present day education is domestic science. This subject seems to have occupied little space in the minds of the people heretofore, for it has been felt that a young woman may secure all the information and instruction which she needs from her mother's teaching. This is true to a certain extent, but many girls do not have this careful home training, for just about the time she is old enough to begin to learn to manage domestic affairs, she is hustled off to college.

Thus we see the great need of a domestic science course in our colleges. And it is indeed evident that such a course should be introduced. It is vastly more important that a woman should grasp the scientific method of approach to every problem, than it is that she should know the number of cubic feet of atmosphere that must be allowed to each person. Home economics is the comprehensive term which includes the scientific study of all matters, which contribute to the highest, happiest and most efficient home life.

Domestic science should be taught by a good teacher who is willing to sacrifice herself for the benefit of others. Such teachers are hard to find at present, but there are plenty of college women who are willing to prepare for such work and there are more and more dropping into it.

Many of the best schools in the country have special courses in domestic science and many other institutions are beginning to realize that the object of education is to train the pupil in the most definite way for the occupations which follow school life.

GERTRUDE FRAZIER.

We take this opportunity to publish a criticism of an article that appeared in the March number of *THE COLLEGIAN*, entitled, "The Japanese Problem." The criticism comes from the first editor of *THE COLLEGIAN*, a true and loyal friend of the college. The position taken is backed by twenty years residence on the Pacific Coast, a vital connection with all social problems of that section, and also a careful study of this same problem. Therefore the writer's opinion is worth listening to.—EDITOR.

Los Angeles, California, April 3rd, 1909.

Dear Sir:—For the most part I have been pleased with the contents of the journal that represents so much that is still dear to me; but I want to enter a vigorous protest against an article in the March number of *THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN* entitled "The Japanese Problem." Possibly the fact that it is the Freshman number accounts for the most unfortunate, not to say inaccurate, statements in nearly every paragraph. I was astonished and grieved to find such an article in the *COLLEGIAN* in which I have taken especial interest all these years.

I am aware that the labor unions and several of the leading dailies of San Francisco and likewise some of our state legislators are to blame for many of the erroneous opinions concerning conditions here on the Pacific coast. But even after granting all that, there are so many other and better sources of information that one marvels when he finds so much misinformation in a college journal. And yet I wish to deal kindly with the young man or maiden who wrote the article. The good intent is in evidence, but the lack of correct information is sadly apparent.

In our city of Los Angeles, population about 300,000, we have no Japanese problem as to the schools. Our city superintendent, Dr. E. C. Moore, whom I know well, has so stated since the little flurry over the matter at San Francisco.

The Asiatic League of San Francisco, radically anti-Japanese, puts the Japanese population of California at 25,000, not 40,000. Even advocates of war here feel no fear of the Japanese on that score. Lazy, incompetent laborers—do have some fear of them. The Japanese are decreasing in numbers here

within the last twelve months. There is no problem as to the intermarrying of the races. That question as well as the questions of labor, religion, etc., can be readily and equitably and righteously adjusted in due time, if we but keep our heads, our common sense and follow the golden rule and the teachings of the Prince of Peace.

While a student in the University of California, at Berkeley, I made quite a thorough study of the Chinese in California, with especial reference to the Chinese in San Francisco. I read all the literature on the subject in the University library and much in the city libraries around "the bay" of San Francisco. All the dire prophecies concerning the great evils incident to the coming of the Chinese came to naught. For over a year I have been reading and making clippings on the Japanese question. I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion (supported as it is by good authorities) the Japanese "scare" will come to a like inglorious end.

Very sincerely and cordially yours,

ROBT. C. ROOT.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S VISIT.

On March 24th Guilford was honored by a visit from the distinguished president of Harvard University. President Eliot and his party arrived in automobiles from the State Normal at Greensboro about eleven o'clock. The students greeted him with a yell especially prepared for the occasion. The party then spent a short time in looking over the grounds and inspecting the College buildings. At 11.30 o'clock President Eliot addressed a large audience in Memorial Hall, composed of students, friends of the institution, and distinguished visitors. Dr. L. L. Hobbs introduced the speaker, and in doing so he took occasion to call attention to the fact that Guilford College has never been without its friends in New England, and that they had materially assisted in founding the institution. President Eliot's address was short but concise and to the point. In the beginning of it he said that New England

had led the way in the establishing of public schools and endowments for education. He commended the motive that prompts men to set aside money for public uses and said: "The angels in heaven might envy mortals so fine a luxury." He then spoke of endowed colleges giving it as his opinion that colleges ought to be endowed and that the endowed college does not injure the State University but merely gives it the wholesome competition which it needs. The closing words of his address were: "Public spirit is the virtue of free men."

After the address President Eliot and his party, the members of the board of trustees of the college and several invited guests were served a delightful luncheon in the dining room at Founder's Hall.

The students of Guilford were very fortunate indeed to have the opportunity of seeing such a distinguished man as the president of Harvard University and of hearing his address.



Y. M. C. A. Notes.

On March 11th, Rev. Melton Clark, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Greensboro, presented the claims of the ministry on the lives of young men at the regular association meeting. Rev. Clark's address was clear and concise. The main thought about which all the others centered was this: "If your idea in choosing your life work is to find the place where you can make the most money, the ministry is not your calling; but on the other hand you want to find the place where you can be of the greatest service to your fellows there is no higher calling than that of ministering to the needs and wants of the human soul."

The second one in our series of life work addresses was given by Mr. P. N. Colbert, secretary of the city association at Winston-Salem, on the call the secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association. In the beginning of his address, Mr. Colbert frankly stated that he considered the calling to the ministry to be pre-eminent. He went on to say, however that there are many who ought to do Christian work who are not fitted for preaching. The speaker then told of the abundant opportunity for service the association secretary has and how he comes into personal touch with men more closely than the pastor does.

Mr. Colbert then discussed the various phases of association work showing its universal character, and that the three-fold nature of the association fits it for serving the needs of young men better than any other organization yet founded. He clearly stated, however, that the association does not take the place of the church but supplements its work. By these and other facts which he brought out, the speaker proved that any young man who wishes to live a useful life and therefore one of satisfaction should at least consider the Association Secretaryship as a life work.

The Bible study courses for this year are almost completed. Already the committee has been busy planning for next year's work. The leaders have been chosen and the courses outlined.

The plan is to have ten classes and at least five different courses. The prospects at present are very encouraging. This year's work has for the most part been successful, but next year we hope to enroll more men and to do better work than ever before. The State Bible Institute has been invited to meet at Guilford next year and it is sincerely hoped that the invitation will be accepted, not only because of the help that our Bible study department will receive, but because Guilford College and the surrounding community is as well fitted to entertain this body of men as any other institution in the state.

In order to provide money for the purpose of equipping the Association hall with a good musical instrument and the Association hymnal, the men are working on an original mock trial which will be presented on the night of April 30th. The criminal docket is a heavy one and no doubt there will be a full attendance at this term of court.

Plans are now being made for sending a large delegation to the Southern Students' Conference this summer. Last year we had six delegates; this year we are working for ten. Half this number have already decided to go and the recent visit of the traveling secretary, Mr. Johnson, has helped to interest several others. It is our intention to make next year the most prosperous year in the history of the Association and to do this our men must have the renewed energy and inspiration for work which the conference gives.

Athletics.

THE STATE INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET.

On the night of April 19th the first state intercollegiate track meet in North Carolina was held in the large auditorium in Greensboro. Five of the leading colleges of the state sent their best men to represent them in this contest.

Our men had been training hard for this meet during the spring months, and the field day here at Guilford on April 3rd

demonstrated the fact that their efforts had not been in vain. The records made showed that we had developed some men who could compete with any in the state.

Owing to the fact that the preliminaries were not held as had been expected each college was allowed to enter only one man for each race. This put Guilford at a disadvantage, for our men were forced to enter events for which they had not trained, and in the events in which they could easily have taken two or more places they were allowed only one man. Notwithstanding this Guilford won more first places than any other college, and was second only to Wake Forest in the entire number of points taken.

The Guilford men won their places as follows: Henry Davis took first place in both the 220 and the 440 yard dashes. In the former his nearest competitor was Klutz, of Davidson; in the latter he had no near competitors. First place in the low hurdle race was won for Guilford by Roy Briggs, who easily outstripped the other hurdles although he had not trained for this event.

Guilford was represented in the shot put by "Hercules" Edwards, who put the sixteen pound shot thirty-four feet the first trial. When finally a Wake Forest man came up to this, "Hercules" walked up and put the shot 35 feet and 5 inches, and then remarked "let me se you beat that." This proved to be nine inches better than any other man could do, so of course the gold medal for first place in this event went to "Hercules."

The other points for Guilford were made by George Perkins, who won third place in the high hurdle race, and John Winslow who got fourth place in the pole vault. This brought our total number of points up to 29, six less than Wake Forest and 4 more than Carolina.

This is the first time Guilford has ever participated in an intercollegiate track meet, therefore we feel proud of the record our fellows have made. All they need is a little encouragement and it is up to every student to show his college spirit by giving it to them.

THE PHILOMATHIAN CONTEST.

The first Philomathian oratorical contest was given April 17th in Memorial Hall. The following girls delivered very interesting and well prepared orations:

Caroline Whiting, the first speaker, had for her subject, Napoleon Bonaparte—Napoleon a man of actions and a man of dreams.

Lillie Bulla's oration had for its title The Pearl of the Antilles. It was a short history of Cuba, showing her capacity for self government.

Gertrude Frazier spoke on Quaker Pioneers in America—What hardships they underwent and how they met them.

Julia Raiford delivered a very interesting oration on The Present Struggle for Liberty. This was a call for the prevention of child labor.

The fifth oration, delivered by Janie Brown, had for its title Esse Quam Videri. She showed how North Carolina has lived up to the motto on her seal.

The next speaker, Mary R. White, gave bits of Virginian history which every one should hold in mind. The title of her oration was Lest We Forget.

All six contestants deserve praise for the able manner in which they rendered their orations. Janie Brown by her stirring oration on Esse Quam Videri won the prize, a gold locket.

Well may the Philomathian Society be proud of its contest.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The Y. W. C. A. regrets very much the loss of its president, Esther Ivey, who has resigned on account of extra work. Pearl Gordon was elected to take her place.

In spite of this misfortune the Association has been doing very good work. Not only are we planning for the present but have also begun to look forward to the future. Besides the Thursday evening meetings the Y. W. C. A. has had charge of one joint prayer meeting. This was conducted by Lucy White April 18th in Memorial Hall. She gave a very helpful and interesting talk on Temptations to College Students and How to Meet Them.

On Saturday evening, April 10th, the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. gave a general social. Games were played and all were apparently entertained. Besides this social a March Hare party was given to all whose birthday anniversary came in March and July.

Miss Ida R. Garrison, the students' secretary for Virginia and the Carolinas, visited our association April 15-17th. She gave us many good suggestions and encouraged us to do our best.

Financially we are in a very good condition. We hope to be represented by ten delegates at the Asheville conference this summer. We realize that these delegates bring back enthusiasm and many good plans and we want to make our next year of Association work our best.

THE WEBSTERIAN-PHILO. RECEPTION.

Of all the social occasions of the year none is looked forward to with greater expectation by the Guilford students than the reception given by the societies. It is not strange then that a wave of joy swept over the Philomathean Hall when an invitation from the Websterians was read. On the 2nd of April, after being ushered into the auditorium of Memorial Hall, which has been the home of the Websterian Society since their hall was burned, the president, Mr. Briggs, called the house to order. The first number on the program, a debate, "Resolved, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years and not eligible for re-election," was ably and interestingly discussed on the affirmative by Mr. Smith, and on the negative by Mr. Woosley. A comic recitation was then splendidly rendered by Mr. Hudson. After a few encouraging remarks by the Philamatheans the literary exercises were over. A delightful social followed and refreshments were royally served, after which we were escorted to Founders by our "big brothers," the "Webs."



Alumni Department.

✓ Robert C. Root ('89) is a regular contributor to the West Coast Magazine, supplying interesting articles on the Peace question. It may not be known to the Alumni that he has charge of the Pacific Coast Division of the American Peace Society and is to be one of the speakers at the Peace Congress to be held in Chicago May 3-5. It is hoped that while in the East he will make a visit to his Guilford friends.

✓ Mary (Roberts) Jones ('96) has recently visited the College. While added years have brought an added poise and dignity, it is easily determined that there still exists the "Mollie" of school girl days, and with her indomitable energy she is doing a most worthy work in the Academy at Salemburg, of which she is principal.

✓ Annie F. Petty ('94) returns to Chataqua again this summer as a demonstrator in the Library School there. Not only as Librarian at the State Normal in Greensboro, which position she has held for many years, but also as president of the State Library Association, Annie Petty has proved herself wide awake on all questions in her chosen field.

R. Delia Raiford ('03) was married on April 15th to Lindley Jay Winslow. Mr. and Mrs. Winslow are now at home at Media, Pa. Congratulations from the Alumni.

✓ Kerney E. Hendrix ('00) during the current year has held a position in Lehigh University. His special is civil engineering and we note with pleasure this recognition of his faithful work.

✓ Eugène Coltrane ('07) after a long seige of fever and a slow convalescence has again resumed his duties as superintendent of schools in Randolph county.

A. W. Blair ('90) has recently sent to the COLLEGIAN many back numbers lost in the fire, so that only the following named are missing. Any one having these will do us a favor to send them so that we may again have a complete bound set of our

college magazine. Volume 13, No. 5; Volume 14, No. 5; Volume 16, No. 1.

William Penn Henley ('04) recently closed a successful school year at Farmington, N. C. Mary M. Hobbs was the speaker of the occasion. W. P. Henley goes to the University next year and Henry Doak ('08) is to take the principalship of the Farmington school.

A. W. Hobbs ('07) is now physical director and instructor in mathematics in Guilford College, completing the unexpired term of W. G. Lindsay ('05).

Alice Everett White ('08), now at Bryn Mawr College, will spend the summer at Pocono and has accepted a position for next year in the Friends' School at Lansdowne, Pa.

The class of '91 has at last had an "inning." At the recent banquet it was the earliest class with representatives present, and greater yet it had the largest representation, having five members present. No other class had more than four.



Exchanges.

JOHN E. SAWYER.

As exchange editor for this issue of THE COLLEGIAN we are glad to say that many very interesting articles have come to our notice in the different college magazines. Some of these articles are especially interesting and encouraging because they show the possible development of a true literary talent, of which there is an alarming dirth throughout our country.

One of the fullest exchanges which has come to our table is the March number of the Wake Forest Student. It is especially interesting to the Baptists of North Carolina, since it is composed entirely of historic papers and theses on the development of individual churches in the state; the development of Baptists colleges in the south, and a fifty-four year sketch of one association. It seems to us to be a good plan for denominational institutions to set apart one issue of its magazine each year for papers on denominational exposition and historic research. We do not consider that the separate articles in such a magazine call for any special criticism.

The February number of the College Message contains several short but interesting stories; also some good material not in the story department. The paper on "The Interpretation of the Beautiful in Art and Nature" is good. It shows evidence of some hard study and effort. Also the article on the Arian controversy is interesting. Such articles as this are as indispensable to an all round magazine as the stories are, and we should encourage the writing of such articles more than we do. One should not think that because he is not able to write a good story he cannot contribute anything to the magazine. Only a few can write good stories; nearly every one can express a good thought on some scientific or historic question.

The Normal Magazine is always a welcome number among our exchanges. The March issue does not have very many stories, but those stories that it does have are good. The address which the magazine contains on "Industrial Education in our Public Schools" deserves study. It sets forth some of

the saving principles of our state. The time has come for the Old North State to awake to the great need of a better public school system; one that will make us more able to utilize our raw products.

The March number of the *Lenorian* is a very good issue. The story, "The Disappearance of Clarence Irwin" deserves mention. The plot causes one to think of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." Perhaps not so much in the masterfulness of its development, as the similar coincidence that in both cases the wives were married to their old sweethearts when their "dead" husbands finally made their appearances. "Out of the shadows back to the Sunlight" is a readable story. The writer very graphically pictures the development of a severe case of true love; the natural dispondency and grief at such a tragic ending of that love's idol, and the final awakening to the true object of life—service for others. The paper on "The Formation of the Constitution" shows that the writer has made some special study of that period of our history.

The April number of the *Haverfordian* has just reached our table. It contains several very good stores and poems. "When Morning Waits" would bear development to a much greater length. The poem, "A Pessimist and His Lore" is a credit to the writer.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of our usual exchanges.

Locals and Personals.

LURA HENDRIX, } EDITORS.
B. M. NICHOLS, }

Miller (to John Sawyer)—The die for our class pin cost \$8. Sawyer—Gee! whiz! That's sure high for dyes (dies). Mama can get all she wants at home for 10c. a package.

Prof. White (describing slides to his Astronomy class)—This is a picture of the sun taken in the day time.

Prof. Jay (to Mr. Holt)—Why did not Cornelius have a vision similar to that of Peter's.

Mr. Holt—I suppose it was because he wasn't hungry.

Esther Ivey has returned to college after a few weeks' illness. We are all glad to welcome her back.

Prof. Meredith sails for Germany on the 19th of May, where he will pursue his studies at the University of Berlin.

Miss Angelina Wood will sail for Germany early in the summer, date unknown (?).

Delia Raiford, class '03, was married to Mr. J. L. Winslow, of Belvidere, Tuesday, April 15th, in Norfolk, Va. The happy couple will live in Media, Pa.

Lucy White (looking at the white lilacs)—O! look at the heliotrope.

Prof. Zeno Dixon visited his daughter Alice Louise at the college recently.

President Hobbs (hearing laughter in front of Founders during "Tacitus")—"Well if I had a class here every day I would not have that noise."

President did not know that Mrs. Hobbs had told a joke on him which was the cause of the laughter.

Alice Dixon—"I would like to hear a proposal."

Prof. Binford will spend the summer in study at the Marine Laboratory at Beaufort, N. C.

Mary R. White (looking toward the moon in the east)—
“Oh! the sun is rising in the west.”

Miss Garrison, the traveling secretary of the Y. W. C. A., was here for a few days recently.

Mary J.—“I heard that twelve boys had been deposed to the mumps.

Hugh Leak and his brother took supper with us on the 28th of March.

Frank Dalton, who is now studying medicine at Chapel Hill, visited us on April the 9th.

Mr. P. M. Colbert, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Winston-Salem, gave us an interesting talk on the call to the secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the regular meeting on April 15th.

Miss Ruth White and Miss Ollie Strickland were recent visitors at the college.

A number of our students attended the Moravian Easter exercise at Winston-Salem. Among those who went were Miss Julia White, Lucy White, Margaret Rutledge, Hugh D. White, Flora White, Annie Holland, Alice Dixon and Dobson Long. All report a good time.

Clem Boren also went to Winston to attend the Easter service and got lost. Winston must be a large city.

Ollie Leak and Fannie Sue Griffith, former Guilford students, spent Saturday and Sunday, April 17th and 18th, at the college.

Miss Sharpless—“Alice, is Zeno Dixon thy father or thy mother?”

Prof. White (in surveying class to Howard standing at the board)—“Herbert, what is thee doing?”

Howard—“Looking up the Nantissa.”

Ernest White and Mr. Edwards, of Greensboro, were recent visitors at the college.

Mr. J. E. Johnson, traveling secretary for the Y. M. C. A., was at Guilford on April 21st.

Long (to Woosley on April 17th)—“John did you know my father is going to deliver the prize tonight.”

C. Frank Benbow to Anderson at the University game—“Say, Jim, that man’s the best pitcher there are in the State.”

Worth is becoming efficient in German. He can now decline “Ein Mann” in the plural.

Gertrude (leaning out the window singing)—“Southern boy I sigh for you; Southern boy I’d die for you. I love you; I love you; I love you.”

“Skinny” (walking along the campus)—“I wonder if she means me.”

Miss Louise—“Rebecca has thee really got the mumps?”

Rebecca—“I can still eat Heintz’s pickles.”

Worth—“Gurney, have you got my bucket? I wan to press my pants in it.”

Gurney—“The mischief you do.”

Worth—“Oh! I mean I want to wet the cloth in it.”

Ask Smithdeal if he has phoned to Kuykendall.

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

HENRY CLAY.

C. C. Smithdeal, President
T. F. Bulla, Secretary
A. F. Zachery, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

W. T. Boyce, President
J. D. Long, Secretary
N. R. Hodgins, Marshal

PHILOMATHIAN.

Katherine Alley, President
Rosa Bean, Secretary
Eula Ballinger, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Anna Mendenhall, Prest.
Cassie Mendenhall, Sec.
Alice Woody, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association.

E. S. King, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Pearl Gordon, President

_____, Secretary

Literary Club.

S. H. Hodgins, President

Ethel Hodgins, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

E. V. Floyd, President

Lucy O'B. White, Secretary

Athletic Association.

Henry Davis, President

E. L. Hudson, Sec. and Treas.

J. E. Sawyer, Vice-Pres.

T. B. Whitaker, Foot Ball Mgr.

N. Rush Hodgins, Base Ball M'gr.

Efrid Hine, Tennis Manager

C. C. Smithdeal, Track Manager

C. D. Benbow, Jr., B'kt Ball M'gr.

Classes.

SENIOR

A. A. Dixon, President

Margaret E. Peele, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

W. H. Welch, President

Flora White, Secretary

JUNIOR

Leroy Miller, President

Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

John Woosley, President

Hazel Harmon, Secretary

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXI.

June, 1909.

NO. 8

ESSE QUAM VIDERI.

(ORATION WINNING FIRST PLACE IN THE PHILOMATHEAN CONTEST)

Historians have sometimes found it difficult to trace the thread of development in the life of this State, but it is plain enough to those who know its history. North Carolina has never been a hasty, noisy, forward State, but rather prudent and quiet. When, however she has entered upon a plan of action she has proven herself very firm and stern and enduring. Her progress has not been by fits and starts but by slow, patient steps which are seldom retraced. The people of the State have maintained in war and in peace a high character for honesty, simplicity and trustworthiness. They have loved better than fame or prominence the simple paths of dignity, peace and respect for law, though they have been quick enough to resent any form of oppression or injustice. Indeed, the whole history of the State has been the living out of the motto on its seal, "Esse Quam Videri"—to be rather than to seem.

But you ask—wherein has North Carolina lived up to this standard? On the nineteenth of April, 1775, the battle of Lexington was fought in Massachusetts; on the nineteenth of May a tired rider reached Charlotte with the news of this bloodshed. Here he found the little village crowded with people who were there to attend a meeting called by Thomas Polk, colonel of the county. On hearing of the killing of American citizens those who thronged around the horseman shouted, "Let us be independent." The meeting in the log court-house took up the cry of the people and adopted a set of resolutions written by Dr. Ephriam Brevard. On the next day, May the twentieth, these resolutions were signed by the members and read aloud from

the door of the court-house. Thus while others were still talking of making friends with England, these Mecklenburg farmers saw the folly of patching up a short peace and so declared themselves free men and prepared for a government of their own. That the world looks upon this government as a success we know from the assertion of America's greatest historian, George Bancroft, who said, "If you would study man's capacity for self-government, study the history of North Carolina." These farmers with their sturdy, upright, characters would not pretend to be on friendly terms with the mother country when rebellion was in their hearts.

But not only in matters of State were our sturdy forefathers true to our motto for even in the perilous times of 1776 the makers of the new constitution, with splendid wisdom, had ordered that "all useful learning should be duly encouraged in one or more universities." In 1787 a charter was granted for a university. Chapel Hill, in Orange county, was chosen for the site and on October 12, 1793, the cornerstone of the first building was laid by William R. Davie, justly called the "Father of the University." Today the State boasts not only of a university, with nearly eight hundred students but also of such institutions as Wake Forest, Guilford, Davidson, Trinity, the Normal and Industrial College, the Baptist University for Women, the Agricultural and Mechanical College, and many others, all of which are doing good, thorough work and preparing the minds of our young men and young women for greater activity and larger possibilities, the method by which the future citizenship of our commonwealth shall be as well as seem to be ready for all the demands of this strenuous age. This progress is but the visible evidence, the concrete expression of the conviction of our people that education is the birth-right of every child of the Republic, the safeguard of society and government, the surest road to prosperity and happiness. Not only have universities and colleges been established but the public schools have grown up. The promoters of public education realized that such a means would place education within the reach of all classes.

This earlier action was given a tremendous advance when in February, 1902, the representatives of all the educational forces of the State, public, private, denominational, university, college, high school, primary and intermediate school, met in the office of the governor in Raleigh, at the call of the director of the Southern Board of Education for this State to take counsel together and plan a vigorous campaign against ignorance and they further saw that all classes must be educated or there could not be a strong constituency in the Old North State, for the State as well as the individual is no stronger than its weakest point. They entered into a solemn compact to make ceaseless war against illiteracy and issued a declaration against it that rang like a bell at midnight throughout all the State.

Around the standard raised at this time other forces quickly rallied—preachers, editors, lawyers, doctors, professional men, business men of all sorts, laboring men and the plain people everywhere. Few, if any, have deserted the standard and the recruits have been many. The educational movement that had been gathering force for years received from this meeting a new and mighty impetus, and the people of North Carolina are making long strides toward being an integral part of the world's educational progress.

To say that the industrial progress of North Carolina has been phenomenal is not to boast of success that is empty shadow without the substance. Within the last few years the value of real estate in most counties has advanced from fifty to one hundred per cent. and the lowest advance quoted is twenty-five per cent. The agricultural reports also show the farmers hard at work, contented, economical, learning to diversify their crops, as well as save their earnings, thus becoming self-sustaining and no longer existing at the mercy of the speculators or those from whom they buy their supplies. Nature has blessed us most wonderfully. Our soil produces every variety of crops. Life-giving waters burst from thousands of springs. Our climate is neither too hot nor too cold. We have no scourges, such as yellow fever and cholera, no cyclones, blizzards or earthquakes. We need only sufficient labor of the

right kind to work on our farms and in our mines to enable us to take our place in the nation according to our area and population. While we do not claim to be one of the wealthiest or most educated States of the realm we are every whit as wealthy and educated as we claim to be.

Likewise we have made real progress from a moral standpoint. Prohibition now prevails throughout the State and where once were saloons are now good business houses, and instead of drunkenness we see sobriety and industry. Law and order prevail throughout the State in a much more marked degree than under the license system.

North Carolina was next to the last State to enter the Federal Union in 1789 and she was likewise the next to the last to leave it and enter the Southern Confederacy in 1861. When, however, she entered it, true to her character, she endured to the last and proved herself to be what she professed. "Our soldiers went furthest up the slopes of Gettysburg under the gallant Pettigrew, and made the last charge at Appomatox. At the beginning of the war Jefferson Davis had by no means been partial to North Carolina or to its governor, our honored Vance, but our governor and his constituency so won the heart of the Confederate President that in parting with Vance in Greensboro at the close of the war, with tears in his eyes, with a tremor in his voice, and with a warm grasp of the hand, he said, "God bless you governor and your noble State."

Nothing shows the character of an individual or State plainer than the way they behave in defeat. Did we North Carolinians at the close of this war for Southern independence sit down and sulk over our spoiled fortunes? No! Never did a people behave with more dignity and bravery in defeat than the men and women of North Carolina. They simply went to work in proud, silent determination to rebuild their homes and maintain their honor. It was a discouraging task, their fields were laid waste, their barns burned, their homes demolished, their children barefooted and hungry, yet with a spirit which even the soldiers in blue admired our fathers so wrought that today the same fields are in a good state of cultivation, the barns are bursting with plenty, beautiful homes meet the eye

on every hand, the children are no longer pinched with cold and hunger, but are well fed and happy.

It has been said that "individuals constitute the State." So long as the sons and daughters of North Carolina have in their annals such worthy examples of statesmanship as are furnished by such men as Governors Morehead, Graham, Worth and Vance, and such educational leaders as Calvin H. Wiley and Charles D. Melver; so long as it can furnish to other States such men as Walter Page, Edwin A. Alderman, Joseph Moore Dixon and Alphonso Smith, and still have left such educators as Dr. Hobbs, Edwin Mims and Stephen B. Weeks, such Governors as Charles B. Aycock and Robert Glenn, such captains of industry as the Cones, the Dukes, and the Holts, we cannot doubt but it will maintain its high character and enable us to say with more pride and love for our State than ever before—

"Here's to the land of the long-leaf pine,
The summer land where the sun doth shine;
Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great,
Here's to 'down home,' the Old North State."

Great has been the glory, great the task of our fathers, but may we not grow into still larger and better things without loosing the warp and woof of our being. May we not grow into strong, sturdy, God-fearing men and women with the determination to serve as well our day and generation as they did theirs and may we not still live up to our grand old motto, "Esse Quam Videri."

JANIE BROWN.

COMMENCEMENT.

After a week of rainy weather the clouds cleared away on Saturday, May 22nd, and the prospects for a bright and sunny commencement were very much better. At eight o'clock in the evening a fairly large audience assembled in Memorial Hall and listened to one of the most successful music recitals which has ever been given at Guilford College. Both students and their teacher had done their work well and the entire program was rendered without a noticeable mistake.

Sunday was a day of spiritual uplift to those who were so fortunate as to hear the two masterful sermons of the day. At eleven a. m., before a large congregation in the Auditorium, President Hobbs made the announcements for commencement, after which Dr. George A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, preached the baccalaureate sermon from the text, According to your faith be it unto you. Matt. 9:29. This was a wonderful sermon and deeply impressed those who heard it.

At eight o'clock p. m. the students and college community were fortunate in having the privilege of listening to the address given to the Christian Associations by Rev. Plato Durham, of Central Methodist church, Concord, N. C. This scholarly man was at his best and through his entire address he held the close attention of his hearers. The Associations were very fortunate to secure such a strong man to give this address.

On Monday evening the twenty-third annual oratorical contest of the Websterian Literary Society was held an account of which is given on another page.

Tuesday, the alumni began to arrive and in the evening an interesting and enthusiastic game of baseball was played by the local team and a selected nine from the alumni. The game was exciting and resulted in a victory for the visitors.

At 8 o'clock the annual alumni meeting was held and after the usual program was followed, L. L. White, president of the association, introduced the speaker of the evening, Robert C. Root, the oldest living graduate of Guilford College. Mr. Root spoke in a delightful manner of reminiscences of twenty years

ago. Following this address the members of the Association were given a delightful reception at Founders' Hall. A most enjoyable feature of both the meeting and the reception was the excellent music which was furnished by an orchestra from Greensboro.

Although Wednesday, commencement day, was cloudy and rainy a large crowd attended the exercises which began at 10 o'clock a. m. with a mixed chorus, "Praise Ye the Father," after which Eli Reece conducted devotional exercises. President Hobbs then announced the following speakers and their subjects: "The Church a Factor in American Education," Richard Junius Mendenhall Hobbs; "Our Daily Bread," Laura Alice Woody; "Missionary Factor in Civilization," Hugh Dixon White.

After these orations were delivered President Hobbs conferred the degree of Bachelor of Science upon ten members of the graduating class and the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon the remaining eleven members. Miss Agnes King was also given a certificate for having completed the course in music.

A chorus, "May Dreams," was rendered and President Hobbs introduced Dr. Robert L. Kelly, President of Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., who gave the baccalaureate address. Dr. Kelly's address was profound and scholarly yet clear and easily understood and through it ran a fine strain of humor which delighted the audience. Without a doubt this was one of the best addresses which has ever been delivered here.

President Hobbs spoke for a short while in regard to the future of the college, the new library, and our much-needed King Hall. He then announced the following scholarships, prizes and honors which have been awarded:

Haverford Scholarship—William T. Boyce.

Bryn Mawr Scholarship—Margaret Davis.

Scholarship offered by Class of '04—Lillie Bulla.

Websterian Orator's Prize—Edward S. King.

Websterian Improvement Medal—Walker E. Allen.

Philomathian Orator's Prize—Janie Brown.

Philomathian Improvement Prize—Rosa Bean.

Henry Clay Orator's Medal—C. C. Smithdeal.

Henry Clay Improvement Medal—Probert Collier.

Zatasian Orator's Prize—Leora Chappell.

Zatasian Improvement Prize—Tecy Beaman.

Freshman Orator's Medal, given by Class '05—Bishop M. Nichols.

Sophomore "Honors"—J. Dobson Long, Elizabeth Winslow.

Junior "Special Honors"—Edward S. King, Alice Louise Dixon, D. Worth Anderson.

CLASS 1909.

In view of the fact that this year's graduating class is the largest class which has ever gone out from Guilford and is also one of the most loyal to the college, perhaps a brief account of what each member has done while in college will be interesting and not out of place.

James Anderson entered the Freshman class from Charlotte High School in the spring of '06. A good athlete; has been captain of basket ball team for two years; first base on ball team for two years; class tennis team for two years; class basket ball team; not a hard student, but quick and easy to catch on; attended summer school last year. A Websterian.

Leroy Briggs, entered from High Point Graded School, spring '06, as a second preparatory student; a hard student and always carried extra work successfully; attended summer school last year; made the four college classes in three years; an all-round good athlete; class tennis team in Sophomore and Senior years; basket ball team two years; also class basket ball team; track team '09; won first place in college track meet; won low hurdle race in State track meet; a member of Websterian Literary Society; was on Sophomore debating team.

William T. Boyce, entered fall '05, to Freshman class on a scholarship from Belvidere Academy; a Websterian; repre-

sented his society in three oratorical contests; class debating team for four years; has held all the offices in his society; has been president twice; a hard worker for the Y. M. C. A.; was president of the Association in his Junior and Senior year; attended Summer Conference '08; member of Science Club and Biblical Club; won Haverford scholarship; business manager of GUILFORD COLLEGIAN for two years; a hard working man, always bearing his part well; probably the strongest man in his class.

Charles Benbow, entered fall '04, from Greensboro Graded School, entered Preparatory class; attended Summer School last year; Henry Clay Society; twice president; basket ball manager '09; member of track team '09.

Margaret Davis, entered '04 as second Preparatory student from Guilford Graded School; secretary of Philagorean Society; president and treasurer of Philomathian Society; spoke in two oratorical contests; won scholarship to Bryn Mawr College.

Henry Davis received his early training at the Graded School here. His record as a student and as an athlete is surpassed by but few of his classmates. He has been a leader in the Henry Clay Society, having held all the offices in the society and has represented his society in several oratorical contests. By winning four first first and second places in the State track meet this year, he captured the second place in the meet for Guilford College.

Robert Doak has been at the college so long that no one is able to tell when he entered school. He has played on the baseball team for several years and has also made good in the Athletic Association as president and has always been a loyal member of the Websterian Society.

Alfred Dixon came here from Snow Camp Graded School Fall '04, entered Preparatory class; out of school Fall '05; president of Websterian Society once; represented the society in oratorical contest in his Junior year; president of Senior class; president of Athletic Association; pitcher on baseball team '09. "Peck" was a friend to every one and was much liked.

Ethel Hodgkin entered first Preparatory class '03, having been prepared by a governess; was once chairman of social committee of Y. W. C. A.; attended summer conference at Asheville in her Junior year; secretary of Philagorean Society and secretary of Literary Club.

Rush Hodgkin has been at the college for six years; entered Preparatory class '03; has twice been president of Websterian Society; won orator's medal in Sophomore year; was on the debating team of his class for four years; was manager of the baseball team for two years; attended Y. M. C. A. Conference '06. Rush was one of the most popular boys in his class.

The musician of the class is Agnes King, who entered school in '05 from the Concord High School; was president of the Philomathean Society; represented the Philagorean Society in one oratorical contest; president of Y. W. C. A. at one time and attended two summer conferences at Asheville. Miss King has the honor of being the first graduate in piano music at Guilford College.

Another member of the class who knows a good bit of the history of Guilford is Annie Holland, who entered school here as a first Preparatory student in 1901 from Martha Washington College. Miss Holland has been president and treasurer of the Zatasian Society; was manager of tennis in 1908, and won second place in the girls' tennis tournament for that year; she is a good artist and has rendered much service to the college along this line.

Anna Mendenhall received her preparation at Delane Academy and entered the preparatory class in 1904; she has been an active worker for the Y. W. C. A. and has served as social chairman and treasurer of the Association; attended conference at Asheville and at Rock Hill, S. C.; was secretary and marshal of Philagorean Society, and spoke in one oratorical contest; afterwards she was president of the Zatasian Society and vice-president of the Literary Club.

Richard Hobbs received his early training at Westtown, Pa. He has been one of the best students in his class and has made extra good grades; as a literary man he has made good both in his society and as editor in chief of the GUILFORD COL-

LEGIAN; he has held all the offices in the Henry Clay Society and has represented his society in several oratorical contests and won the orator's medal; this year he won the literary prize offered by the Alumni Association; as an athlete he has been surpassed by few former students; he played on the basket ball team several years and also managed the team one year; and his record as a track man and as a base-ball pitcher needs no comment.

Every since entering college in the spring of '05 as a second preparatory student Hugh White has shown a great talent for mathematics. As a member of the Websterian Literary Society he has spoken in two oratorical contests and won the prize in his Junior year; he has also been president of his society, and was class president in his Junior year; has been vice-president of the Science Club this year and was one of the commencement orators.

Amanda Richardson came here in 1905 as a graduate from High Point Graded School and during her entire college course she has made good grades in all her studies; she has served as secretary of the Philagorean Society and has also done good work in the Y. W. C. A.

While Julian White, who entered the Preparatory class in '04, has made a splendid record as an athlete he has been a good student. He played on the ball team for three years; was captain of the team for two years; his record as a basket ball player on the college team and also as an athlete in the gymnasium is also good; he was president of his class in his Freshman year and has done good work in the Websterian Society.

Margaret Peele received her preparation at the graded school here and entered the college as a preparatory student in 1901, but has been out of school for two years; one of these years she taught in a public school; she was the first president of the Philomathian Society, and has done much work in the Y. W. C. A., especially in the interest of missions.

One of the most popular girls of her class was Lucy White; prepared at Belvidere Academy she entered the Freshman class here in 1904; as a leader first in the Philomathian Society and later as the first president of the Zatasian Society, she has ac-

complished much; she won the orator's prize last year in her society contest; her interest has been strongly felt in the Y. W. C. A.; her strongest point as a student has been in Biology; at present she is secretary of the Science Club.

Leslie Pearson has never made any great mark as an athlete, nor has he held so many offices in the college organizations, yet when called upon for a duty he has never been found wanting; for four years he has studied diligently; he has done good service in both the Websterian Society and in the Y. M. C. A., both of which organizations were dear to him.

The fairest and one of the most intellectual girls in the class is Alice Woody. After completing the preparatory class here she spent a year at Westtown and then came back here; she is a debater whom the Zatasian Society may well be proud of; next year will probably find her at Drexel studying domestic science; she was honored by being chosen as one of the commencement speakers this year.

ANGELS IN CHARGE.

I am no mystic and I can not see
Angelic guardians hovering o'er my way.
I do not claim these visions may not be;
Nor doubt the words which they to others say.

But for *this* vision I today give thanks,
That I can see God's angels everywhere.
They fill the world in helpful healing ranks,
And in their hands the tempted ones they bear.

They weep with those who weep, and gently bring
Sweet consolation in their every deed.
Availing prayer is theirs for suffering.
They press the heart of God to human need.

Their hands are quick to do His holy will.
Their willing feet for love, unfaltering run
In every walk of life I see them fill
The requisition of the Sinless One.

Dear earthly friends—the angels of God's light
Clothed in the flesh made holy by His love,
You need no seraph's wings, no robes of white
To prove your great commission from above.

MARY M. HOBBS.

MERLIN.

English literature presents no subject of study more interesting than the romances relating to King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Among these legends is that of Merlin—the prophet and enchanter. It is to the skill and council of Merlin that King Arthur owes his crown, his order of Round Table Knights and his victories. However there is more than one story about this interesting character. In one he is a Welsh Bard, in another a Roman King, and in another a magician, enchanter and prophet.

It is a historical fact that about the sixth century there lived a Welsh Bard named Myrdlim or Myrthlin. The Roman king was called Merlin Ambrose. He was brother of Uther Pendragon and therefore Arthur's uncle. There was also a magician named Ambrose. These two have doubtless been confused and the characteristics of one attributed to the other.

We have the first account of the enchanter in the history of Nemrius. Vortigeru, the king of Britain, was trying to build a fortified city on Mt. Snowden. Three times the materials were collected and three times they all disappeared in the night. The wise men then advised Vortigeru to "find a child born without earthly father, put him to death and sprinkle the site of the citadel with his blood. At last a child was found and brought before the king. He inquired why he had

been brought there and the king told him how he was to die. When he learned that the wise men were the cause of this ill fate, he had them brought before him and told them that his blood would do them no good. The mysterious disappearance of the materials for the citadel, he told them, was caused by the writhing of two monstrous dragons underneath the ground. This was found to be true and Merlin, for the child was no other than he, was made chief counsellor of the king. He held this position through the reigns of Vortigeru, Uther and Arthur. By following his excellent advice the king won many brilliant victories and was saved from many threatened calamities. It was by his advice that the Round Table was formed. Some authorities say that he went to Arthur's court and established the order himself, while others say that he sent word from his prison that it should be done.

His career as counsellor of the kings ended with his infatuation for Vivien. She, through his love for herself, induced him to give her the secret of his charm. Then with his own charm, she imprisoned him in an imaginary castle. Merlin resisted this charm for a long time, but all in vain. The infatuation was too great.

So far, all accounts, whether Welsh or Briton, bards or chroniclers, agree in these points, his miraculous birth, his supernatural powers, his retirement to the woods and final imprisonment. Between these points the various narratives diverge widely.

The Merlin of romance is perhaps wholly of poetic creation, having been suggested by the many old legends. He was the embodiment of intellect, and many wonderful creations were attributed to him, such as the impenetrable armor of Arthur and the Fountain of Love in the Orlando Innamorto. He is frequently introduced in tales of chivalry, but it is chiefly on great occasions and at a period subsequent to his death or magical disappearance.

HENRY CLAY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On Saturday evening, May 1st, the Henry Clay Society held its twenty-third annual oratorical contest. Owing to the illness of Mr. B. H. Palmer, one of the contestants, the program was a little shorter than it usually is. It is very much regretted that he could not deliver his oration.

Mr. Richard Hobbs acted as presiding officer. In a few well-chosen words he welcomed the audience and announced the first speaker, Mr. Alexander Bonner, who delivered an oration on "Our American Government." He delivered his oration in a very able manner. He showed what kind of government the ancients held to be the best, and pointed out the defects in our own system.

Mr. Hervey Lindley followed with the second oration, "The Evolution of the Air Ship." He gave a splendid description of the first one invented. He also spoke of the many improvements that have been made in the last few years and how the aerial machine will be useful to future generations.

The third on the programme was an instrumental duet given by Miss Wood and Miss Hall, which was enjoyed by every one present.

The third orator, Mr. Lyman Whitaker, chose for his subject "Lincoln's Political Career." He in an eloquent way gave an account of his early life. He pointed out those elements which go to make character, and how Lincoln fitted himself for his political battles.

The fourth oration was delivered by Mr. C. C. Smithdeal. He in a very able way told of "Savonarola the Exponent of Liberty." He spoke of how heroes are produced to lead the people in all crisis. He held Savonarola up before the people as one of those heroes.

The judges were Dudley Carroll, Wilson Carroll and Hon. E. C. Cook. In a few well-chosen words, Mr. Cook awarded the prize, a gold medal, to Mr. C. C. Smithdeal.

Taking everything in consideration the contest was a good one, and did much credit to the Henry Clay Society.

ZATASIAN CONTEST.

On Saturday evening, May 8th, at 8 o'clock the Zatasian Literary Society held its first oratorical contest. The following program was well rendered:

1. March and Waltz from Birthday Music.

Lucile Hall and Miss Wood

2. The Pioneers of Commerce.....Elizabeth A. Winslow
3. The Revolution in Turkey.....Leora A. Chapell
4. Troy Pearl Gordon
5. Adagio from Piano and Clarionet...Prof. E. Vivian Floyd
6. The Utilization of a Modern Nuisance..Gertrude H. Spray
7. The U. S. Postal Service.....Margaret Virginia Rutledge
8. The Pathfinders of America.....Flora White
9. Moonlight and Music.....Mixed Quartette

The decision of the judges was by no means an easy task, but finally Miss Chapell was decided upon as having won the prize and Mr. Kimball, of the Greensboro Bar Association, presented the successful contestant with a beautiful set of Shakespeare's works.

FRESHMAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The second annual Freshman oratorical contest was held the evening of the eighteenth of May in Memorial Hall. The contestants, who had been under the careful and most excellent training of Professor S. H. Hodgin for the past year, showed a knowledge of the fundamentals of oratory. The subject matter of the orations was of a high order, and was expressed in a clear and concise manner. The contestants and their subjects are as follows: The United States and Universal Peace, by Mary J. Mendenhall; William the Silent, by Bishop M. Nichols; True Patriotism, by Katherine R. Allen; The College Man's Mission, by H. W. Smith; The Benefits Derived from College Life, by Ella Young, and The Panama Canal by J. B. Woosley. Time and space would not allow a lengthy consid-

eration of the merits of these, but suffice it to say that they were above the average college oration. So close and sharp was the contest that it was with difficulty that the judges after a long consideration finally decided in favor of Bishop M. Nichols. Accordingly he was presented with a fine gold medal given by the class of 1905.

Another notable feature of the evening was the pleasing rendition of a vocal solo, *The Four-leaf Clover*, by Miss Hazel Harman. The only regret left to the contestants is that they cannot continue under such splendid training.

WEBSTERIAN CONTEST.

Among the events of commencement week was the Websterian oratorical contest which was held Monday evening, May 24th. The six men who had been chosen by their society as speakers for this contest had for their subjects the following titles: *The Present Deficit in Our Treasury*, Robert E. Dalton; *Our Judicial Degeneracy*, Leroy Miller; *The Awakening of China*, John E. Sawyer; *The Solid South*, Edward S. King; *Our Diplomatic Service*, W. Henry Sharpe; *Capital and Labor*, D. Worth Anderson.

Each of the speakers did well and delivered orations which were a credit to their society.

The excellent delivery and composition together with the originality of Mr. King's oration won for him the prize, a Webster's Dictionary, mounted on a stand.

The judges were Robert C. Root, a Websterian of "ye olden time," Waldo Woody and David White. Mr. Root in a neat and concise speech, announced the decision of the judges and presented Mr. King with the prize.

David Couch then presented the improvement medal to Walker E. Allen and mentioned the following men who have made much improvement in debate this year: Herbert Sawyer, Arthur Moore, Baxter Richardson, John Woosley, Noel E. West and Henry Smith.

Music for the occasion was furnished by Miss Hazel Harmon and the Websterian quartet.

W. T. Boyce presided and Chief Marshal N. R. Hodgins was assisted by E. L. Hudson, W. H. Welch, A. K. Moore and J. B. Woosley.



The Guilford Collegian

Published Monthly by the
Henry Clay, Philomathean, Websterian and Zatasian Literary
Societies

Editors

LEROY MILLER, '10, CHIEF, Websterian.
ESTHER IVEY, '10, Phil. ANNIE STRATFORD, '10, Zatasian
T. F. BULLA, '11, Clay.

Associate Editors

JANIE BROWN, '11, Phil. HERVEY LINDLEY, '12, Clay.
ARTIE D. HOPKINS, '11, Web. GERTRUDE H. SPRAY, '10, Zatasian

Business Managers

C. C. SMITHDEAL, '11, CHIEF, Clay.
FLORA WHITE, '11, Zatasian. MARY MENDENHALL, '12, Phil.
BISHOP M. NICHOLS, '12, Websterian.

Terms

One Year, \$1.00.

Single Copy, 15 Cents.

All matter for publication should reach the editors not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates on application.

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at the post office at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter.

VOL. XXI.

JUNE, 1909

NO. 8

Editorials.

With this issue the newly-elected staff begin their work. Owing to the lack of time and to the great amount of work which we have to do during the last two weeks of school, this issue is not as good as it should have been. Beginning with the first issue next fall we mean to make the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN strong in every department. To do this we must have the support of the faculty, the student body and alumni of the college. Not only from the standpoint of literary productions

but on behalf of the business management we appeal to every one who loves Guilford College to support this magazine by subscribing to it, and thus keep in touch with the old place. To those who have done this in the past we sincerely offer our thanks and appreciation and also to those who have said "take my name off of your subscription list" we want to beg that they reconsider this decision and remembering what Guilford College has meant to them again unite themselves with Guilford's loyal supporters.

The Summer Vacation. As the term draws near a close and commencement approaches we begin to lay our plans for the summer vacation. Some who are behind in their work are thinking of attending summer schools; some perhaps contemplate spending the time visiting their friends or at some pleasure resort; others will go back to the farm to help in the harvest field and to chop the grass out of the corn and cotton rows. Many of the girls no doubt will relieve their mothers in the kitchen or help with the summer sewing (it is hoped that education puts no one above such work) and then still have time for picnics, parties and hay rides, and the like.

There are students however thrown on their own resources who must look for some employment that will bring in more money than visiting or working on the farm. Few business men can afford to give a man a paying position for so short a time as three months, and even if they could, a student ought to seek for a job that will give him a change instead of shutting himself up in an office. Some look forward to playing summer ball; but comparatively few can make good at league ball. There is one great chance for students to make money during the summer and that is by becoming a "traveling salesman" for books, maps(pictures, fruit trees, or something of the kind. It is true that many detest this work and that some people despise an agent above all men; nevertheless this work is remunerative and besides it gives one invaluable experience

in learning how to approach people, and it is of vital importance that every one know how to do this. Canvassing gives a man the opportunity of studying human nature; it throws him on his own responsibility and often gives him a chance to see parts of the country he has never seen before. Anyone who has tried this work will testify that it is time well spent and that it is one of the surest ways of making money through vacation.



Athletics.

TENNIS.

An unusual amount of interest has been shown in tennis this spring. The four courts have been full nearly every evening when the weather was favorable, and much improvement has been made by many of the fellows.

No intercollegiate games have been played, but as has been the custom for the last few years the four college classes have held a tournament and have competed for the championship.

The class teams were composed of the following men: Seniors, Leroy Briggs and James Anderson; Juniors, Robert Dalton and Leroy Miller; Sophomores, John Whitaker and Lyman Whitaker; Freshmen, Hervey Lindley and Bascom Palmer.

The first game, which was between the Freshmen and Sophomores resulted in an easy victory for the Sophomores, who won three straight sets. The game between the Seniors and Juniors was a hard fought game which after two evenings playing resulted in a score of three sets against two in favor of the Juniors. The finals between the Sophomores and Juniors was an interesting game, but the Juniors were clearly outclassed by the Sophomores and lost three straight sets.

BASE BALL.

While our team has suffered several defeats this season, still this has by no means been an unsuccessful year. We have played against nine of the strongest teams the colleges of this and other States were able to put out. Out of 14 games our men won 7, lost 6, and played one tie game, the A. & M. of N. C. The season opened with the game with Elon on the home grounds. Dixon pitched the game for Guilford. This was his first game. He did remarkably well, allowing only three hits and striking out 10 men. The hitting of White and Beason for

Guilford was a feature of the game. The score was Elon 1, Guilford 5.

The next game was with the strong Lafayette nine on March 26. Ridgeway pitched a good game for us and the team gave him good support at all stages of the game. The score was as follows:

Lafayette.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	P.O.	A.	E.	Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cenover, ss.	4	0	0	1	1	2	0	White, 2b.	4	0	1	0	5	2	1
Schneider, c.f. ...	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	Doak, C., 3b. ...	4	1	1	0	5	0	1
Kelly, r.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	Hill, s.s.	4	0	2	0	2	3	0
H. Demott, 1b. .	5	0	0	0	10	0	0	Beason, r.f.	4	1	1	0	3	0	0
Matson, c.	4	0	0	0	8	0	2	Anderson, 1b. .	4	2	0	0	9	0	0
Edwards, p. ...	4	1	0	0	0	1	0	Doak, R. 1f.	4	0	2	0	1	0	0
N. Demott, 2b. .	4	0	0	0	2	1	0	Stewart, c.	3	1	0	2	2	0	2
Long, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	Hobbs, c.f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Swank, 1f.	3	1	1	2	1	0	0	Ridgeway, p. ...	4	1	0	0	0	4	1
<hr/>								<hr/>							
35								35							

Struck out by Edwards, 4, by Ridgeway 4. Two-base hits, White and Hill. Umpire, Murrow.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—	R.	R.	E.
Lafayette ..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—	2	2	2
Guilford ..	0	4	0	0	1	0	0	1	x—	7	8	5

In the game on the following day Lafayette turned the tables on us. Richard Hobbs pitched the first two innings, but as he was not at his best Charlie Doak went into the box at the end of the second inning, and Benbow took his place on third. Stuart caught the game with a broken finger. The score was as follows:

Lafayette.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	P.O.	A.	E.	Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelly, 1f.	5	1	1	0	1	0	0	White, 2b.	5	0	2	0	3	3	0
Schneider, p. ..	5	0	1	1	0	4	1	Doak, 3b & p....	5	0	1	0	2	3	0
Swank, s.s.	5	0	2	0	1	2	0	Hill, s.s.	5	0	3	0	0	2	2
H. Demott, 2b..	5	2	3	0	2	1	0	Beason, 1f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
Matson, c.	3	2	2	0	10	0	2	Anderson, 1b. .	4	0	0	0	11	0	0
Edwards ..	5	1	1	0	1	0	0	Doak, R., 1f....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
N. Demott, 1b... 2	2	1	0	10	0	0	0	Ridgeway, c.f. .	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Long, 3b.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	*Benbow, 3b. ...	4	1	1	0	9	1	1
Williams, 1f. ..	4	1	1	0	1	0	0	Stuart, c.	4	2	3	0	3	0	0
<hr/>								<hr/>							
41								38							

Two-base hits, Guilford, 1; Lafayette, 4; struck out by Schneider, 12; Hobbs, 1; Doak, 4. Umpire, Bentley.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—	R.	H.	E.
Lafayette ..	0	4	0	0	1	2	0	0	2—	9	11	3
Guilford ..	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0—	3	9	3

On March 29th we met the strong Bingham team, who had been giving our State teams some pretty close calls. We were expecting a good game, and were not disappointed. It was one of the most exciting games ever played on the home grounds.

Tabulated score:

Bingham.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
Roberts, s.s. ...	4	0	1	0	3	1	0	White, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	3	0
Horner, 1b.	4	0	0	0	9	0	0	C. Doak, 3b. ...	3	1	1	1	4	3	0
L. Lutterloh, r.f. 4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	Hill, s.s.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Lipscomb, c. ...	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	Beason, r.f.	3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Lutterloh, 3b. ...	2	0	0	0	1	1	2	Anderson, 1b. ...	3	1	0	0	14	0	1
Caroll, 2b.	3	0	0	0	2	2	0	R. Doak, l.f.	2	0	1	1	2	0	0
Teague, l.f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	Ridgeway, c.f. ...	2	0	0	1	0	0	0
Ray, c.f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	Stuart, c.	3	0	0	0	5	1	1
Howard, p.	3	1	2	0	0	6	0	Hobbs, p.	3	0	0	0	0	3	0
<hr/>								<hr/>							
29								27							

Umpire, Hodgin. Batteries, Bingham, Howard and Lipscomb; Guilford, Hobbs and Stuart.

We next journeyed down to Charlotte March 30 and crossed bats with our old rival, Davidson. Our boys went in determined to win, and win they did by a tune of 7 to 3.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Davidson ..	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	7	4
Guilford ..	3	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	7	6	2

Batteries: Davidson, Clark and Buie; Guilford, Ridgeway and Stuart. Umpire, Mahoney.

Features of the game were the batting of C. Doak and White, the former securing a three-bagger and home run, the latter a three-bagger, and the all round good team work.

Guilford's Tabulated Score:

Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
White, 2b.	3	0	1	0	5	3	1
C. Doak, 3b. ...	3	2	2	0	0	3	0
Hill, s.s.	4	1	1	0	1	3	0
Beason, r.f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Anderson, 1b. ..	4	0	1	0	3	1	1
R. Doak, l.f.	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Stuart, c.	4	1	0	1	6	3	0
Hobbs, c.f.	3	1	1	1	3	0	0
Ridgeway, p. ...	4	0	0	1	0	2	0
<hr/>							
33							

The second in the series of three games with Davidson was played in Statesville on April 3d. Our team did not exert themselves to the greatest extent, and as a result the score was 3 to 1 in favor of Davidson. This, however, helped to arouse

interest in the final game with them on Easter Monday. The tabulated score is as follows:

Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	Davidson.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
White, 2b.	4	1	1	0	0	2	0	Booe, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
C. Doak, 3b. ...	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	Klutz, l.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hill, s.s.	3	0	2	1	2	2	1	Buie, c.	4	1	1	0	10	2	0
Beason, r.f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	McRae, s.s.	2	1	0	0	1	3	0
Anderson, 1b. ..	4	0	0	0	12	0	0	Wilkerson, 2b. .	4	1	1	1	1	3	0
R. Doak, l.f.f ...	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	Mills, r.f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
Stuart, c.	3	0	0	0	7	1	1	Turner, 1b.	4	0	0	0	11	0	1
Ridgeway, p. ...	3	0	0	1	1	4	0	McClure, c.f. ...	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Hobbs, c.f.	3	0	0	1	1	0	0	Clark, p.	4	1	1	0	0	4	0
<hr/>								<hr/>							
29 1 2 3 27 8 3								32 4 3 2 27 12 1							

Batteries: Clark and Buie, for Davidson; Guilford, Ridgeway and Stuart. Umpire, Morrison. Struck out by Clark 10, by Ridgeway 7.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Guilford ...	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	3
Davidson ..	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	x	4	3	1

The deciding game with Davidson, which was played in Greensboro on Easter Monday, was the greatest game of the season. Many of the Alumni and Guilford students were there to root for us. Davidson men were also very much in evidence and so were the Normal and G. F. C. girls. In all there were something like 3,000 people present. Every one of our men was on his mettle and played his best. As a result, Guilford came out victorious with a score of 6 to 0. The score was as follows:

Davidson.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
Booe, 3b.	3	0	0	0	2	1	0	White, 2b.	4	1	1	0	2	1	0
Klutz, l.f.	3	0	1	0	2	1	1	C. Doak, 3b. ...	4	1	2	0	2	1	0
Buie, c.	4	0	0	0	8	0	0	Hill, s.s.	3	2	2	0	0	4	2
McRae, s.s.	4	0	0	0	2	1	0	Beason, r.f.	5	0	2	0	2	0	0
Wilkerson, 2b. .	4	0	0	0	2	1	1	Anderson, 1b. ..	3	0	0	0	9	0	0
McClure, c.f. ...	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	R. Doak, l.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Mills, r.f.	3	0	1	0	2	0	0	Stuart, c.	4	0	1	0	8	0	0
Elliot, 1b.	3	0	0	0	8	0	0	Hobbs, c.f.	4	1	1	0	2	0	0
Clark, p.	3	0	0	0	1	3	0	Ridgeway, p. ...	4	1	0	0	1	2	0
<hr/>								<hr/>							
31 0 3 2 27 6 2								35 6 9 0 27 8 2							

Batteries: Davidson, Clark and Buie; Guilford, Ridgeway and Stuart. Struck out by Clark 8, by Ridgeway 8. Base on balls, by Clark 3, by Ridgeway 1. Three-base hits, Doak and Beason.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Guilford ..	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	9
Davidson ..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	2

We met the plucky Richmond College team in Greensboro on March 31st. They proceeded to administer a defeat to us,

though they won by the narrow margin of one run. The hitting of Hill and Beason for Guilford were features of the game.

Tabulated score:

Richmond.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
Jenkins, 2b.	4	0	0	0	4	4	0	White, 2b.	4	0	1	0	4	4	0
Sheppard, 3b. ..	4	0	0	0	1	2	0	C. Doak, 3b.....	4	0	2	0	1	1	0
Snead, c.f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	Hill, s.s.	4	1	2	0	1	2	0
Lodge, c.	4	1	1	0	3	2	0	Beason, r.f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Ezekial, s.s. ...	4	0	1	0	2	0	0	Anderson, 1b. ..	4	0	0	0	13	0	0
Meridith, p. ...	4	1	1	0	0	5	0	R. Doak, l.f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Saunders, l.f. ..	3	1	1	0	2	0	0	Stuart, c.	4	0	0	0	5	2	0
Haislip, r.f.	4	0	0	1	1	0	0	Ridgeway, c.f. ..	3	0	1	0	2	0	0
Bevely, 1b.	3	0	1	0	13	1	0	Hobbs, p.	2	0	1	0	0	4	0
34 3 6 1 27 14 0								33 2 7 0 27 13 1							

Batteries: Richmond, Meredith and Lodge; Guilford, Hobbs and Stuart.

We met the strong Villa Nova team in Greensboro April 5th, and got sweet revenge for last year's game. Score in detail:

Villa Nova.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
Sherry, 1b.	4	0	1	0	8	0	1	White, 2b.	4	2	0	0	5	2	0
Sketor, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	1	1	C. Doak, 3b. ...	4	1	1	0	2	2	2
Valsct, c.	4	0	0	0	4	1	0	Hill, s.s.	3	1	1	1	0	2	0
Devor, r.f.	4	1	1	0	0	1	0	Beason, r.f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Mershaw, c.f. ..	4	1	1	0	1	0	0	Anderson, 1b. ..	3	0	1	0	7	0	0
Broyle, l.f.	4	0	1	1	4	0	0	R. Doak, l.f. ...	4	1	3	0	2	0	0
Care, s.s.	4	0	1	0	0	2	0	Stuart, c.	2	0	0	1	6	3	0
Dowd, 2b.	4	0	1	0	5	1	0	Ridgeway, c.f. ..	3	0	1	0	2	0	0
Barr, p.	4	1	1	0	0	3	0	Hobbs, p.	4	0	2	0	1	3	0
35 3 7 2 24 9 2								28 5 9 2 27 12 3							

Score by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H. E.
 Villa Nova0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1—3 9 3
 Guilford1 0 0 0 3 1 0 0 x—5 7 2

Batteries: Barr and Valsct; Hobbs and Stuart. Struck out by Barr 4, Hobbs 5. Two base hits, Devor, Sherry, Anderson. Three-base hit, Hill. Umpre, Bentley.

On April 7th we defeated Wake Forest at Guilford by the overwhelming score of 12 to 0. Our men were in excellent shape and played an errorless game. The score is as follows:

Wake Forest.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
Leggett, l.f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	White, 2b.	3	3	1	0	1	3	0
Edwards, 1b. ...	4	0	1	0	9	0	1	C. Doak, 3b.	3	2	0	1	1	3	0
Benton, 2b.	4	0	1	0	1	2	0	Hill, s.s.	4	2	2	0	1	2	0
Dawson, c.f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	Beason, r.f.	5	1	2	0	2	0	0
Hammond, 3b. ...	4	0	0	0	1	2	0	Anderson, 1b. ...	5	0	1	0	9	0	0
Pope, r.f.	3	0	1	0	2	0	0	R. Doak, l.f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
White, s.s.	3	0	1	0	2	3	2	Stuart, c.	4	2	2	1	7	0	0
Harris, c.	3	0	1	1	7	0	4	Hobbs, c.f.	4	1	1	0	1	0	0
Atkinson, p. ...	3	0	0	1	0	4	1	Ridgeway, p. ...	4	1	2	1	1	4	0
	31	0	5	2	24	11	8		36	12	12	3	27	10	0

Batteries: Atkinson and Harris, Ridgeway and Stuart. Three-base hit, Hill. Two-base hits, Pope and Harris, White and Stuart. Struck out by Atkinson 4, by Ridgeway 7. Umpire, Smith.

Our second game with Wake Forest on April 15th was a rather listless one. It would probably have been a better game had the umpire known anything about base ball. There was much kicking on his decisions. Score as follows:

Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	Wake Forest.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
White, 2b.	4	0	1	0	0	1	1	Dawson, c.f.	4	0	0	1	2	0	0
C. Doak, 3b. ...	3	0	1	1	0	1	1	Edwards, 1b. ...	4	1	1	0	7	0	0
Hill, s.s.	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	Benton, 2b.	4	1	0	0	6	2	0
Beason, r.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	Hammond, 3b. ...	4	1	1	0	0	1	0
Anderson, 1b. ...	4	1	2	0	9	0	0	Pope, p.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
R. Doak, l.f.	4	0	0	0	3	0	0	Harris, c.	4	0	1	0	10	3	1
Stuart, c.	3	0	1	1	6	1	1	White, s.s.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Ridgeway, c.f. ...	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	Beam, r.f.	3	1	1	0	0	0	0
Hobbs, p.	3	0	1	0	1	3	0	Josey, l.f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
	33	1	6	2	24	8	3		34	5	4	1	27	7	1

Batteries: Hobbs and Stuart for Guilford; Pope and Harris for Wake Forest. Struck out by Pope 9, Hobbs 6. Base on balls, by Pope 1, Hobbs 1. Umpire, Mills.

Our hardest fought game of the whole season, was with A. & M., at Raleigh, on the 16th of April, lasting 14 innings with neither team being able to break the tie. Darkness put an end to the game. The score is as follows:

Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	A. & M.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
White, 2b.	6	0	0	0	2	5	4	Freeman, c.f. ...	5	1	0	0	1	0	0
C. Doak, 3b. ...	6	0	1	0	2	5	1	Brown, r.f.	6	0	1	1	1	0	0
Hill, s.s.	6	1	2	0	3	2	1	Harris, p.	6	0	1	0	0	7	1
Beason, r.f.	6	1	0	0	1	0	0	Black, 3b.	6	0	0	0	2	2	0
Anderson, 1b. ...	5	0	2	0	22	0	1	Hartzell, s.s. ...	5	1	0	1	2	1	0
R. Doak, l.f.	4	0	0	1	2	0	0	Siefert, c.	6	0	0	1	17	3	0
Stuart, c.	5	0	0	0	6	2	1	Fox, 1b.	6	0	2	0	16	0	0
Hobbs, c.f.	5	0	0	0	1	0	0	Ross, l.f.	6	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ridgeway, p. ...	5	0	0	0	0	9	0	Bost, 2b.	6	0	0	0	3	5	0
	48	2	5	1	42	23	8		52	2	4	3	42	18	1

Batteries: A. & M., Harris and Siefert; Guilford, Ridgeway and Stuart. Struck out, by Harris 13, Ridgeway 5. Umpire, Verniger.

We played Carolina a close game in Greensboro Saturday, April 10th. They finally won, the score being 6 to 5. Score in detail:

Carolina.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.	Guilford.	Ab.	R.	H.	Sh.	PO.	A.	E.
Duncan, 2b.	6	1	2	0	3	2	0	White, 2b.	3	0	1	0	3	2	0
Winn, s.s.	5	0	0	0	1	1	1	C. Doak, 3b.	4	1	2	1	2	3	0
Moore, c.	4	1	1	0	11	0	0	Hill, s.s.	5	0	1	0	2	3	0
Stewart, p.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	Beason, r.f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Hamilton, 1b. ..	4	0	0	1	5	0	0	Anderson, 1b. ..	4	0	0	0	10	0	1
Armstrong, 3b...	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	R. Doak, l.f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hackney, c.f. ..	3	1	1	0	2	0	0	Stuart, c.	2	2	0	0	8	2	1
Fountain, l.f. ..	3	1	0	0	2	0	0	Hobbs, c.f.	3	1	1	0	0	0	2
Lyon, r.f.	3	1	0	2	2	0	0	*Ridgeway, p. ..	2	1	2	0	0	1	0
								Dixon, p.	2	0	0	0	0	2	0
	36	6	6	1	27	3	1		32	5	7	1	27	14	4

Ridgeway retired at end of fifth inning and was replaced by Dixon. Batteries: Stewart and Moore; Guilford, Ridgeway, Dixon and Stuart. Three-base hits, Hill and Duncan, and Moore. Two-base hits, C. Doak; struck out, by Stewart 9; by Ridgeway 3; Dixon, 5.

The last game of the season was played with Carolina on April 21. We had hoped to win this game, but the fates were against us, the score being 1 and 4 in favor of Carolina.

Batteries: Ridgeway and Stuart for Guilford; Hedgepeth and Moore, for Carolina. Bases on balls, Ridgeway 3, Hedgepeth 2. Men struck out by Ridgeway 2, by Hedgepeth 6.

The game was a very slow one. A special feature was Charlie Doak's stealing bases. He stole second, third and then in home.

Locals.

Professor Floyd and wife left the 27th for a short stay in Indiana after which Professor Floyd will go to Chicago University, where he will begin a two-years' course in Physics and Mechanics.

After the ball game, on Tuesday before commencement day, O. V. Woosley presented Henry Davis with a ten dollar bill, which was given by the Alumni Association to the man making the best record in athletics during the year.

The Y. M. C. A. will be represented at the Summer Conference held at Montreat, N. C., June 11-21, by E. S. King, Worth Anderson, Bishop Nichols, Elvanah Hudson, C. C. Smithdeal and Leroy Miller.

Miss Josephine Griffin, of Woodland, N. C., is spending commencement week with Miss Florence Roberson.

The walls of the Library are very near finished and the building is beginning to assume a pleasing appearance.

Ada M. Field, 5810 16th Ave. N. E. Seattle, Washington, cordially asks that any Guilfordians who contemplate attending the fair this summer, write to her. She will be glad to see and aid "any one from home."

The prize of five dollars which was offered by the COLLEGIAN staff for the best story submitted during the year was awarded to Carolyn Whiting. A similar prize offered for the best poem was awarded to D. Worth Anderson.

A recent improvement which has been made by the college is a private 'phone line which connects Archdale, Memorial, New Garden, and Founders' Hall and the residences of President Hobbs and Mr. Henley.

Richard Hobbs was awarded the prize of ten dollars which was offered by the Alumni Association to the person who submitted the best literary production to a committee who were appointed to judge the articles.

The resident faculty will begin a six weeks' summer school on Monday, May 31st.



Exchanges.

EDITOR—JANIE BROWN.

Unfortunately very few of the usual exchanges for this month have reached our table.

The first article in the *Erskinian*, "Some Reasons Why a Young Man Should Attend the Students' Summer Conference," deserves commendation. It seems especially appropriate at this season when so many of the strongest men of our great colleges and universities are planning to attend this conference. We do not see why this should not be the means of encouraging every young man who really wants to make the best of himself to make it a point to attend this conference at least some time during his college career. "Our Ways of Wastefulness" is an article full of good, common sense. The story, "A Conviction," is interesting and shows a great deal of imagination on the part of the author.

We are always glad to welcome the neatly bound "Acorn" in our list of exchanges. The paper on "William the Silent Prince of Orange" shows evidence of much thoughtful reading and study and has brought out many of the fine traits of character of this noble patriot. "When Indifference Journeys Amiss" is a fairly good story, but ends rather abruptly. "The Last Days of Pompey" and "The Little White Stone" are both excellent child stories. The article "Alas" is a rather peculiar reminiscence but very interesting.

"The Wake Forest Student" comes to us even more bulky than usual, bearing on its cover a fine, new seal. We quote the following explanation of the seal taken from the Student: "On this shield in the center is a monogram of the first two letters (XP—Chi and Rho—it is possible to make out the letters) of Chricotos, the Greek form of Christ, and the Greek Alpha and Omega. The rays of light issuing from the monogram suggest that Christ is the light of the world, and that Wake Forest is an agent of its dissemination, 'Pro Humanitate'

—for the benefit of mankind.” “Amid the Wood-Clear” is true poetry. It breathes with the spirit of the chase and of out-door life. We should be glad to see more poetry in the college magazines. Does not the Muse of Poetry still hover over some of us mortals or has she taken her flight to some fairer planet? The article, “Facts and Legends About Pontius Pilate,” is interesting, the regret being that it is not longer. “The Water Rat” is in our estimation a good story. The interest does not lag until the last word is reached.

Our objection to the Earllhamite is not because of inferior material, but because of the scarcity of material of any kind. We admire the external appearance of this magazine very much and only wish that there was a little more reading matter inside.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of “The Haverfordian,” “The Crescent,” “The Clark College Record,” “George School Ides,” “The College Reflector,” “The Criterion” and “The Wilmingtonian.”



Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

HENRY CLAY.

C. C. Smithdeal, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

A. F. Zachery, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

Leroy Miller, President

Henry Smith, Secretary

H. S. Sawyer, Marshal

PHILOMATHIAN.

Katherine Alley, President

Rosa Bean, Secretary

Eula Ballinger, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Anna Mendenhall, Prest.

Cassie Mendenhall, Sec.

Alice Woody, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association.

E. S. King, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Pearl Gordon, President

_____, Secretary

Literary Club.

S. H. Hodgkin, President

Ethel Hodgkin, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

E. V. Floyd, President

Lucy White, Secretary

Athletic Association.

T. F. Bulla, President

Baxter Sellars, Sec. and Treas.

A. M. Bonnie, Vice-Pres.

E. L. Hine, Base Ball Manager.

John Whitaker, Tennis Manager

C. C. Smithdeal, Track Manager

B. H. Palmer, Basket Ball M'gr.

Classes.

SENIOR

A. A. Dixon, President

Margaret E. Peele, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

W. H. Welch, President

Flora White, Secretary

JUNIOR

Leroy Miller, President

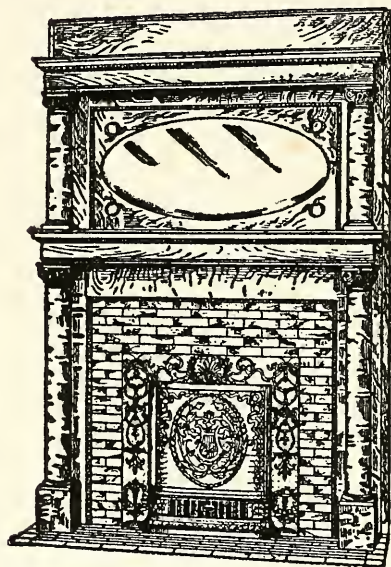
Gertrude Frazier, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

John Woosley, President

Hazel Harmon, Secretary

This Will Interest You



If you intend to build a new house or to improve one already built.

Our
Hardwood Mantels,
Tiles and Grates.

will add more to the appearance and solid comfort of your house than you can obtain for an equal amount spent in any other way. May we send you Catalogue?

Odell Hardware Company

Greensboro, N. C.

